THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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5c.

Harry Leon Wilson—Chester T. Crowell—May Edginton—Freeman Tilden
Frank Condon—Thomas McMorrow—Roy L. McCardell—Maximilian Foster

What's freezing in the bucket?

Anyone might ask that—if he didn't know how easy it is to do this—

Chances are, you'd be curious, too, if you didn't know what a simple way this is to have as delicious fruit ices as ever made hot days cool.

There's a can of DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches in that bucket (or maybe it's Peach Halves, Pears, Crushed Pineapple, Apricots, Strawberries, Blackberries, Raspberries or Loganberries). But no matter which one – they're all delicious this way.

It's a can of one of these DEL MONTE Canned Fruits that has simply been packed in equal parts of ice and salt and then allowed to stand that way and freeze slowly for about three hours. In a very few minutes, now, this can will be opened, and then certain lucky people are going to enjoy as cool and refreshing a treat as ever was served on a hot day.

If you've never tried freezing DEL MONTE Fruits this way, follow the simple directions above. After that, take out the can – dip it for just an instant in hot water – punch an airhole in one end of the can – cut off the other end as shown in the diagram – and there you have it – ready for instant service.

Only one precaution. Be sure it's a DEL MONTE Fruit. If you say DEL MONTE, you are sure of success, because the fruit is always of the same consistency — the syrup is always rich enough to freeze perfectly – and more important, to taste right for dessert without other addition, just as it comes frozen from the can.

See How Easy

1 Pack one can DEL MONTE Fruit in an ordinary bucket—between equal layers of chopped ice and coarse or ice-cream salt.

2 Let stand 3 hours. Take out can. Dip for an instant in hot water; punch hole in bottom; then open, cutting around side closely under top as shown below.

3 Turn out a firm cylinder of frozen fruit — ready for tempting, convenient service in many new and unusual hot-weather dainties.

NOTE

Follow the simple directions given in these panels. Three hours is best for freezing, as fruit then turns out in a perfect cylinder. If you prefer it harder, use more salt or freeze it longer; if softer, less salt or shorter freezing. Serve in frozen slices as you would brick ice-cream.

FREEZE DEL MONTE FRUITS RIGHT IN THE CAN

Send For This Free Book

Besides several hundred other simple ways to serve canned fruits, our latest edition of "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor" contains several pages on frozen fruits. Use coupon below for free copy.

California Packing Corporation,
Department 30, San Francisco, California.

Please send me free "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor" as described above.

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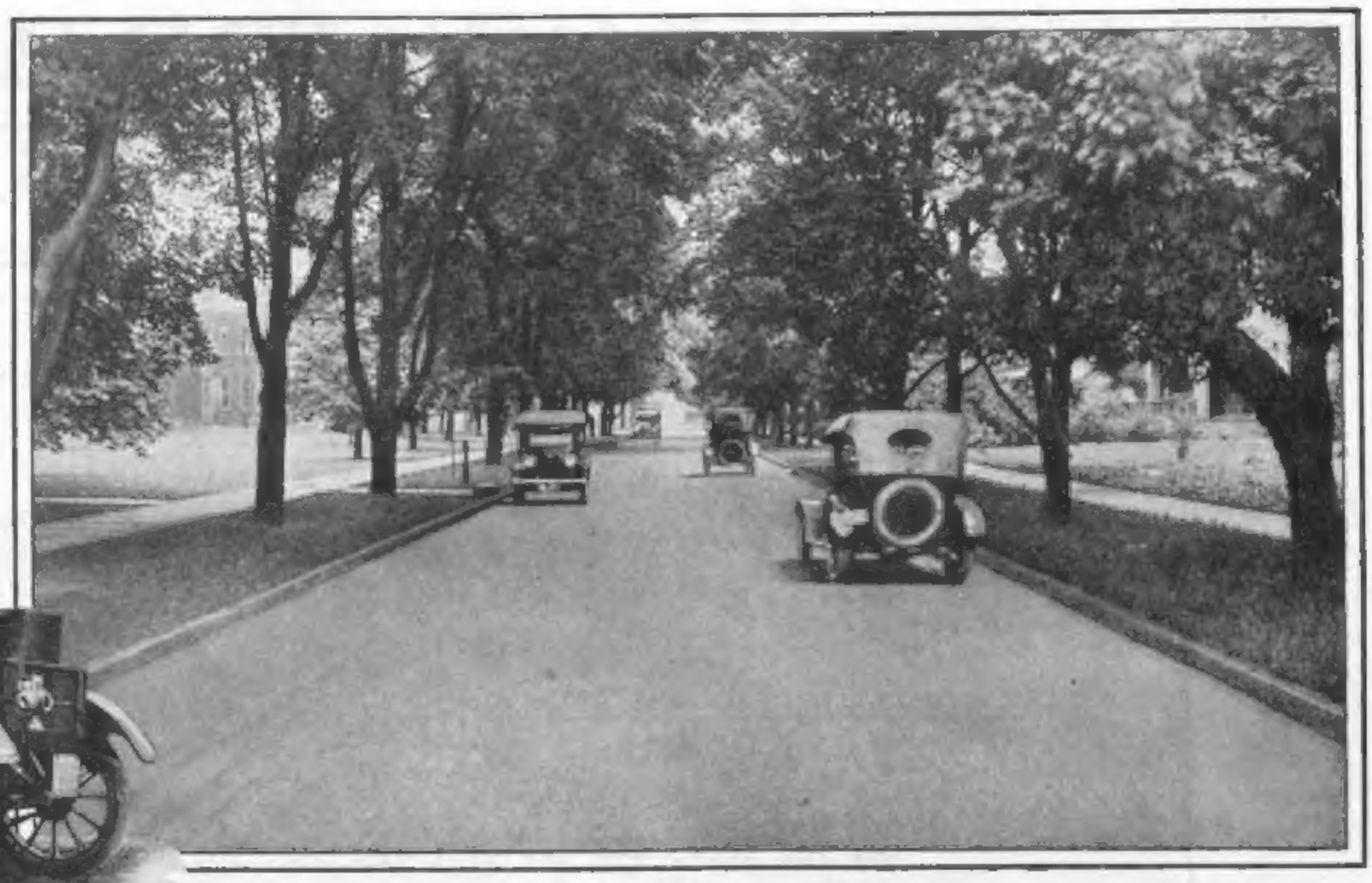

Grove Street, Sewickley, Pa., Tarvia-built 1911. Picture shows perfect condition of street today after 13 years of grinding traffic.

This car was modern in 1911 —the street still is

"HORSELESS carriages" we called them. Funny-looking contraptions, weren't they? Look at our picture. That top! That awkward rumble seat! The owner of the runabout shown above can remember when cars like his used to disturb the peace of Sewickley, Pa., back in 1911—the year when Grove Street was Tarvia-built.

Thirteen years ago! Since then Grove Street has carried many thousands of vehicles in grinding procession—yet this Tarvia-built street is still in perfect condition.

Tarvia streets can be kept good (maintained) indefinitely at little cost—only economical maintenance is needed to make a Tarvia pavement last indefinitely.

And in addition:

A Tarvia pavement will not wave, roll or rut.

A Tarvia pavement is skid-proof because of its granular surface.

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For the money spent—your money—Tarvia gives more miles and the most years of satisfactory highway service.

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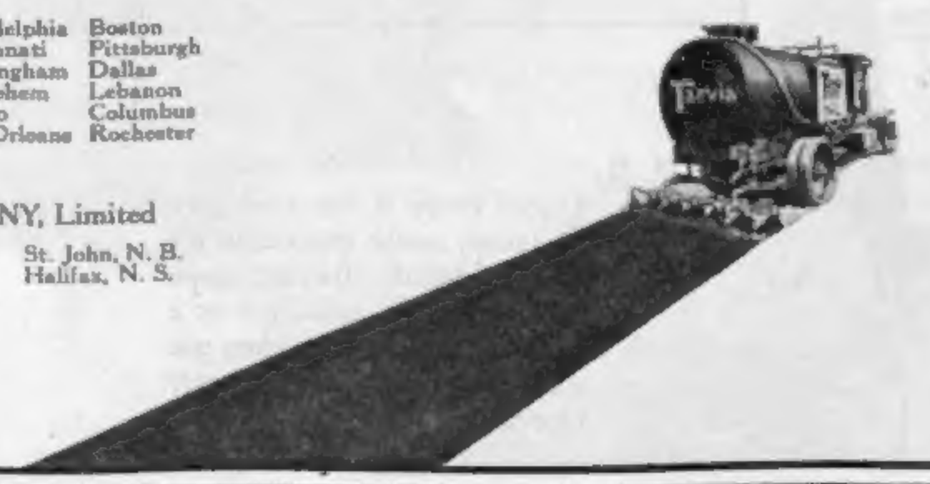

M E M O R A N D U M

In re:

The matutinal pluvial ablution

Sir:

As you know, the use of Ivory Soap for the morning shower-bath, as well as for other toilet purposes, is, among well-regulated homes, almost universal.

But, for your information, a home is sometimes found whose occupants are, for one reason or another, denied this Ivory luxury, with somewhat the following results:

1. Even a prolonged and acrimonious agitation of the soap at hand produces only a poverty-stricken second cousin to real lather;
2. The user often feels the need of a high-pressure fire-hose to remove the last trace of oleaginous film;
3. The inhalation of pungent soap perfumes frequently unsteadies the hand that signs the checks.

Whereas:

1. Ivory Soap clothes the delighted shower-bather from head to foot in pure, rich lather, before a magician could pull a brace of rabbits from a silk hat.
2. Ivory lather rinses with the ease and promptness of a ten dollar bill departing from your wallet in a Broadway restaurant.
3. Ivory fragrance is as delicate as a breath from a new-mown hay field.

Next to air and water, Ivory is the very easiest thing in America to get. Indeed, verbum sat sapienti; which, being freely translated, means, "A word to the wife is sufficient."

PROCTER & GAMBLE

P. S.
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IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

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ADVENTURES IN GEOGRAPHY

By Harry Leon Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"CAME a day when Ralph Royce found himself on the West Coast of China." So flashed the moving subtitle, and one more educational triumph was scored for the photodrama. How few of us, even if came a day, could find ourselves on the West Coast of China! Try it on your map. After all, travel does broaden one. Or does it merely flatten? Anyway, an observer was piqued by Ralph's discovery; stirred to explorations that might lead to findings equally sensational; stirred especially because, ere Ralph actually made the West Coast of China, he loitered and dallied in that last sanctuary of romance, the islands of the South Sea; where dawn lights the sky with a hush of silver, where golden strands glisten under wavelets from a sea of purest azure and where glad welcomes are extended by beauteous native belles clad in one-wreath suits of hibiscus.

It was all there for Ralph; the noble chieftain whose house is yours; his lovely daughter, even more hospitable, her simple native apparel revealing almost every line of her lithe young figure. You know the rest.

You have watched the superfilms unreel, or unreal, as may be. Or you have read the books—books intended to make solid citizens with thinning hair discontented with home life, avid of coral atolls where they shall be fed coconuts and have blossoms twined about the remaining hair, as Ralph Royce had, by the lovely princess.

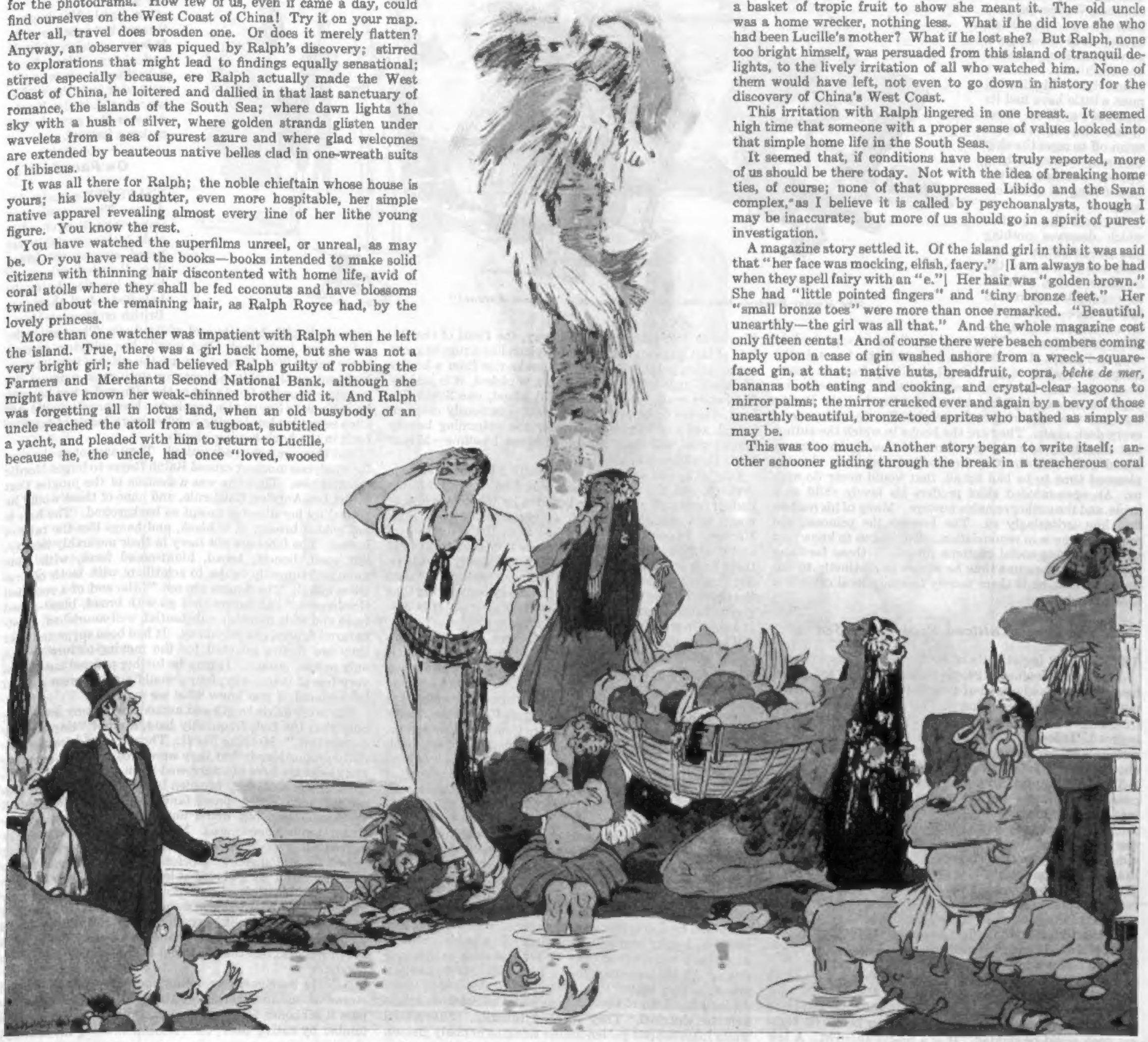
More than one watcher was impatient with Ralph when he left the island. True, there was a girl back home, but she was not a very bright girl; she had believed Ralph guilty of robbing the Farmers and Merchants Second National Bank, although she might have known her weak-chinned brother did it. And Ralph was forgetting all in lotus land, when an old busybody of an uncle reached the atoll from a tugboat, subtitled a yacht, and pleaded with him to return to Lucille, because he, the uncle, had once "loved, wooed and lost she who had been Lucille's mother." The reason seemed so trifling, and the dusky princess was so heart-breaking as she teased Ralph to stay a while longer, and brought him a basket of tropic fruit to show she meant it. The old uncle was a home wrecker, nothing less. What if he did love she who had been Lucille's mother? What if he lost she? But Ralph, none too bright himself, was persuaded from this island of tranquil delights, to the lively irritation of all who watched him. None of them would have left, not even to go down in history for the discovery of China's West Coast.

This irritation with Ralph lingered in one breast. It seemed high time that someone with a proper sense of values looked into that simple home life in the South Seas.

It seemed that, if conditions have been truly reported, more of us should be there today. Not with the idea of breaking home ties, of course; none of that suppressed Libido and the Swan complex, as I believe it is called by psychoanalysts, though I may be inaccurate; but more of us should go in a spirit of purest investigation.

A magazine story settled it. Of the island girl in this it was said that "her face was mocking, elfish, faery." [I am always to be had when they spell fairy with an "e."] Her hair was "golden brown." She had "little pointed fingers" and "tiny bronze feet." Her "small bronze toes" were more than once remarked. "Beautiful, unearthly—the girl was all that." And the whole magazine cost only fifteen cents! And of course there were beach combers coming haply upon a case of gin washed ashore from a wreck—square-faced gin, at that; native huts, breadfruit, copra, *bêche de mer*, bananas both eating and cooking, and crystal-clear lagoons to mirror palms; the mirror cracked ever and again by a bevy of those unearthly beautiful, bronze-toed sprites who bathed as simply as may be.

This was too much. Another story began to write itself; another schooner gliding through the break in a treacherous coral



But Ralph, None Too Bright Himself, Was Persuaded From This Island of Tranquil Delights

reef to anchor in a lagoon of liquid light; from the shore, swimming to surround it with cries of cordial welcome, that same bevy of the younger set, not too austerely garbed. This is the home-from-home life! The books say so at $3.50 each. Yet we are mostly so unadventurous, we of the desk stoop. We take it out in reading. However, one among us ——

Tahiti, word of spells and magic! Pearl of the Pacific! It was supposed that to reach it one would take a trading schooner full of alarm clocks, calico, egg beaters and watch chains to barter with the simple natives for copra, *bêche de mer* and other fruits of the palm tree. It would be a months-long voyage, and dangerous, probably; for does not the Sunday supplement say that cannibalism survives, giving photographs and the story of Mrs. Myrtella Gwamus, who lived a year among the wretches and witnessed their foul orgies? Yet the trading schooner is out. An apparently confident steamship agent says the steamer So-and-So sails next Wednesday, and how about this deck cabin? And the cargo is galvanized iron, gasoline and machinery. It doesn't sound right. Civilization must a little have had its dreadful way down there. When the debutantes swim off to meet the ship they may wear something besides wreathes and the form-fitting oil of the coconut.

We cross the equator, which deserves nothing like the attention it has had, and look up to the Southern Cross, which is also negligible when seen face to face—a dim pattern of a broken kite, untidy, inconspicuous. This, too, has been overpraised in song and story. One would have done better to retain the image of a real cross, glittering beautifully from an insurance calendar. One might consider these as omens and begin to nurse misgivings about the Pearl of the Pacific were not the reassuring books so plentiful aboard—one to every deck chair. They are the books in which the author has constantly to resist the charm of those golden-brown island girls with the tiny bronze feet and ideas about a pleasant time to be had by all, that would never do with us. An open-minded chief proffers his lovely child as a bride, and the author remains austere. Many of his readers find him irritatingly so. The lovelier the princess, the more stern he is in renunciation. He likes us to know just what endearing social customs prevail in those far-flung atolls, but at the same time he wishes us distinctly to understand that he is there merely to study local color in a nice refined way.

The Mother Regards Him Amiably and Murmurs "Pauvre Enfant!"

The Green-Latticed Nook by the Sea

WE READ impatiently of his tactless devices to insure a seemly aloofness. People of the right sort, to be sure, have certain standards; but they hate to see a mere writer putting on airs so far from home. This sentiment is expressed from more than one deck chair in which the books are being read. It seems to be felt that this particular lot of color seekers is prepared to go—not to extremes, of course, but to any reasonable length to get into the spirit of the thing.

There are painters with their art materials eager for the pearl-breath dawns and the mauve sunsets with pink lining; writers who are going to take up literature in a really serious way, already sketching out little things in which the clean-limbed Yale man with glue on his hair becomes almost seriously entangled with a native girl, to be saved in the nick of time by the love of a good—white or Nordic—woman, because never the twain shall meet. There are so many of these that one begins to wonder about previous voyages of the good ship. How long since the tide of color seekers set in, and what effect has it had upon the Pearl of the Pacific? If romance still endures there it must have done so under a lot of pestering.

The last dawn of the voyage finds a hopeful band of readers facing forward and sniffing. For the writer of a lot of those books has said that the scent of the frangipani was wafted to him from the mystic isle an hour before its highest peak could be sighted. It is a pretty thought. A few reckless liars in our little band now sniff and say the same. Maybe so, but rather not. Anyway, the Pearl of the Pacific at last leaps up through the horizon like a rugged green exclamation point. Gaunt, bold peaks rise from a border of palms; palms from which copra is picked, it is said by the better read. It is a beautiful island, one South Sea bubble never to be pricked. The ship cautiously nears an actual reef and eyes are alert for the swimming beauty chorus that will flout a famous home headline—Mayor Bans One-Piece Suit.

Inside the reef we slow down. Waiting for the swimmers perhaps, and the color seekers crowd to the rail. But a launch comes off and we are boarded by the doctor and as many port officials as attack a liner entering New York Harbor. Passports are wrenched from the color seekers and it will cost them fifty-two francs fifty centimes to get them back at the police station. It could hardly have been like this in the olden days. But the color seekers still scan the shore, hoping for better things. A cry comes from that green-shaded distance. Is it a native war cry? It is not. It issues from a speeding motor car.

The ship sidles to the pier; and there, under the iron-roofed shed, are the natives who should have been swimming. And they are not only dressed; they are overdressed in ladies' and gentlemen's more or less correct wearing apparel. Also, at first glance, they strongly resemble the natives one may observe on landing at Charleston, South Carolina. It is a bitter blow to more than one color seeker. Not a native present would do to photograph for any book costing $3.50. Not an island princess that would lure anyone at all choosy even as far as Long Island. Is the spell of the South Seas, then, only a book spell? Must romance always flee over the next horizon?

While trunks are being probed in the oven heat of the shed, one American explores beyond the dock and presently returns, beaming a message. He reduces it to one word and hisses this to his stewing compatriots. They are thrilled. They abandon trunks and troop incredulously after the pioneer. And there, hard by the pier, what do you think he led them to? Why, a green-latticed nook shadowed by a gracious awning, where ice-cold actual beer might be legally purchased and drunk in a public manner. More than one stunned color seeker was close to breaking down. All became emotional. They felt brazen, lawless, grand, as they seated themselves at a freshly wiped table. At least the hem of the single garment of romance might here be clutched. They reached thirstily. Substantial white foam capped golden-amber columns in many glasses. Tolerance ensued.

Now it is charitably remembered that this, after all, is not Polynesia. It is Papeete, capital of les établissements Français de l'Oceanie, often referred to as Little Paris. One should not expect from it the primitive book stuff. The little café is at the edge of the Place de Mutualité, one of the open-air sort that debase the boulevards of big Paris and give the serious French a reputation for levity. It is a fine place, at the very verge of the current, from which to watch the flow of life as "*Encore la bière*" rings out with merry confidence.

And now it is realized that the coming of our ship has meant much, even if there were no simply garbed bathing parties to welcome it. All Papeete is at the dock or brushing by our table on its way to or from there. And why not? Back home, people of the better sort do not invariably go down to the depot to see No. 9 go through. But then, back there, No. 9 goes through every day, Sundays perhaps excepted, and it does not discharge a horde of wild-eyed color seekers who have read books about the place. Here, on the other hand, No. 9 goes through but once a month. It is an occasion of itself and always spiced by a debarking horde who expect what isn't there. No wonder Little Paris dresses its gayest and makes a festival.

On Parade

PAPEETE parades for us. There pass neat important French officials, looking amiable but bored, even on this great day. Bearded priests go by on bicycles, humanly beguiled. And there are British or American commercials in pith helmets and white duck. They are pale, listless and look tired. But mostly the eddying current bears native life. Here at last are the witches that have so long undone the white adventurer, until came a day or the last chapter or the fourth act or the fifth reel, when he went back home to live as nice people do; here are they who still stir a secret lawless longing in office-worn heads of families back in the book-buying islands.

But they are not as advertised. They are not as she who for a halycon moment caused Ralph Royce to forget Nordic superiorities. That one was a denizen of the jungles that begirt Los Angeles, California, and none of these would be valued by her director except as background. The hair is not golden brown; it is black, and hangs like the tails of horses. The faces are not faery in their unearthly beauty, but good, honest, broad, blunt-nosed faces, with wide mouths frequently agape to scintillate with teeth of precious metal. The figures are not "lithe and of a rounded slenderness," but figures that go with broad, blunt-nosed faces and wide mouths; substantial, well-nourished, good-natured figures, one might say. It had been suggested that they are figures adapted for the moving-picture drama only as background. It may be further pointed out that a very few of them—say, four—would make a great deal of background, if you know what we mean.

Skirts are ankle length and unmodishly roomy, revealing only that the feet, frequently bare, are not "tiny slender bronze feet." Nothing like it. They are good feet, splendidly proportioned; but they were broad in the beginning and the years have not narrowed them. Beginning just in front of the heel, they broaden increasingly until the toes are reached. These spread fanwise for the betterment of the mechanism, but would not seem to inspire the lyric strain that has been noted. Nor is it possible that we have judged all Papeete from a casual poorly selected street crowd, for all Papeete goes before us within the hour for its monthly thrill. It is agreed at length that the hair of these women is beautiful; that two or three have been comely enough to be patted as one would pat a large and friendly dog. As to the rest, it is wondered how Ralph Royce and his countless story brothers managed to carry on. It is a hurting shock, but the good cold beer has been a gracious anodyne.

A little heartened, we follow the curve of the shaded strand along the margin of the pearl-sheened sea. We pass a schooner at the little wharf, being unladen of its lumber by native labor, the vocalism swelling incessantly,

(Continued on Page 137)

HOW I FOUND MYSELF

The Banker's Story—Reported by Chester T. Crowell

DECORATION BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

SO WE pushed back our chairs—the ten of us—and lighted our tobacco. The lawyer bowed toward the banker, who was sipping his coffee; the latter placed his cup on the table and began his story, after the manner of those members of our group who had on previous evenings told theirs.

"My first job was the result of my father's advice and direction," said the banker; "but my father had been studying me for quite a while, so that I can't say I had nothing to do with the choice. Most boys, I feel sure, simply tumble into their first jobs under the spur of necessity. Though my story will not deal with that well-known phase of a young man's difficulties in finding himself, it is not lacking in complications. I suspect that no young man's life ever moves smoothly toward the place where his best work can be done.

"My elder brother loved farming; and as my father was a farmer, his case presented no problem. I hated farming for no definable reason; I even hated the country, or thought I did—now I long for it. Once when my brother and I were repairing a barbed-wire fence I slipped away and began walking toward the village. I didn't know what I intended to do there, nor had I been planning to run away. It just came over me suddenly and passionately that I would rather do anything than repair fences. I was going away and that was all there was to it. However, I came home in time for supper.

"Like a great many other farmers of his day, my father was suspicious of universities and rabidly opposed to higher education. Men of his type are not so numerous now as they once were, but there are still a great many of them—more, I surmise, than people in towns realize. His haunting fear was that one of us boys might turn out to be a lawyer. Neither of us had the slightest tendency in that direction."

Lazy?

"SHORTLY after I had been graduated from the county-seat high school he informed me that arrangements had been made for me to take a position in the local bank. My one thought at the time was to get away from the farm, and to the town; so I said I was delighted, and that I felt sure I should be interested in banking. Frankly, I hadn't the remotest idea whether I should care for banking or not. But the position had certain advantages, and in small towns it still has. My father owned some stock in the bank and was a valued depositor. The sons of such persons were usually recruited for what we now call in the larger cities junior clerks. The fact that my salary would be seven dollars a week would not hurt my social standing; it was generally known that a young man in a bank would eventually be an important citizen.

"As soon as I took this position I began to see that my father had diagnosed my case with his usual wisdom. Though he had read widely, his distinguishing characteristic was what the neighbors called horse sense. He knew people; and if I may indulge in a little bragging, I inherited some of that trait. I discovered at once that I was not lazy, but that my only trouble on the farm had been lack of interest. On this point I want to interject a philosophical observation: The really lazy man doesn't know he is lazy, or if he observes it at all, doesn't care in the slightest. He has a rhinoceros hide so far as reproof is concerned.

"Some persons are, unconsciously, quite certain in their minds that laziness is the best policy. I had been lazy on the farm, but I wasn't proud of it; neither was I at peace with my conscience. Day after day I would upbraid myself in terms so bitter that my father would never have thought of using anything like them, but it did no good.

"During those unhappy boyhood days I regarded laziness as a sort of disease either of the body or mind—I didn't know which—that saps a man's energy in spite of his prayers for improvement. But as soon as I hit the bank I was all energy. And as a matter of fact, my first work there was the most trifling, piffling detail imaginable, including quite a bit of messenger service. Nevertheless, I liked it and was interested.

"It is now my theory that the original objection to the farm sprang from impatience; I wanted quick results, and ours was a cotton farm; a crop was a matter of nine months from first to last. In the bank there was always something doing, and I liked that. Either a loan was made or it wasn't. Decisions were forthcoming every day. I lived under the illusion that business was proceeding in a regular whirl. I wonder if something of the same youthful impatience with the slowness of Nature wasn't the cause of so many farm boys getting jobs on railroads. They wanted to see action.

"The head of our bank, like a great many other country-bank managers, wasn't a banker at all. As a matter of fact, he knew very little about the business. Nevertheless, I learned banking from him—as much from his shortcomings as from the few principles he applied. He was primarily a cotton farmer, like his customers, and he was also a merchant. His sons were running the store."

Rural Credit Conditions

"I AM SURE that I tell you nothing new when I say that twenty years ago the condition of rural credit in this country was deplorable; and nowhere else was it worse than in the states devoted to cotton growing. I am afraid that even now the progress made there is far from what it should have been, but that is not part of my story. This banker would have made an excellent model for the cartoons of Farmer Hayseed. He had a few strands of white hair, here and there, like a straggly top crop of cotton, and he brushed these forward to cover an imposing expanse of bald head. His little blue eyes were forever narrowing, not with shrewdness, but under the impulses of his native pessimism. I think that if you had expressed buoyant hope of the sun rising for another day his eyes would have narrowed. He wasn't sure of anything. He wore spectacles with big steel hooks that fastened over his ears. When he talked to anyone he looked over his spectacles, and when he read he looked under them. I never did know why he wore the things. He was always complaining that they were no good.

"Whenever anyone made a deposit he

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"My Father Was Suspicious of Universities"

LOST SHEEP'S LUCK

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

MRS. PEYTON had bought the dresses—one blue, one pink, both taffeta and bunchy; she had bought the two pairs of patent-leather slippers, also the georgette blouses—one blue, one pink, each with its own camisole. An immoral touch, that; but Mrs. Peyton could broaden her views to meet opportunities. She had bought the two little white woolen tennis cloaks—though neither of the girls played tennis, to be sure—and she now felt Phœbe and Beta to be tempting beyond the strength of man matrimonially aged to resist. Also, on a little additional gear for the table—finer linen and that old blue Bristol glass she had eyed for some time—she spent something. The garden was looking lovely; Mr. Peyton had no hay fever this year; and she had kept him till now from wearing his new light-gray flannels. The dog had recovered from a mangy disorder and the social barometer was set fair.

"Ah, My Love, That Was a Real Romance, in Paris, Last Year"

Also, Aunt Ada and Uncle Fred, three doors away, had cunningly managed the Annesley boys' annual visit for now instead of Christmas, when they usually paid it. Mr. Burnham had moved into the large house at the corner, and soon Mr. Peyton would put on those new light-gray flannels, panama on head, the picture of a genial elderly gentleman of good standing, would saunter round to pay his call upon his bachelor neighbor. There would follow ——

Mr. Peyton and Uncle Fred were somewhere out of the way.

Phœbe and Beta, the picture of happy, hopeful girlhood, picked roses in the garden; Mrs. Peyton and Aunt Ada were cloistered in the former's bedroom. It was eleven o'clock of a summer morning.

"Have a cup of chocolate and some biscuits, Ada," said Mrs. Peyton. "At this time, halfway through the morning, I think one needs ——"

She rang the bell.

"Of course," said Aunt Ada, "Mr. Burnham is in the forties—the late forties, Fred says; but men are very uncharitable about each other's ages. The cattiness of men!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Peyton; "but still they are as they are. One schools oneself to feel that. . . . Yes, the forties. But, Ada, what in the wide world are the forties? The man is in his prime."

"Fred knows another branch of the Burnham family," said Aunt Ada. "They reek of money. Has he met the girls at all?—in the road, I mean—or—you know what I mean? A man of that worldly stamp keeps his eyes open so."

"Fido got into his garden one day," said Mrs. Peyton; "and of course Phœbe had to go to get him back."

Aunt Ada patted Fido, who sat beside them, with approval.

"Mr. Burnham helped, I heard," said Mrs. Peyton. "Fido chased all over the garden, and Beta went to assist Phœbe and Phœbe was vexed; but, as I said to her, 'You really can't expect Beta to stay behind like that.' And I said to James, 'You will really have to call now upon that poor, lonely man. I can't have my girls knowing men who are strangers to us,' I said."

"Certainly not," said Aunt Ada, drinking chocolate.

Mrs. Peyton drank chocolate.

"When are the Annesleys coming, Ada?"

"This evening, dear."

"How are they getting on?"

"Oh, both promoted, my dear. Fred thinks highly of them. He says they are so in earnest."

"Thoroughly ineligible as yet, of course," said Mrs. Peyton. "But one never knows what may happen, and I am grateful to you, Ada, for inviting them at this juncture. My girls never look so attractive, I always think, as when with young men. You must let us help you entertain the Annesleys."

"I have no tennis court."

"And no daughters. We shall hope to have them here every day. Mr. Burnham will certainly see that Phœbe and Beta are in great request when the Annesleys come, I'm sure."

"These things want management," nodded Aunt Ada.

"Nowadays they do," sighed Mrs. Peyton. "Let us have some more chocolate and more biscuits."

She rang.

"That was the midday post," said Mrs. Peyton. She rang again. "Bring me all the letters," she said; and she opened them all—her husband's too.

"We have no secrets from each other," she said.

"It is a pity Beta wears a pince-nez," considered Aunt Ada, looking ruminatively upon the girlish figures in the garden.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Peyton warmly. "If Mr. Burnham likes that serious type—well, there she is. If he doesn't—what a foil for Phœbe, all life and laughter!"

Mrs. Peyton gazed up over the letter she held.

"Ada!"

"My dear?"

"This is for James, from his Cousin Lizzie."

"From his Cousin Lizzie?"

"From—his—Cousin—Lizzie," said Mrs. Peyton, nodding.

"Burn it!" said Aunt Ada. "It is not fit to touch!" She stretched out her hand. "I would like to see what kind of letter she writes."

Aunt Ada read.

"Coming here!" she whispered.

"There has always been a sort of open invitation—never retracted, but never, till now, taken advantage of," said Mrs. Peyton faintly.

"With two innocent girls in the house!" whispered Aunt Ada.

"She has a good deal of money to leave," observed Mrs. Peyton, "little as she deserves it."

"Collected," remembered Aunt Ada, "from six husbands. Six, my dear!"

"Six!"

Aunt Ada gazed from the window at the two girlish figures. "And the trouble some people have ——" she said.

"What age would she be?" said Mrs. Peyton. "Would Fred know?"

"She must be sixty-five," said Aunt Ada; "or more."

"And worn out, no doubt, by the sort of life she has led," said Mrs. Peyton. "There were not only the six husbands but men ——"

"And children?" breathed Aunt Ada.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Peyton. "Yes, she has done everything."

"Shall you allow her here?"

"No doubt we shall," said Mrs. Peyton. "She is creeping back, I suppose, in her old age, after her life of rioting and pleasure, to rest and repent and make friends with her relations before it is too late. No doubt she is very lonely."

"She deserves to be."

"A worn-out old woman, bitterly regretting her lost opportunities to lead a decent, ordinary life," said Mrs. Peyton, shaking her head. "I hope I can be generous and broad-minded enough to help her to forget—if she can. And the girls will be very sweet to her, I know. They must be told to be. There's something very attractive, I always think, about the deference of a bright young girl to a frail old lady."

"Very pretty," said Aunt Ada.

"She might be a good foil," said Mrs. Peyton. "Hectic, overwrought, miserable old thing, petted by my Phœbe. It would seem rather sweet. If one is a mother, one must think of everything."

Mrs. Peyton leaned from the window.

"Phœbe! Beta!

"I will not tell them much," she said. . . . "Shall we have some more chocolate?"

"I think I will rest a little," said Aunt Ada.

Phœbe and Beta entered brightly.

"Dears," said Mrs. Peyton, folding her lips tightly after each sentence as she paused for judicious thought, "rather a strange visitor is coming to us directly—a visitor to whom we must all be very kind—a cousin of your father's—an old lady. Now, you know, dears, we must all respect old age; and though this cousin of your father's has by no means been all she should have been in the past, still, that is over. She is an old lady. She regrets so

deeply all the things she has done, and she wants to be happy in her few remaining years, and to become friends with us all again. You must both help her to forget, and to be happy among us. No doubt she longs to be at peace."

It was Beta who answered first, settling her pince-nez.

"Is it Cousin Lizzie?"

Mrs. Peyton nodded slowly. She folded her lips.

"What do they know of Cousin Lizzie?" inquired Aunt Ada.

"Very little, thank God," said Mrs. Peyton.

"We will try to be good to her, mother," said Phœbe.

"We must all try to be very, very good to her," said Mrs. Peyton, shaking her head. "Now go and find your father, dears, and take him Cousin Lizzie's letter, and tell him I am willing that she should come."

Bright as bees, the young girls went out.

"The sweetest natures my children have!" said Mrs. Peyton. "And not a single question asked! You noted that. . . . Let us have a glass of sherry and some different biscuits, and then it will be lunch time."

"A wife and mother is busy all day," said Mrs. Peyton.

That very afternoon Mr. Peyton called upon Mr. Burnham. That very evening the Annesleys arrived at Aunt Ada's. That very evening Mr. Burnham dined with the Peytons, and Aunt Ada and Uncle Fred brought the Annesleys round for coffee, all fair and timid and startled, in new dinner jackets. The blue Bristol glass had been used, Fido had once more had the *aplomb* to lose himself in the shrubbery, and it had taken five people to find him again, the Annesleys endeavoring to pair with Phœbe and Beta, who, somehow, were always getting paired with Mr. Burnham, leaving an Annesley odd man out. Mr. Burnham had wakened to the chase and devoted himself passionately to routing the Annesleys. Beta had played her violin, Phœbe her piano. Mr. Burnham was coming for tennis next day. Mr. Burnham invited all—except the Annesleys—to raid his strawberry beds. The Annesleys planned a picnic for four; they had a little car into which four could squeeze. Mr. Burnham planned a picnic for four; he had a big car in which four could lose themselves. The spare room was got ready for the penitent prodigal.

"A wife and mother never rests," said Mrs. Peyton.

Cousin Lizzie entered the spare room with Mrs. Peyton. She wore a devout shade of gray; and although she was round and soft, she looked frail. Mrs. Peyton's kind heart was very sorry for her. Besides, she was in no sense a poor relation. In some ways—material ways—there was no doubt but that she was an acquisition.

"I expect you are tired, Cousin Lizzie," said Mrs. Peyton in a gentle, pitying voice.

"I am never tired, dear," said Cousin Lizzie.

"Oh," said Mrs. Peyton resolutely, "but you must be. However, you have come to the right spot for peace—homely peace. A little dull to you perhaps ——"

"I never find anywhere dull, dear," said Cousin Lizzie.

"I shall be very glad," said Mrs. Peyton, "if you don't find us dull, and so will hubby be glad. I am going to send you a cup of tea up here and you must rest before dinner, and one of my little girls shall run up and talk to you presently."

Cousin Lizzie removed her hat and showed her white hair, and her face at once meek and frail. She quite touched Mrs. Peyton's heart.

"I shall be glad to rest," she said, "and to see one of your little girls. My own family ——"

"Ah," said Mrs. Peyton, patting her shoulder, "don't think of all those things. You have come here to rest and forget, Cousin Lizzie. I understand."

"Perhaps not entirely," said Cousin Lizzie, shaking her head. "May I ask at once if you have a nice church here?"

"A very nice church," said Mrs. Peyton proudly.

"I am so glad," said Cousin Lizzie; "I am most sensitive about churches."

Mrs. Peyton went out.

"To hear her refer to her family," she said to Aunt Ada, who was taking tea on the veranda, "made one's heart ache. And she asked at once about the church, too, as if she were returning to the simpler faiths—so nice. You know, Ada, I hadn't realized till now that she ever had a family. What she began to say was that they had cast her off. I felt it. No wonder, of course! Still, to be alone at her age ——"

"The fruits of sin," said Aunt Ada coldly.

"Be-ta!" called Mrs. Peyton.

Beta was under the pergola saying to Mr. Burnham and an Annesley, "We have a poor old lady staying with us now, and you must both be very kind to her. She has led a dreadful wicked life ——"

"Dreadful wicked life?" exclaimed Mr. Burnham and the Annesley.

"Yes," said Beta, settling her pince-nez; "mother says so. But she's a sort of cousin of father's, and mother says she asked to come here for a rest, and of course mother understood she wanted to be forgiven and to forget. . . . Yes, mother!"

It was Beta who went up to chat with Cousin Lizzie. The young girl knocked and entered with some trepidation, rehearsing her part. She knew just how she would find this poor old lady—perspiring in her traveling clothes, sitting spread in an easy-chair, making a wide lap and resting the soles of her feet by turning them up upon the outer sides.

However, Cousin Lizzie was standing in the center of the floor, before the mirror, in a suit of crêpe de Chine underclothes of the kind that one saw in fashion papers, but never made for oneself. She was fixing in her ears a very long pair of ruby earrings.

"Come in, dear," said Cousin Lizzie.

Beta entered.

"You must be very tired, Cousin Lizzie," she said, playing the part rehearsed in spite of her surprise. "Mother has sent me to see if I can help you."

"Certainly, dear," said Cousin Lizzie; "help me unpack, love, and tell me what to wear tonight. Will it be a large party?"

"Just ourselves, Aunt Ada, Uncle Fred and three friends," said Beta. Then she commenced to unpack Cousin Lizzie's clothes.

"I have never seen such clothes," said Beta. "Neither has Phœbe. We have never heard of such clothes."

"I like clothes," confessed Cousin Lizzie, "and so I always make them a large part of my life."

"B-but one can't always have all one likes," said Beta.

"Oh, nonsense, girlie!" said Cousin Lizzie in surprise.

"You must be very rich, Cousin Lizzie," said Beta.

"Well, love, all my husbands left me money, you see, or paid it in alimony, or some way."

"Here is your jewel case, Cousin Lizzie."

"Unlock it, dear, if you like."

"Pearls!"

"My first husband gave me those."

"Oh-h! A diamond headband!"

"My fourth husband, dear."

"L-l-look at your emerald earrings, Cousin Lizzie!"

"Such a charming man gave me those. I met him in Rome."

"The ruby earrings you have on ——"

"Ah, my love, that was a real romance, in Paris, last year."

"Last year!" echoed Beta faintly.

"Last year, love. Comte de Savrigny. He followed me for months. These earrings are some of his family jewels. I nearly married him. Nearly, but not quite—not quite—because ——"

Cousin Lizzie looked very dreamy.

"How—how old was he, Cousin Lizzie?"

"Old, love? Oh, really, I should say thirty."

"B-b-but, Cousin Lizzie ——"

"Men are so tempting, love, aren't they?"

At this moment, through the open windows was heard the sound of a car drawing up to the veranda beneath.

Cousin Lizzie had just reached for a cigarette, a spray of perfume and her manicure set. She looked out.

"Who is this, love?"

"It would be my sister Phœbe and a boy who is staying with us."

"What is his name, dear?"

"An-An-Annesley."

"What is his age, dear?"

"Ab-b-bout twenty-one."

"That," mused Cousin Lizzie, "really is a little young. Still, the car is a Newlight, isn't it? I like Newlights. He has a good figure, hasn't he? He reminds me a little—a very, very little—of an Austrian artist I had an affair with between my fourth and fifth."

The young girl sat on the floor beside the open trunk, gasping for air.

"Fourth and fifth husbands, I mean," said Cousin Lizzie. "I am confusing you, rather, the way I run on. I will wear my silver chiffon tonight, and these earrings you admire so, child; and I will take my fur cloak down, to be ready. It has a hood, I suppose?"

"The cloak?" faltered the young girl.

"The Newlight," said Cousin Lizzie.

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"Lost Opportunities, Dear Child?" Said Cousin Lizzie. "I Never Lost an Opportunity in My Life"

THE TWENTY-HOUR DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

Unfortunately, He Proved to be So Great as a Scientist That He Had Never Cultivated the Art of Speaking to an Audience

IN THE first place, let me confess that I have not been to bed a single night in the past two weeks before 2:30; occasionally it has been much later. Last night, or rather this morning, it was after four; first the opera and then a ball.

As I stood waiting to say good night to my hostess I heard one harassed husband say, "Do hurry, Margaret. I shall have to get up so horribly early, and I am sailing for Europe in three days."

His wife continued her conversation with perfect serenity; not a muscle of her face changed.

"She's not deaf," he said ruefully, looking to me for sympathy. "She's only husband-deaf. You speak to her and see."

"Oh, Margaret," I asked, "are you sailing with Ted?"

Instantly she turned in response to the keen social sense that charms all who know her. Upon the ear that was deaf to her husband any other voice fell like a summons.

"No, indeed, dear; I have far too much on hand." And she went on talking with our hostess.

I laughed outright. Ted grinned, but rather ruefully. Husband-deaf! It described so many women I know.

This morning, as I was wearily wakened by the tapping of my maid, the word popped into my head again. Or perhaps it had never gone out of it through the past few hours of restless sleep. I, too, was now rueful, wondering if it did not describe me also—especially me; whether my deafness were not to something much broader than my relationship with Jim.

The Knickerbocker Grays

MY MAID entered with the inexorable step of Fate and pulled aside my curtains, letting in a flash of morning-after light. Josephine is possessed of all the virtues which I lack. By nature and home training I am idle, irresponsible, never on time. Like so many of my school friends, I was allowed to think that such faults are rather charmingly feminine. But my parents did not know New York—or Josephine. Time is the essence of our contract; and at moments, under her suave exterior, I can hear the crack of the slave driver's whip.

I drag myself to a sitting posture and sip the tea she has placed on the night table beside my bed. At the same time I glance through the morning paper; for without the news, how could society continue? How discuss the deaths, the latest divorce, the newest scandal?

Having partly digested the headlines, an editorial or two, and consumed a piece of buttered toast, I drag myself into the cold shower, do a daily half dozen and am soon ready for the business of the day.

This presents itself in the persons of my son Hamilton, aged eight, and my daughter Dorothy, aged six. They are on their way to school, and in our brief interview matters of great weight must be decided. It is Tony's afternoon with the Knickerbocker Grays and Dorothy has her dancing class.

The Knickerbocker Grays is an organization for boys formed many years ago, a sort of junior offshoot of the Seventh Regiment in the days before the horses and brilliant uniform of Squadron A lured most of fashionable New York away from the more sober gray of the infantry. The Knickerbocker Grays has held its own, and admission to its ranks still forms an open sesame to the junior life of social Manhattan.

Succeeding generations of patronesses preside over the list of candidates, jealously guarding its prestige, with the result that there are always many more applicants than places. Even the late war, which seems to have given such disastrous knocks to patriotism, has had no effect on the Knickerbocker Grays; and there boys are still taught to honor the flag of their fathers and to understand the value of discipline.

Of no less importance from the girls' point of view is Dorothy's dancing class. It is her first year, but a girl enters young and grows through the various divisions until the moment when she is ready to make her formal entrance into society. To have her name on the list of this particular class means that she will be automatically included in every important debutante function of the winter, irrespective of whether she or her mother is known to the hostess.

As each division is filled from the one below, it becomes increasingly difficult for an outsider to enter, so that the last year is practically impenetrable; those who perhaps need it most are the very ones who find the doors most tightly closed. This seems harsh, but it is also inevitable. The rules of society, although presumably made by gentlefolk, are seldom gentle. Fortunately I was well advised and entered my children in their infancy, congratulating myself that their future—all of it that then seemed to matter—was automatically provided for. For the harsh rules of society are efficient, at least as regards society.

I look my waiting children over and admire the handiwork of their nurse, whom, out of respect to my son's advanced years, I must now call a nursery governess. I decide which motor shall be at their disposal and as I am planning it out Tony looks at me wistfully and asks, "Will you be there this afternoon, mummy? A real colonel is coming from Governor's Island to watch us drill."

Dorothy chimes in, "Oh, mummy, you said you'd see us next! You went to Tony last time."

I end the dispute by admitting that an important engagement makes either pleasure impossible, but I promise to look in on them at their suppertime.

Forever on the Eve of Departure

EVEN as I am saying it the new word crops up in my mind—this time with a deeper implication. My children and I have a very real affection. When they were younger, and I less fully identified with the greater New York of society, we often had long and delicious hours together; in summer, on the border of an Italian lake and later in the Newport season, which I did not then find so engrossing. Those hours of seemingly trivial confidences always reminded me of my own girlish hours with my mother. Nothing has ever been so dear to me, and no sorrow has ever wounded me more deeply, or brought bitterer tears, than when, as sometimes happened, she brushed aside a doubt that seemed to her foolish or failed to respond to an outburst of dumb childish adoration. I sorely resolved then to have always time and abundant sympathy for my children. Yet even as all this was welling subconsciously within me, I had dismissed them.

As always of late, I was conscious of a soft yet irresistible summons, the summons of a vaguer but more deeply dreaded Josephine, urging me breathless to do one more thing than can possibly be done in a given hour and day.

No wonder the good New Yorker is forever on the eve of departure. Early in February he begins to look about for a resting place ——

"Palm Beach is impossible; such dreadful people, my dear. Perhaps some obscure corner of Florida—but the

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ON THE FOURTEENTH FLOOR

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

IT WAS in 1918 that we lost all but a small portion of our income. One of my daughters was then ten and the other eighteen. The older one had just finished school, and she soon found a position; but her pay was small. It was imperative that I find something to do, and do it quickly. I had come of good people upstate and we were in easy circumstances. I possessed education and refinement, it is true; but I found that, by themselves, they had no particular commercial value, and I had no business training or experience. I was no longer a young woman and I did not feel that I could get on as a saleswoman, and I had neither the capital nor the business ability to start an enterprise of my own.

One day while lunching with a friend in a Broadway hotel it occurred to me what a number of employes a hotel must have. After lunch I walked up to the first bell boy I saw in the lobby and asked him where to apply for work. He took me at once to the employment office on a side street.

The ordeal of applying for a position was not so hard as I had expected. A pleasant-faced, middle-aged man put me through a series of questions to find out what I could do, and did not—as I feared he would—seem at all surprised when I confessed I had never had a position before. After taking my name, age, residence and the names and addresses of two people who were well acquainted with me, he told me I could come the next morning to fill the position of a chambermaid who had left that day. The pay was only thirty-six dollars a month, but board was included; and in those days of soaring rents it meant a great deal to me.

Hotel Life From the Inside

MY FRIENDS and my daughters thought it was a terrible thing for me to do, but neither then nor now has it ever seemed so to me. But the work was very tiring at first. From the beginning, however, the other chambermaids, and especially those who were old at the business, were always perfectly willing to explain or tell me about anything I didn't understand. I am of a very slight build and do not look strong, and this often led to their taking special pains to instruct me in the tricks of the trade. Fortunately, I had always been able to make a bed nicely; and if there is anything that does matter in a hotel or anywhere, it's how the bed is made.

A well-known senator, whom I had in one of my rooms for a while, said he believed a woman ought to be judged by the standard of how well she could make a bed instead of whether she knew how to cook. In fact, whether she works in a private house or in a hotel, the chambermaid comes into more intimate contact with the guest than any of the other employes; and with her, to a large extent, rests the responsibility of making him comfortable. You may say this is taking the position too seriously, and at one time I would have thought so; but like most things of which we have only a vague impression and look at from the outside, being a servant is entirely different from one's idea of it.

In a short time I learned a great deal about hotel life and hotels and the people who patronize them. It is the custom to call the employes by their given names and I was known simply as Jeanette, even though I was a Mrs. There was a woman on the same floor with me called Zayda—she was part Arabian, I think—who had worked in hotels all over the world. She spoke five languages and what she didn't know wasn't worth knowing. It was from her that I learned most about my work. Our hotel did not cater to a very high class of people and the working conditions were not of the best.

Upon Zayda's advice I left there a few months later and went with her to a new hotel that was just opening, the Terminus, one of the largest in the city. The pay was forty dollars a month—four dollars more than I had been getting—and the food was good and wholesome. Moreover, everything was new and clean, and the rooms were much easier and pleasanter to take care of. The Terminus was near a railroad terminal and the greater part of the trade was transient, although there were beautiful suites which were occupied by the same people the year around. The steady stream of guests, constantly changing, always reminded me of the way the scenes change in the moving-pictures. Weekly and never ceased to fascinate me. One day a room might be occupied by a Japanese and the next by a Frenchman, and perhaps on the third day an English shoe dealer might check in with his samples.

It was while I was at the Terminus that Zayda got married to a wealthy man from Seattle who was in the salmon-canning business. He kept staying on at the hotel until finally he took her home with him. And so you see even a chambermaid's life is not without its romance, although such things are rare; it is the only instance I know of where a chambermaid has married one of the hotel guests.

Five Years at the Belvidere

I HAD grown very much attached to the Terminus, and should be there now had not another new hotel opened nearer my home. I went there as soon as there was an opening, as it was so much handier for me, because I could walk to work; and then I was rather glad in another way, as I missed Zayda so much. She was always so lively and gay and everyone used to like to sit near her at mealtime, as she was an endless source of entertainment. I still have a great many friends at the Terminus and I always go in to see them whenever I am in that neighborhood.

The hotel to which I now went was the Belvidere and I have been there ever since—this is my fifth year. It is said to be the best of its kind in the city, but there are so many really good ones now that there is little difference among them. It is also near a railroad station and caters both to a transient and residential clientele, although more to the latter than the Terminus does. The wages were the best paid by any hotel—$10.50 a week. The department heads were more particular about the appearance of their employes than any other hotel I had been in. The chambermaids wore white uniforms, starched stiff, similar to those worn by nurses or cafeteria workers. The laundering of all uniforms is done by the hotel, and clean ones are furnished twice a week. It takes one woman's entire time to keep track of the uniforms, sorting them and counting them and mending them.

There were six of us on a floor, and each had a section of fifteen or sixteen rooms assigned to her. As there are 22 floors of sleeping rooms, a force of 132 day chambermaids

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If an Article is Really Lost, There are Other People to be Questioned Besides the Chambermaid

OMBOMPOM — By Freeman Tilden

ILLUSTRATED BY
A. L. HAIRNSFATHER

"Morning, Mr. Jolliffe! Great Morning, I'll Say! How You Feeling? Anything Special Going On? I'm Right Up on My Toes This Morning"

BENSON REEVES, the managing owner of the Everton Daily Record, went to the annual meeting of the Fat Men's Club at Clifton Bridge. He brought back a headache and a new reporter. The headache lasted only one day.

The recruit staggered along under the name of Archibald Wallace Parsons. As the name Archibald, though a perfectly decent name, doesn't seem to have any just place in a newspaper office, the name got shortened to Wally. Wally weighed two hundred and sixty-six pounds, after shaving. He was five feet seven inches tall, which added a touch of tragedy to the comedy. Nature had fabricated him on the plan of a cargo boat—wide, with a low center of gravity. Still, like a good many other stout persons, Wally was amazingly light on his feet. "And that goes for his head, too," growled Jolliffe, the city editor of the Record, after Wally's first pay day. But Jolliffe was a meager, sour man, a misanthrope, a bachelor, who slept in one room over a meat market, and lived at the Record office, especially on his day off.

James Jolliffe had been star reporter on the Record when Benson Reeves, the son of the founder, was a schoolboy in knickerbockers, bringing his young desperado friends into the linotype room to have their names and addresses cast into slugs. Consequently the city editor could say what he liked to the son of his old boss, even though the son was now his boss.

So he said, "The meeting of the Fat Men's Club must have been considerable wet."

"Not a drop. Not a drop. Dry as a bone," replied Reeves.

"Hell's bells!" was the gloomy response. "I know better. You couldn't have brought back this chair smasher if you hadn't been lit. I spose if you fellers had met in Montreal you'd have come home with the bearded lady and a human pincushion. What are you going to do with him? We don't need anybody."

"Oh, you can find a place for him, Jim," suggested Reeves, with an ingratiating smile. "You were saying not long ago you could use another man on Sunday stuff. Parsons writes well. He showed me his scrapbook."

"He carried a scrapbook to the party, did he?" snarled the city editor. "No newspaperman keeps a scrapbook. You ought to know that. This guy ought to be an actor. When the crowd was thin they could sit him out in front and pack the house."

"Give him a chance and see what he can do," ordered Reeves shortly.

That was the end of the discussion. The boss might take a large assortment of back talk from Jolliffe, for old times' sake, but he was no piping echo himself, and he always had his way. Moreover, though James Jolliffe might rebel and snarl and show his teeth, and however much he resented having a new reporter pushed upon him from above, he was genuinely as loyal to Benson Reeves as he had been to the elder Reeves for eighteen years. The city editor took another liberal chew from a dark, man-killing plug, and went on making out the day's assignment book.

Reeves appeared again at the door of the city room. "When Parsons comes in, Jim, tell him I want to see him!"

Wally darkened the city room about an hour after the rest of the boys showed up. He wheezed in with all the ponderous objectivity of a truckload of baled hay, and greeted the city editor with an airy bonhomie which made Jolliffe feel suddenly ill.

"Morning, Mr. Jolliffe! Great morning, I'll say! How you feeling? Anything special going on? I'm right up on my toes this morning."

"I'm glad you're not right up on my toes," was the pleasant response. "The boss wants to see you. And say, Parsons, cut that familiar stuff, will you? That may be the right thing at the Elks, but this is a newspaper office." Jolliffe had spotted an Elks pin on the lapel of the stout person's coat, and it affected his spleen as though an egg beater had been inserted therein. Jolliffe was not a joiner. He hated joiners. He belonged to one fraternity, the Indefatigable Order of Newshounds. All other organizations were mush.

"All right," breezed Wally, with undiminished benevolence. But he stopped, on the way to Reeves' office, to add, "I hope you've got something good for me, Mr. Jolliffe."

The city editor almost had a heart attack. He only waved a thin, helpless forearm at Wally. But he knew, in that moment, that this urbane leviathan had come into his life as a punishment for his sins.

The greeting which Wally got from his big boss was far different. "Hello, Parsons!" said Reeves when the doorway stretched to let the new reporter through. "How do you like that boarding place I sent you to? Good food, isn't it? Have a cigar."

Reeves had risen from his chair, and the two enormous paws clenched with affectionate warmth. Reeves weighed two hundred and seventy-one pounds. That's how he happened to go to the Fat Men's annual at Clifton Bridge. That's how he happened to meet Archibald Wallace Parsons. That's how Wally happened to be on the Record. It had been a case of admiration at first sight: "Mr. Reeves, let me introduce Mr. Parsons." "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Parsons. How much do you weigh? . . . That's pretty good for your height. Doing anything for it? . . . Where do you come from? . . . Is that so? Well, I'm in that business myself. . . . Yes, I own the Everton Record. . . . Well, well. Have a little snifter? I can guarantee it."

One thing led to another, as would be natural among fat men. Fat men must stand together or a rude world will jeer them separately. Reeves found out that Wally had trouble in getting outsize undershirts in Castletown, where he worked on a country weekly. But Parsons was intimately acquainted with a tailor in Boston who could cut a suit for a fat man that made him look just as dressy as any animated fashion plate. Parsons had a cheerful line of conversation which pleased Reeves' ear. Also he had a laugh, when Reeves told his three best stories, which was honest, spontaneous and soul-reviving.

"Why don't you come down to Everton? You're wasting time in that hole. I'll see that you have a chance on a real paper."

"Do you mean it, Mr. Reeves?" gasped Wally.

Reeves had meant it. The proof of the assertion was that Wally emerged from Reeves' room at the Record office that morning, smoking one of the managerial Havanas, happy as a baby mammoth, looking for worlds to conquer.

Jolliffe started the conquering hero with three assignments—the Kiwanis luncheon, the monthly meeting of the Little Mothers' Club of the Presbyterian church, and a funeral in Westwood, a suburb of Everton. Jolliffe gave

Wally the Kiwanis luncheon, thinking that it might annoy Wally as much as it would have annoyed him. He didn't know Wally. No luncheon ever annoyed Wally. Nor did speech making. To toy with the last handful of walnuts and raisins while the chairman rapped for order and introduced some sterling windjammer, was Wally's idea of the Happy Valley. It was only when the sordid necessity arrived of writing a column-and-turn about the festive occasion that Wally's enthusiasm paled. As a typist Wally would have qualified for the prussic-acid prize of the Moron Business College. His fingers were made for a knife and fork, not for typewriter keys.

When Jolliffe profanely finished with Wally's copy it looked as though Wordsworth had been having trouble with his inspiration. Had it not been for the Big Squeeze, Wally's connection with the Everton Record would have been the shortest ever known in the newspaper world. Jolliffe wouldn't even have sent him down the elevator. He would have summoned four of the staff and pushed him out of the window.

But while the gray hairs increased over the city editor's ears, the admiration of Benson Reeves for his stout friend and employe seemed to wax like a supertax. It was Wally this and Wally that. It was, "That was a good story of Wally's in this morning's paper, wasn't it?" Or, "Did you notice that paragraph Wally had in the editorial shorts?"

The veterans of the staff, who had to acknowledge that on the personal side Mr. Parsons was a decent, friendly and honorable fat gentleman, nevertheless sat in solemn conclave and conjured up horrible deaths for the old man's pet. Frank Corby, who covered City Hall, Pete Leach, the police reporter, Harry Frawn, Pickering, Earle and Johnny Murphy, almost got to the point of consulting a spiritistic medium, to find out if Wally's career was going to outlive them. And all the time Wally got solider and solider with the boss.

In 'Gene Field's classic newspaper poem, it was told how

This feller, Cantell Whoppers, never brought an item in:
He spent his time at Perrin's, shaking poker dice for gin.

Wally wasn't exactly like that. He didn't shake poker dice for gin. But whenever he got an assignment that he didn't like he went over to the Elks clubhouse and shot Kelly pool, with the liberal aid of the bridge. As he couldn't get near enough to the table to reach the cue ball unless it were near the rail, the good sports arranged to let Wally use any ball as the cue ball, and didn't count scratches on him. Wally was afraid for a time that the exercise of walking around the pool table might be bad for him. It wasn't. He gained six pounds.

"He threw me down on an assignment," Jolliffe almost wept, to the boss

"Perhaps he didn't feel well. Anyway, it wasn't important, was it?" purried Reeves, in defense of his pet playmate. He had the guilty feeling that the reason Wally threw the paper down was because he and Wally had been over at the Palace Hotel grill, splitting a porterhouse for six, while Wally should have been on the job.

Jolliffe gave it up at last. He began to ignore Wally's existence. He left him off the assignment book altogether Reeves took advantage of that position to encourage Wally to do a column called As I See It, for the editorial page.

"Pretty neat stuff, don't you think?" he asked the city editor.

"No. It's tripe!" screamed Jolliffe

"You're sore on Wally," was the final word.

He was a good fellow was Wally Parsons, but the petting he got from his fat employer resulted at last in placing him upstage. That is to say, he grew slightly haughty, even patronizing. Now you can safely patronize bankers, and presidents of life-insurance companies, and police chiefs, but—newspaper men are different. Their pride is the pride of the Roman augur, of the Greek oracle, and the Carthaginian priest—the seventh son of a seventh son, who knows what is going to happen before it happens, and who could break the most powerful Sunday-school superintendent if he only gabbed what he knew about him.

Wally one day publicly described himself as a journalist. The news got back to the Record office by radio, and the clock stopped, the office cat had a convulsion, and the glue turned to castor oil. After that Wally needed a fur coat when he entered the city room. The wind blew from the north, and ice formed on the radiators.

And then—the last straw was laid upon the dromedary. Benson Reeves was not a mean boss. He would carry a sick reporter on the pay roll for months. No man was ever quicker with his check book when a pal was in trouble. But every generous soul has his thrift spot. Reeves' favorite game was editing expense bills. He watched taxi fares as though they conveyed germs to his food. He didn't like far-away assignments, of the sort so dear to faithful reporters, where there is a chance to sleep in the best hotel and charge up the steam heat. His favorite saying was, "Oh, the Associated Press can cover that well enough."

And yet, he sent Wally Parsons to Europe. He did. He sent Wally Parsons to Europe, to write Sunday articles—the juiciest assignment since William Britannica got the encyclopedia job at space rates. A handsome wad of money in advance, liberal stop-over privileges, go-as-you-please itinerary, and stay as long as you like. The pressmen in the basement wept when they heard of the golden cinch, and the linotype operators aimlessly played *etaoin* and *shrdlu* on their machines, like the author of the Lost Chord who was seated one day at the organ; and they had visions of English pubs and French cafés and they heard the click of Andalusian castanets above the lip-lipping of the matrices.

"I've been thinking we need some good exclusive Sunday stuff," said Benson Reeves to the city editor; "and people are interested in what's going on in Europe. So I'm sending Parsons over."

"The readers of the Record," replied Jolliffe, in measured tones and sorrowful, "will be so pleased that they will close the public schools and put crape on the fire stations. I could buy syndicate stuff about Europe at two dollars a column, written by men who could dash their brains out and then give Parsons a tussle. To send that babe to Europe will bring on an epidemic of foot-and-mouth distemper. I hope the ship sinks. But there's one consolation—as long as he's in Europe he can't throw me down. He can only make a monkey of you."

This was going a bit far, even when you have known father's son since he was in knickers. Reeves drew himself out to his full six feet in girth, and retorted bitterly There was a fight. Jolliffe resigned. More words. Soft pedal. Jolliffe withdraws resignation. Reeves extends olive branch. Reeves calls Jolliffe "Jim." Tears almost come into city editor's eyes. And—to continue the headline manner—Wally Goes to Europe.

It was rubbing it in, when Reeves suggested to Jolliffe that it would be a nice thing to give Wally a send-off and present him with a traveling bag. "I'll pay for the bag myself," he explained, "but I'd like to have it come from the whole staff. See?"

"I see," said the city editor. The fight had gone out of him He began to see that even a city editor cannot overcome the passionate brotherhood of one fat man with another

He choked out, "All right, we'll give him your traveling bag. It'll tickle the boys to death. I'll have Corby make the presentation. He's been at City Hall so long he's an accomplished hypocrite."

"If you'd only taken the trouble to know Wally better, Jim, you'd like him. Er—by the way, you'll run a few

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"You Poor Devil!" Said the Baron Softly. "Five Miles, on Foot—Carrying—How Much Do You Weigh Anyway?" But at This Sympathetic Remark He Raised Himself on One Elbow and Regarded His Host

Rusty and the Clinging Vine

Mr. Buell and the Lady Vamp Have the Stage All to Themselves

By SEWELL FORD

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

NO, RUSTY," says Mr. Buell to me. "Thank you just as much, but I'm through."

"Eh?" says I, gawpin' at him.

"Quite," says he. "I have finished. Absolutely. I hereby renounce the fair sex forever. Matrimony, Rusty, is not for me, and from now on I shall fail to notice any ladies, lovely or otherwise."

It comes out so sudden and he's so positive about it that I can't help givin' him the grin.

"Registering doubt?" he asks.

"Well," says I, "I've heard you quit golf once or twice."

"True," says he. "But only in moments of anger. I am not angry now. I am cool and calm and without passion. I've thought it all out and come to an inevitable decision. As a wooer of fair women, Rusty, I am the cat's hind foot."

"You ain't had much luck," I admits, "but maybe ——" And then I kinda hesitates.

"Go on," says the boss. "Your suggestions are always interesting, even if I haven't been able to work them out. Maybe what?"

"I ain't sure," says I, "but maybe you been too strong with the be-mine stuff. Why not lay off that line for a while? Why not learn to love 'em and leave 'em?"

He shakes his head. "For that sort of thing, Rusty," says he, "I have neither your fickle brilliance nor your amazing facility. If I love 'em they leave me with humiliating promptness. So I am going to let them alone and concentrate on golf. Take me down to the club and ask Andy to send out my light mashie and the bag of practice balls. Then we'll go to some secluded nook and see what's wrong with my chip and run shot."

Wouldn't a shift like that make you dizzy? Say, I ask you? And here I'd gone and doped something new and tricky for him to use on the next one. You see, after kinda messin' up that last affair of his by mistakin' Miss Cowden for her maid and spillin' everything I knew and a little more, I was good and sore and I'd set myself to square it all by coachin' him in something different. "Dome work, Rusty," says I, "is what you gotta pull if you're goin' to keep on drawin' down a de luxe salary as shuffer, emergency caddie and Romeo secretary." And all that first night after we hit this Manchester joint—that is, when I was stayin' out on small pairs or watchin' some bird deal the cards—I was mullin' over the details of how I'd have Mr. Buell tackle the next charmer he got soft on.

By mornin' I had it well sketched out too. Givin' 'em the cold eye. That was the line. Instead of stickin' around with that mushy look on his face, I was gonna have him let on to be bored stiff, act yawny and mysterious, and yet be handy when they got curious and begun flutterin' about. Scorn 'em, you understand. That gets 'em comin'. And then, if I could have him to follow that up by keepin' his mouth shut for a while after the one he wanted had him backed into a corner, he'd find everything easy. She'd do all the wooin' herself.

But here he queers the whole program by announcin' that he's scratched his entry in the Cupid handicap and is never gonna go near a dame again. 'Course I don't take that as final, for Mr. Buell has been about as consistent a love nester as I ever run across—reg'lar hell bent for hymen, you might say—and it ain't easy to believe he can reform so sudden.

Yet he starts in on his new career like he meant to stick to it. He works out that mashie shot until he could roll 'em up to the pin from any distance under fifty yards, and then for an hour or so he near runs my legs off shaggin' balls while he puts his wrists into a mid-iron. Right after luncheon he's out in a foursome with George Morse and Ham Kerr and the pro, and I hear he was pullin' birdies and eagles every now and then. When I drives him back to the hotel he tells me he's been asked to fill in for an exhibition match on Sunday and he begins talkin' about how he's plannin' to take in the White Sulphur and Pinehurst tournaments, and maybe spend the winter in Florida gettin' tuned up for the National. The followin' day he plays thirty-six holes, and that evenin', as I was waitin' for a little sweetie I'd made a date with, I sees Mr. Buell sittin' in the front lobby with a bunch of ruddy-beaked Stone Crabs and Tin Whistlers, talkin' golf and never takin' so much as a peek out toward the ballroom, where a lot of easy-lookers was sittin' around lonesome.

"Well," thinks I, "maybe he does mean it." And I'll admit I felt kind of relieved, for this job of trainin' him as a lover was no cinch. He's a good scout, Mr. Buell, with a smooth disposition and all that, but he sure ain't got any knack when it comes to fussin' around the ladies. No. As I was tellin' my Mabel on the way down to the dance hall, "The trouble with him is, he crabs his own act."

"Buell?" says she. "Waan't he the big feller with the wide shoulders and the nice eyes? Why, I got him at one of my tables, and I thought he looked like a reg'lar dear. Oughta see the swell tip I got off'm him."

"Did you get him rollin' his eyes any, though?" says I.

"The idea, Rusty!" says she. "And him a guest! But I bet I could, just the same."

"Hop to it, Mabel girl," says I, "and lemme know how you come out. If I can get something on him you're gonna be in a two-pound box of the best fork-dipped in the shop."

But the next evenin' she reports that there's nothin' doing.

"All he can see of me," says she, "is what I'm bringin' him on the tray. The big stiff!"

"Then his eyes is calloused," says I. "Anyway, I could spot you through all the food in Vermont."

"Aw, you go on!" says she, snugglin' closer. And say, you can't hate 'em for that.

Yeauh! She was all right, that one—cute cuddly ways, freckles across her nose, and a nifty little stepper on the floor. I expect I liked her about as well as any Mabel I ever had on the list. She did get a grouch on though when I called off a Sunday afternoon stroll up some mountain trail with her, even after I explains how I gotta caddie Mr. Buell through his exhibition match. As a matter of fact it was me who offered to tote the bag, for it always helps the boss keep his chin down if he knows I'm watchin' the ball. Besides, I wanted to see how he'd shoot in front

of a gallery; and then again I don't object to edgin' in on the picture when two or three hundred people are holdin' their breath watchin' the putts rim or sink. It's an act I can put some class into. You know. There's all kinds of ways of holdin' the pin. Some slouches, some gets their feet too near the cup, and some acts like they were half asleep. But with Rusty Gillan on the flag they got something that's gonna show up well in a news reel. No, I ain't spillin hot air. I've seen myself in the movies and I'm tellin you I didn't do it so poor.

Anyway, it was like old times, pushin' through the mobs around the tees and duckin' under the ropes to hand Mr. Buell his brassy or mashie for a second shot. He's one of them birds that ain't afraid to ask his caddie for a hunch on what to play too. "What do you think, Rusty; a spoon?" he'd say. And then I'd shake my head and hand him the cleek for a push shot to the green.

Honest, I never saw the boss stick 'em up any better, and barrin' a few soft putts that didn't get to the cup he was playin' his head off. Bein' in such fast comp'ny had something to do with that, I expect, and then the gallery helped. He run down a twenty-footer for a birdie on the third and they gave him quite a hand. From then on he works as hard for a few handclaps as a new sketch team just signed on for big time.

There's quite a sizable mob trailin' the match too. 'Course, nothing like the crowds I've seen at one of the big events; but nearly all the hotel folks was out, and a lot of the cottagers. Pretty sight, ain't it, with all the ladies wearin' fancy sport clothes and most of the men in their dress-up knickers and rattlesnake-plaid socks? Seein' 'em stream over the fairways and swarm around the greens always gives me kind of a thrill. And as we swung up the sixteenth more recruits straggled down from the clubhouse, mostly women who'd been watchin' from the upper veranda and wanted to be in at the finish.

That's the hole where Mr. Buell put a bit too much right hand into his drive and it found the edge of the rough. They had to shoo the gallery well back on the left to give him room to swing when we came up to the ball. It's a mean lie behind a bunch of wire grass, but I shoves out a mashie niblick to him and nods encouragin'. Say, he sure tore into that shot. Takes a divot the size of a soup plate and sends the pill soarin' up over the bunker and straight for the flag, droppin' it dead for a three. Maybe he didn't win the gallery with that. He's still blushin' and lookin' foolish, startin' up the fairway with his head down, when I feels somebody pullin' me by the coat sleeve.

"Please," says a cooy voice over my shoulder, "who is the young man who just made that wonderful play?"

I only takes a glimpse at the yellow hair and the big blue eyes and grins. "The boss?" says I. "Why, he's Mr. Sidney Buell, lady."

"Oh, really!" says she. "Thank you so much."

Then I had to hurry on with the bag. Goin' down the seventeenth I was too busy and the crowd was too thick for me to follow her, but as we turned for home I noticed that she was still with us, toddlin' along on her high heels and balancin' herself with a long crook-handled cane, like walkin' over turf was something she wasn't much used to. She applauds enthusiastic, too, when the boss holes an easy two-footer for his four.

"Huh!" thinks I. "You're a little late, sister. If he'd seen you last week ——"

Then I lugs the bag over to the golf shop, goes back to the car, shifts my off-duty lid for the shuffer cap, and climbs in behind the wheel to wait while Mr. Buell takes his shower and ducks numerous admirers who want to stage a locker-room celebration for him. I hadn't been sittin' here long before I sees this blond fairy with the cane come steppin' out towards a limousine that's parked right alongside my bus. With her is a sporty dressed old boy who's carryin' her wrap on one arm and her pet Peke under the other.

As he hovers round to help the shuffer ease her into the car she gets a look at me wearin' my famous grin, and she must have spotted me right away. At that I notices her tuck something up her sleeve and then she turns quick to the old sport.

"Oh, Delancey!" says she. "My mesh purse!"

"Dear, dear!" says he. "Perhaps you left it in the veranda chair. I'll run back and look."

So off he trots, not stoppin' to unload the dog and wrap, and the next I know she's givin' me the high sign through the open door. I don't do a thing either, but come back with the inventory stare. She's worth lookin' over, all right. One of these pinky-white, dimple-cheeked, pouty-mouthed dames with baby-blue eyes and kind of a doll face. Might be still in her twenties or she might have passed thirty. It's hard to tell about them natural blondes, specially when they're got up as well as this one. The way she's dressed you can't say whether she's got any curves or not, but her chin looks too full and round to go with a schoolgirl figure and my guess is that she ain't any featherweight. But she has all the girly tricks of a flapper, even to the fluttery eyelids and the puckered lips. When she speaks she uses the maple-sirup stop, sweet and gurgly.

"Oh, young man!" says she. "Do you drive for that Mr. Bissell too?"

"Meaning Buell?" says I.

"Of course, Buell," says she. "I never do get names right. Let's see, what was the rest of it?"

"Sidney, ma'am," says I. "Sidney Buell, of Pittsburgh, Pa."

"Oh, yes," says she. "Now I remember. He is at one of the hotels, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am," says I.

"With Mrs. Buell?" she goes on.

"Hardly," says I, chucklin'. "There ain't any Mrs. Buell —yet."

"But there soon will be one?" she suggests.

"Not accordin' to him," says I. "Never."

"How interesting!" says she.

"If true," says I.

She rolls the baby-blues at me, kittenish. "You're rather clever, aren't you?" says she.

"Thanks, lady," says I, touchin' my cap. "And the same to you, only more of 'em."

She puts a manicured forefinger into the right cheek dimple, gives me a flickery smile, and remarks, "Still, your Mr. Buell doesn't look like a woman hater. Perhaps he has been disappointed in some—some affair?"

"Some is right," I chuckles.

"More than once!" says she. "How unfortunate! And now?"

"He says he's off 'em for life," says I.

"How utterly silly of him!" says she.

"Oh, I don't know," says I.

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Nursie Jumps, Panicky, But When She Sees Who It Is She Wipes Her Eyes and Looks Up Appealin'

SPEED BUT NO CONTROL

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"And I Want to Tell You Birds, I'm Some Cave Man!"

IT SEEMS to me that there is more genuine trouble in the world than there used to be. Last year we had plenty of woe, and this year, instead of things picking up, they grew steadily worse. Europe is rapidly showing no improvement, my rheumatism is gaining on me, and Omar Gill, our little partner, spent most of February in the Oakland city jail for driving a borrowed automobile into a shoe store by way of the front window.

The police declared that Omar was intoxicated, which ridiculous and unjust charge stuck to him and finally landed him in a square patio decorated with a frieze of iron bars. Omar Gill, of course, was not intoxicated, and could not be, for he never drinks liquor. He is slightly insane, to be sure, but alcohol has no hand in his affairs. As a very young and curious man, he once consumed a quantity of Seattle bourbon in a spirit of pure investigation, and wound up on the East India docks in Hong-Kong, playing a trombone and wearing a kimono. Since then he has abjured the flowing bowl, but confesses a fondness for goat's milk.

The same day that Omar crashed through the plate glass, Harmony Childs and I had a misunderstanding with the authorities of San Francisco about an involved business matter, and left on a night train for Southern California, rather than argue it any further. Our destination was a small place in the San Joaquin Valley, named Sterling City, where, as Harmony indicated, we would be unmolested, and where lived a Nat Deveridge, who owed Harmony two hundred dollars, borrowed money.

We day-coached into Sterling City, which is a one-street metropolis, paved on one side, went to the only hotel, the Mission House, which has three lightning rods and serves onions with every meal, and learned that Mr. Deveridge had sold his house and had moved to El Paso, Texas.

"Now," I said accusingly, "we are up against it right. Our cash is low, we are friendless here, and what to do?"

"You might try bursting into tears about it," replied Harmony. "Aren't you better off here than you'd be in Frisco, with a policeman opening your mail?"

"Be as flippant as you like," I said, "but this hotel man has the flinty eye of a gent who collects weekly. We are virtually dead broke."

"Yes," agreed the boss, who has been leading me and Omar a restless life for seven years, "but we have our health, and our breakfasts come on a white tablecloth, and not poked through a small opening in an iron door. Be grateful for your blessings, George. Meantime I'll look around town."

Sterling City is the main village in a valley of prosperous farms, and on Saturdays the ranchers drive in en masse, lean their autos against each other in slanting lines at the curb, buy forty-cent coffee and radio tuners, and go to the movies. The men shave the backs of their necks up beyond the hat line, and the women talk about how to color dairy butter.

Harmony and I speedily built up acquaintance with Martin Leech, the hotel man, and others who loafed in the Mission pool room, and from them we had our first information about a remarkable ranch woman named Mrs. Beda Halstead. Harmony perked up his ears immediately.

"One of the slickest ranches in California," declared Al Hale, the deputy sheriff, who was talking, "and one of the most peculiar and gifted females in the state too. I wonder she never gets wrote up in the Sunday papers, because there's a character. Smokes cigarettes and paints herself pretty. Either she wears overalls or she wears French linjury from Paris costing nine hundred dollars."

"Ah," said Harmony. "Rich?"

"And a widow," nodded our informant. "Not an ordinary widow neither. A most extraordinary female, and full of ideas, especially about men. She don't exactly want to get married again, but if a real cave man came along she would sure give him a fair trial."

"A what?" I asked.

"Cave man. Beda's wild daffy about cave men. Her first husband was Andy Halstead, a little guy, and mild, and she certainly made his life hard to live. Whenever you saw Andy, he was walking away from her. She used to tell him he'd have to change his ways or die, so Andy died. Nice little fellow, he was, too, but mild as a nun's canary."

"And she wants another husband," Harmony mused.

"She does not. She says no. She states that men are a lot of pale worms, and she wouldn't have one around the ranch, except Mexicans. Only, if there was such a living thing as a cave man, I believe she'd take him on. What she wants is to be dominated, and if you saw her once you'd know what I mean."

In our suite, after supper, Harmony turned to the subject of Beda Halstead.

"If she wants a cave man," he reflected, "a real cave man—and they are rare birds—she'll be willing to pay for one. That's a cinch. We will go out there tomorrow and start the ball rolling."

"Start what ball?" I asked. "What have we to do with cave men?"

"We are in a position to supply Mrs. Beda with one of the few high-grade cave men left in America. For a consideration of, roughly, about ten thousand dollars, we will deliver to the widow one fully equipped and guaranteed dominator, just as soon as he gets out of jail."

"Omar!" I said. "Omar's no cave man."

"No, but the little four-flusher has an uncanny effect upon the gentler sex, and you can't deny it. I've never seen him fall down yet."

This is true about our Mr. Gill, who has passed the first rosy flush of his youth and is getting bald, grumpy and senile. He is not a handsome dog, unless you admire the Mexican brand of canine beauty. He has the pale sad eye of a rock cod, and his conversation sounds like a light rain on a tin roof. Yet I don't know how many women, young and old, have called him a lofty soul, and sobbed over him. Personal appearance of the male has little to do with the swath he cuts among ladies, and Omar Gill proves it, along with the counts from Hungary.

Once he bursts into amorous flame and directs himself toward some hapless dame, anything heard ringing is a wedding bell; and how he does it, nobody knows. It is his own mystery. He has been twice married and twice evaded the sentence. On divers other occasions he was about to court disaster again, when dragged away from the altar in the nick of time by either Harmony or myself, and so, when I thought it over with reference to Beda Halstead, the plan began to look feasible.

"We'll have to confer with the lady at once," Harmony stated. "Omar's term will be up soon and he'll be drifting along."

Not having the funds to hire transportation, we walked from Sterling City to the Halstead ranch, which had been described to us, and which few could mistake. It was a group of white buildings on the stone road, four miles out of town, and we meandered up the driveway about noon. The first moving creature we saw was a tall alabaster woman with yellow hair, coming toward the house from the opposite direction.

"That would be Beda," I murmured, and Harmony nodded.

She had a prominent nose and a chin like the vice president of Peru, and upon seeing us she slackened her pace and loitered until we came within earshot. Her gaze was suspicious and there was no sign of a welcoming smile. I decided that if she had had a boat under her she would be a viking—or at least a viqueen. Leaning upon an ominous-looking war club, she watched us and we removed our hats.

"Book agents with knowledge in four volumes, bill collectors, bootleggers, or do you frame pictures in curly gold, ten per cent down?" she inquired, in a firm pleasant voice.

"Not any of those," Harmony answered politely. "We have come from Sterling City to discuss important business

"Good Morning," She Said. "How are the Shoe-String Merchants This Morning?"

with the lady of the house. You see before you a couple of emissaries from the court of Hymen."

She studied us with grave interest.

"You look like a couple of gents selling the Universal Atlas or a patent mop. What's this about Hymen?"

"Madam," said Harmony, "it was a long walk out here."

"Dead broke. Well, proceed to the porch and sit down, but remember, if you have any larcenous notions, that my men's record for throwing strangers off the place is fifteen seconds flat."

We accepted her invitation. Mrs. Beda followed us and sat down the wrong way on a chair, leaning on her club and keeping her hard blue eye upon us.

"Before you start," she said gently, "you can't sell me anything. You can't borrow or otherwise extract money from me. There is nothing I need, animal, mineral or vegetable. I have been over all the hurdles and can show calluses. Now shoot."

"Mrs. Halstead," said Harmony, in his pleasant confident way, "we heard about you at the hotel. George and I are a couple of investigators into the phenomena of human psychology, and when they told us that you were mildly interested in that exceedingly rare animal, the modern cave man, we came up."

"Cave man!" she sniffed. "Don't make me laugh. The modern man isn't a man at all, let alone a cave man."

"You have your ideas," our leader continued, "and we have ours. Do you want to marry again, or not?"

"Not," she said.

"You don't want a husband?"

"Correct. I had one. I know all about them. Husbands are the same as boils. If you got one you've got it, but it don't do you any good."

Nevertheless, I thought I detected a sudden gleam in her eye when Harmony mentioned cave man, the same involuntary lighting up you see when you say "beer" to a plasterer. He must have noticed it, too, because he continued discoursing, and in his best vein. Harmony Childs unquestionably has a noble gift, when warmed up. It isn't what he says, so much as it is the golden sincerity that shines through his speech.

"This vast estate," he argued, "certainly must be a burden to a high-strung and refined woman like yourself. I don't say you want to marry again, but when you deny the existence of a real cave man I must take issue with you. They are indeed rare, as you have stated, but we happen to know a cave man, a perfect specimen."

"Where is he?" the widow asked, and in that instant I realized we were on the right road.

"He is to join us presently," answered Harmony, "having been detained in the north on business. As you have surmised, our circumstances are straitened. You are a rich woman. If we succeed in bringing to you a striking specimen of the breed we are discussing, I imagine you will be liberally inclined in your ideas of reward."

"So that's it, is it?" Beda said. "The Hebrews would call you scratchems or the like. What size is this fee you have in mind?"

"Twelve thousand dollars," Harmony said unblushingly, "would be a small price for a woman of your wealth, considering that you acquire a life mate who will not only dominate you but will probably beat you up daily, until you tremble with joy at the sound of his step."

Mrs. Halstead looked at her arm, from which her sleeve had fallen, and laughed. I observed the arm, and thought of Omar. It was the sort of arm you see on lady golfers who shoot in the low seventies.

"Twelve thousand, so you can drop to ten," she said. "Your story interests me. Bring this superman to me. If I marry him I will discuss payment."

"That's where the honesty of our proposition shows," declared our speaker. "If you don't marry him, and gladly, we will refuse to accept a penny. Goods paid for after delivery and trial."

"What's the cave man's name?" Beda queried.

"Omar Gill."

"What does he look like?"

"He is not a large man," replied Harmony, "and many of his methods are entirely mental."

"Was he ever married?"

"Once. His wife died of what I took to be sheer joy."

"And you think he can dominate me, do you?" she asked, looking more than ever like a viking.

"He'll have you cleaning his razor blades," said Harmony. "One woman I know of jumped off a cliff because he wearied of dragging her about by the hair."

Mrs. Halstead finally anointed us with a couple of bottles of sour cider and the deal was on at ten thousand. We lingered pleasantly in her parlor, which was decorated with a green-and-red parrot, chain armor, Roman battle-axes, poems in frames by unknown geniuses, plaster fish, ivory candlesticks, rugs with the heads on, statues of Greek boys running, and Chinese epitaphs on black satin.

Beda was undoubtedly eccentric, but not where money was concerned.

She wore corduroy pants and a diamond necklace that would have kept us out of jail for eighteen years. She had a firm mouth and large even teeth, and she was handsome the same way any large manifestation of Nature is handsome. Going home in the costly limousine which she loaned us, I began to worry over the chore we had arranged for our absent comrade. He is a wonder with women, but he would have to be a wonder with this one.

"Never mind about Omar," Harmony said reassuringly. "This money is the same as in the bank."

We wired Oakland to ask when our little man expected to be a free American citizen once more, and he answered, saying it was a matter of hours. Time hung a trifle heavily on our hands in the next few days, but there was one interesting incident at the Mission Hotel, which stopped just this side of the coroner.

Harmony loves to play cards and is an intelligent player, so it was natural for him to crowd into the nightly game in the Mission pool room, and there occurred the fracas. It was got under way by an uncouth person named Sam Ness, a remarkably tough citizen, whose mannerisms were unknown to us. Mr. Ness was a large beefy animal with a red face and hairy hands, who had built himself up as the official bad man of the community. I never liked his looks. He had a threatening eye and an unpleasant way of talking. The second night Harmony played, Ness sat into the game, which was a ten-cent-limit poker party—a mere subterfuge for passing time.

"When I Get Out of This," Roared the Departing Prisoner, "the First Thing I Do I'm Goin' to Cut Your Head Off"

Neither Harmony nor I knew that Mr. Ness was a bad hombre, or that he had been divorced from his long-suffering wife for spectacular brutality. The sympathetic judge had mulcted him of the sum of twenty-two hundred dollars, which he was profanely paying month by month. It was this alimony that had made him sourer even than Nature intended. Sensible people in Sterling City did not monkey with Mr. Ness, the same as they didn't monkey with TNT. He had been forced to sell a small farm and hand over most of the proceeds to his former wife, whom, in public, he swore he still loved and would one day win back, probably on account of the alimony money.

This was the embittered soul who sat opposite Harmony Childs in the six-handed poker game a night or two after our interview with Beda Halstead, and who, without rime or reason, suddenly stood up and called Harmony far out of his name.

"What do you mean by that?" Harmony asked, turning white.

"You're a dirty cheat!" roared Ness. "You took that card offen the bottom of the deck."

Harmony said nothing. He merely leaned across the table and slapped Mr. Ness on the side of the jaw—a lovely resonant slap, knocking the terror of Sterling City into a corner. At the table all rose unanimously, including Martin Leech, and sought concealment. They knew what we didn't. Mr. Ness rose, cursing and drawing a gun, and I jumped for him as he began shooting, but missed and fell on my head. The customers withdrew under the table, with Harmony leading. Mr. Ness went violently insane for sixty seconds and tried to kill our Mr. Childs, but couldn't untangle him from five other frightened card players. He shot up the room, broke windows, smashed chairs, ruined a gas stove and uprooted the pool table, and would unquestionably have ended by slaying us all except for the heavenly appearance of Al Hale and two other brave deputy sheriffs, who came in to buy cigarettes.

They observed the warfare, pulled their artillery, leaped upon the man-killer and overcame him. We then came up for air, all of us slightly shaking.

"Who was he tryin' to kill this time?" Al asked.

"This gentleman," explained Mr. Leech, indicating Brother Childs.

"Don't you know no better than to commit suicide?" inquired the deputy, and they began tying up the terror.

"When I get out of this," roared the departing prisoner, pointing his manacled hands at Harmony, "the first thing I do I'm goin' to cut your head off."

"There's a bad guy," remarked Mr. Leech, and he began gathering up chips, cards and general débris.

"The worst of it is," added one of the town optimists, "when he gets out of jail he *will* cut your head off."

Omar Gill arrived in Sterling City on Saturday morning and was summoned into executive conference immediately. He was in a bad humor. He strode about smoking a cigarette, and heard Harmony through. Then he commented.

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A MAN OF VIOLENCE

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

On the Day When He First Rose From the Bed and Tottered to the Window to Sit in the Sunshine Beside Joey She Broke the News to Him

ON DECEMBER 2, 1896, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Tibbets, of Forty-third Street and Tenth Avenue, in New York City. "Will we call him Eustace or Mortimer?" asked Mrs. Tibbets. She had had two names ready; twins ran in her family.

"Never heard of either of them," protested Eddie Tibbets. "Who did they ever lick?"

"They never licked nobody," said Mrs. Tibbets. "They were gentlemen, and the boy shall be a gentleman too."

"He'll not," said Eddie flatly. "I'll have no loafer in this family. He'll be a fighter and make a name in the world. We'll give him a name for a boy to be proud of; we'll call him Sharkey! I see by the paper that he just knocked fire out of Bob Fitzsimmons in San Francisco, and the man that can do that is the best man in the world."

And the boy—a sickly handful, five pounds and a quarter—was named Sharkey.

He was raised on skim milk and paregoric—Mrs. Tibbets was a scrubwoman in a downtown office building and couldn't be bothered with him—and he grew languidly and weedily. This grieved his father, who had meant well by him and who looked for gratitude. He gave Sharkey an occasional sup of his beer to stouten him. He loved the boy, especially when he was drunk, and then he would gather the infant into his arms and would go out, summer or winter, and would parade around the block to give him the good air. While so perambulating, he would sing to the child in a roaring voice. When the neighbors heard The Wake of Timmy Mahone shouting down the wind from the North River, they would look sharply to note in which way Mrs. Tibbets was running for the policeman, and they would hurry off in other directions on the same errand. Eddie was a headstrong man when he had drink in him, and very insistent on his rights as a father.

By profession he was a meat handler on a North River pier; by choice—but more from good fellowship than from wickedness—he was a truck thief, a dock rat, a Hudson Duster, one of the gang on the water front. He was shot and killed by a railroad detective while he and his pals were looting a New York Central freight car. The detective tried to square himself, and sent white asters; but he had to move out of the neighborhood. Eddie left practically no estate. In those days gangsters had no recognized place and office in the business life of the community, and few of them had anything much put by. Mrs. Tibbets wept bitterly, wept afresh as she looked—before going down to the coach—at the black eye he had given her that very morning. Little she had thought! He had loved her. If he hadn't cleaved to her in his heart, he wouldn't have troubled to chastise her; he would have cocked his hat this long since and walked down the block and away forever, as so many other women's husbands had done. Ah, why did he die? Why did he die?

So far as money matters went, she got along nicely without Eddie. The fiscal affairs of the household had always been in a jumble, alternating boom times with panics; no budget had been kept. She had stood for fiscal reform and for accumulating eight dollars against the rent day, and Eddie had agreed with her in principle but had been very clever in finding the money where she hid it. Sometimes he took all her wages and gave a keg party to the boys; but just as often he crowded his wages on her, every red cent, and let her keep them all afternoon, too, and until his sacrificial ecstacy was spent. She understood that he was providing well; but now, somehow, her money went as far as his and hers had gone together.

Sharkey was a nice child. He was skinny and dirty, but he had big gray eyes that were so thankful for a smile and a pat. His language, picked up in the tenement streets, was a caution, but there was no sin in him for that. He learned to pray, and again without merit. There was a boy named Paddy Derosa, who could take a pull on a cigarette and recite the whole Lord's Prayer before blowing the smoke out, and Sharkey learned from him. He learned to steal. He would lean against a corner of the grocer's sidewalk display and would walk away with his pocket full of English walnuts, and the grocer would say that he was the best boy on the block. There was a fat Italian man who kept a fruit stand before the corner saloon, and who went to sleep after lunch; of him Sharkey had a sanitative apple a day.

Sharkey was a lonely and unhappy child without knowing it; he had nothing to compare his state with. He was starved for the sight of something green and growing. During all of one summer he visited every day a weed that grew beside a bowlder in a vacant lot. He thought that it would shoot up into a stately cornstalk, and he thought that it was his, since he had discovered it. He hunted and trapped in this lot too. It was fenced off from Forty-sixth Street by a tall billboard, and on the street side of the billboard the boys played marbles in the dirt. Sharkey dug holes under the fence and then waited with Indian patience until marbles rolled down to him.

He was naturally gentle and timid, yielding readily to threats. He admired bold and brutal boys and ached to be one of them, seeing that they got what they wanted. So he learned to bluff. He would go around into Forty-fifth Street or Forty-seventh Street—foreign territories—and would put on a menacing front, swaggering and cursing like a pirate, with an eye out to see whom he was impressing. Up to this raw youngster he would go with doubled fists and snarling face, "Give us all yuh got!" It worked. He couldn't get by with that sort of thing in Forty-sixth Street, where he was known.

He was not a bad boy; he did not do wrong wittingly. He wished to be a respected member of society; he determined piously that he would be a gangster when he grew up, a robber and a hold-up man. Jimmy McSorley and Danny Brennan and Harry Dewitt wouldn't blow over him in those days—huh! Wha-a-at? He'd haul off and knock them for a twister. It was characteristic of Sharkey that he postponed this process of hauling off; even so, he gulped nervously at the prospect of hauling off ever against Jimmy McSorley. He had seen Jimmy—ferocious mite—take hold of a boy of twice his size like a weasel taking a rabbit. But Jimmy would beware of a grown man with whiskers and curses and everything; drunk, maybe.

When Sharkey was fourteen and approaching man's estate, he rode on trucks as a Chinese laborer. A Chinese laborer is a person who rides beside the truck driver to keep him company. When work is slack every truckman has his Chinese laborer—perhaps two, perhaps three. Having no appointed task, the Chinese laborer is likely to devise mischief. He can give his mind to stealing and he has free transportation of his spoils. He can help himself to bulky goods lying unguarded on docks and loading platforms. If the driver is delivering brick to a new building the Chinese laborer can go up on the wall and perhaps get a brick ticket out of the straw boss while the driver is getting a brick ticket from the foreman down in the shanty. Sharkey was always welcome to ride; he was timid and inoffensive when one penetrated his bluff. About this time gangsters came into more general use in industrial disputes, and there was often a hard-faced and prematurely wise youth making a third on the driver's seat, doing nothing, and receiving for it three times the driver's pay. He was a guard. This youth carried a revolver and would let Sharkey look worshipfully at it.

During the succeeding years Sharkey did odd jobs at manual labor, never lasting long at any job. He didn't like work and could live without it. He tried to get on the police force, and failing that, he spent a glorious week as a railroad detective guarding a freight yard. He had a pistol and a uniform and everything, until the captain discovered where he slept when he was supposed to be doing his tour. Sharkey told the captain what he could do and then apologized abjectly; but the captain fired him even after hitting him on the nose. Sharkey was no match for the red-necked captain; he weighed only one hundred and twenty-eight pounds in his patrolman's shoes.

The first draft in the war missed Sharkey by months and he beat the next call by volunteering. Being an ex-detective, he landed easily a place as guard on a German ship interned in the North River. Technically, he was in the Navy. The job was a sinecure, but again he had a pistol and a uniform, and he frightened his mother terribly with his lies. He was very abusive of Germans and of drafted men, very warlike. He was released in the spring of 1919 and he fell in public favor as the boys of the A. E. F. came home. He was inclined to look upon himself as a war hero, but the fighting men were brusque with him, and he pulled in his horns and listened humbly and attentively to what they had to tell.

One of them had a medal and was much deferred to on account of it. Nobody paid him more homage than did Sharkey, for the medal and for the white cicatrices of machine-gun bullets that went with it.

He had to do without the scars, but he bought himself three fine medals for fifty cents apiece in a pawnshop on Ninth Avenue. One was for service on the Mexican border, one was for the Tirah Campaign—whatever that was—and the third, said the pawnbroker, was for heroism in the defense of Belgrad against an overwhelming army of Austrians.

Sharkey told the stirring story of the defense of Belgrad to a man named Gennert, whom he met in a saloon. Sharkey had told the story many times, sometimes to critical old soldiers, and it was a good story now, and convincing, especially with the medal there to see. Gennert swallowed it. He was a bony man of forty-five, dark, yellow-eyed, nervous and whispering. He drained his glass, looked out the window and then darted a look at Sharkey.

"Some experiences you had," he said. "I bet living around New York is awful slow to a young fellow that's went through what you went through."

"Don't get much of a kick out of it," admitted Sharkey.

"Say, I bet you'd as soon croak a guy as not," said Gennert with a friendly smile.

"Why should I? There wouldn't be no excitement in it," said Sharkey.

"Ain't it the truth?" murmured Gennert. And he dropped the war talk and proceeded to probe Sharkey with questions and suggestions to get at the background of his mind. Sharkey stood the test, having a well-stored mind. "Listen, Tib," said Gennert, looking guardedly about, "I

got a job on for tonight—lighting a lamp. You want to come in on it? There's twenty in it for you."

"You mean touching one off?" said Sharkey. "What for?"

"Never you mind. Only, there's a laundry war on. I've been lighting them for the last month. What do you say, kid?"

"Gee, I don't know about that."

"Yellow?"

"Who? Me? What do you mean? Say, fellow, if you've touched off as many houses as I have in my time—why, say, that's the best thing I do!"

"All right. Where are you living? So long, Tib. See you some more."

Sharkey did not go home until twelve o'clock that night, forgoing his supper for fear of encountering Gennert. To his relief, his mother told him that nobody had called for him. He went to bed, and then came Gennert knocking on the door.

"Hurry up out, Tib—it's me!"

"Who you want?"

"Want you, of course. Not taking water, are you? Come on out."

Sharkey dressed and went out to the lamplighter. He had no more stomach for setting houses afire than he would have had for the defense of Belgrad, but if he didn't go Gennert would think that he was a quitter. Sharkey couldn't bear to let Gennert think that, not after he had behaved so bravely in Gennert's eyes while the Austrians were rushing to the assault. Sharkey could see himself through Gennert's eyes. Like other men, he was absorbedly engaged in exploring himself, in evaluating himself; but he was humanly partisan in this inquiry. He deceived Gennert so that Gennert's admiration might deceive Sharkey.

He swaggered out now and said, "Let's go!"

They walked downstairs and then northward for ten minutes on silent Tenth Avenue. They turned eastward and stopped across the street from an old four-story tenement house in whose street floor was a darkened laundry.

"This is the job," whispered Gennert.

"A flat!" protested Sharkey. "But ——"

"Just as easy. They're all asleep. You see anybody? Then come on over. I was in the house last night, looking it over, and I left a tin of benzine under the stairs. I would have pulled the job then, but there was a couple sitting on the stoop across the way. Come ahead."

"But look at here—this is a flat, and ——"

"I'm telling you they're asleep. You ain't getting cold feet, are you?"

"Who? Me?" scoffed Sharkey, putting into his voice the snarl of a charging dog; and he stalked across the street. The house door was open and the hall was dark. The air was heavy with stale smells of boiling cabbage and of boiling laundry and of musty clothing; now it was cut by the sharp and cleansing odor of benzine.

"What are you pouring it on the stairs for?" protested Sharkey. "There's the door into the laundry!"

He spoke from the stoop, where he had been stationed to announce the propitious moment; he could just follow the quick movements of the shadowy Gennert in the hall

"It'll burn better if it gets up the stair well," said Gennert. "All clear out there? Here she goes!"

Sharkey saw a match kindle and fall to the stair, from which it evoked a wave of dazzling flame. Gennert rushed toward him, caught his arm, and turned toward the avenue.

"What's the matter with you—sprain your ankle?" hissed Gennert. "Run, run! It'll be burning like a bonfire in another minute!"

Sharkey couldn't run. His knees were gone and his joints were loosened by terror. He barely made shift to stumble along, waving laxly under Gennert's compulsion. That was a flat back there, and they were all asleep upstairs. There were kids there, dreaming kids' dreams; any moment now they would sit up drowsily, to blink at the red and singing fire.

"There's an alarm!" he gasped, grappling with the lamp-post on the corner like a drunken man and twisting the handle of the red box.

"Come away!" snarled Gennert. "This is no time for fooling!"

He dragged Sharkey from the box, ran him down the avenue and turned into an all-night lunch room.

Sharkey was draped over a table at the window when Gennert brought two cups of coffee from the counter in the rear. The somnolent counter man was the only other occupant of the restaurant.

"Ham on rye, and apple pudding?" asked Gennert. "The apple pudding looks good. What do you say, Tib?"

"Yeah," muttered Sharkey

"I'm hungry," said Gennert chattily; he had seated himself and was measuring sugar into his steaming cup. "I'm always starved after I light one. How about you?"

"Yeah—oh, yeah!"

"You look half asleep, Tib. Well, I guess there is not much kick in this for a guy who has went through what you went through. Say, tell me some more about them Austrians. What was the idea of stabbing them when they were down? I thought that was against the rules."

"We had a dagger," said Sharkey mechanically. "Three-sided, and brass knucks on the handle. Punch 'em. Stab 'em. Give it to 'em, up or down. Couldn't take no prisoners. . . . . Say, why don't the engines come?"

"Oh, boy, I wouldn't want no part of it," shivered Gennert. "Why, say, Tib, fighting like that ain't human! They ought to give a poor bloke a chance when he's down. But I guess they done it to you, hey? Well, even so, I'm against it. . . . Want to see the fire engines run, hey? You're just like a kid. Well, that's how I was when I began lighting them. I just wanted to see the engines. Didn't know there was money in it in those days. . . . Eat your sandwich."

"Here they come!" shouted Sharkey, leaping up.

"Ah, you're just like a kid," said Gennert indulgently. "Say, I'm going to gobble your sandwich if you don't want it. I'm starved."

"There was a big fire last night, the janitor was telling me," said Mrs. Tibbets at breakfast. "An awful fire in a big tenement house."

Sharkey grunted. He was sitting in the corner of the room that served them for cooking, eating and entertaining; his pet cat was snoring contentedly on his lap and his arms were around the beast.

"Ten families," said Mrs. Tibbets with a shuddering sigh. "There's ropes across the street now to keep the people back until they can pull down the walls. Oh, dear! It was only the mercy of God. And the Tenement House Department—it was only last week, the janitor says, that they made the landlord put up the fire escape in the back-yard."

"And what—wasn't anybody—was anybody ——"

"Nobody—glory be to God. Nobody. . . . Will you eat your oatmeal before it's stone-cold?"

"Nobody? Nobody! Nobody?"

"Nobody, I'm telling you," said Mrs. Tibbets, looking on him with favor. He wasn't such a bad boy, after all. "But it wouldn't happen again like that. There was that fire in Harlem three weeks ago when eighteen people were burned up. Eye-talian people. Children and all. Some people says it was a still blew up. There ought to be a law against them stills in tenement houses. They ain't safe, and I don't care what they say. But it was a cigarette done this one, the janitor says."

"Sure, it was a cigarette," said Sharkey authoritatively. "It's always a cigarette. Fellow throws away a cigarette."

"But how could they know it was a cigarette?" argued Mrs. Tibbets, watching him eat. "The fellow that throws it away don't tell them, does he? And they don't find the cigarette. Then, how?"

"I'm telling you it stands to reason. Ain't you read about lots of fires, and ain't it always a cigarette?"

"That's true," admitted Mrs. Tibbets. "Well, it was the mercy of God. You take them geraniums of yourn off the fire escape, you hear?"

Gennert called several times during the next two weeks; but Sharkey, with his mother's help, succeeded in evading him. He told his mother that Gennert was a city detective.

(Continued on Page 58)

"Beeman'll be So Mad He'll Jand Us Up. We Better Go While the Going Is Good"

Our Newspapers Now—and Then

By ROY L. McCARDELL

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

It is the Press Agent Who Grabs Most of the Space Once Given Over to Star and Cub Reporters' Beats and Scoops

THE littered, bustling city room of a great metropolitan daily at the crowded hour, the peak of the load; a space fifty feet wide, four score and ten feet deep, pulsating with action and noise; men pounding on typewriters; office boys scurrying to and fro.

This great paper employs 1500 men and women—men mostly—and here are 200 of them—the editorial and news department—working in haste at high pressure.

Cries of "Copy boy!" resound, and the items and articles for the paper soon to go to press are shot up the pneumatic tubes to the composing room, with a hiss as the leather-and-metal carrier starts and a banging flop as it drops back empty.

Every few minutes a deafening clatter and rattle of machinery assails the ear, subsiding to a more or less gentle din as shouts of "Shut that door!" are obeyed. The door in question is the portal to a supposedly sound-proof room, where a battery of six self-acting electrically operated typewriters are clattering out the local, countrywide and foreign news at the rate of sixty words per minute per machine.

The copy paper is automatically fed to them from endless rolls, and the office boys tear off the rapid word output in sections the size of ordinary typewriter sheets and bring it to the news editors, who distribute it to the copy readers and rewrite men to be added to and to be cut down, headed up and shot to the linotypers.

Piled high upon the desks of the editors and the heads of departments, and the financial, sporting, dramatic or motion-picture editors, are stacks of syndicate stuff and a mightier mass of matter sent in by the press agents paid to supply it to the newspapers by those to whom its appearance in print will be of benefit. This, too, is all being headed, edited, condensed or tossed on the floor—for the waste-paper baskets are heaped high and overflowing.

All is well in metropolitan journalism. Not a reporter is out on a story of any kind. All the matter for the morrow morning's paper is speeding in satisfactorily by machinery, mail and messenger.

Suddenly the owner of the paper bursts in upon this bustling, noisy scene. The proprietor's eye is bright, his manner elate. He raises his hand, and instantly there is a hush of silence save for the subdued clatter from the never-ceasing news machines in the allegedly sound-proof room. The great man's voice rings jubilantly:

"I wish to announce to the staff that we have purchased the Morning Mentor, and beginning day after tomorrow, Wednesday, the Mentor will be merged and combined with our paper—the good old Express. This will make the Express the sole Republican morning and Sunday newspaper published in this city. The consolidated paper will be known as the Mentor-Express."

Standardized Reading Matter

A CHEER arises, followed by another and another—three rousing cheers, although it may be said of 1400 men of the Express that the consolidation will throw out of work as Captain Philip said at Santiago, "Don't cheer, boys, the poor devils are dying!" For another newspaper has bitten the dust.

Within the year in this same city two other great dailies also have been thus absorbed and more than 2000 of their employes were thrown out of work.

Except for the names of the newspapers in question, I have described an actual event that with variations is a common occurrence today. One variation is when the announcement is put up on the office bulletin board that the paper has suspended or has been merged with another and, save for those favored few who have contracts and must be taken care of some way, it means "Get out and hustle for another job—and may you be lucky enough to find one!"

In the seven years between 1914 and 1921 alone, according to the United States Department of Commerce reports, there has been a decrease of 40 per cent in the number of newspapers in the United States. Motion pictures, the automobile and the phonograph helped in this, and I predict the increasing use of the radio in homes, offices—everywhere—will still further diminish the number of newspapers.

Let us now ask, what does it mean to the people of the United States that their newspapers diminish in numbers while they increase in size, that almost every newspaper everywhere is like almost any paper anywhere, and that their prestige is passing and their influence on public opinion is weakening day by day?

It was once the American credo that the press was the palladium of our liberties, that it existed not only to chronicle events and tell the news but to inspire us with higher ethical considerations, to expose evils, to right wrongs, to support good causes and uphold righteousness. But the belief increases that the newspapers are now more largely concerned with their own welfare than ours.

In 1900, when the population of the United States was 75,994,575, there were 2215 daily newspapers and 14,455 weeklies. They grew in number until ten years ago, and then began to die out, be consolidated or be taken over by newspaper chain systems.

Today our population is 110,000,000 and we have, altogether, 2036 daily and Sunday newspapers and 14,300 weeklies. Of the weeklies, it is estimated that four-fifths of them are now periodicals of general and specific nature—fiction papers, theatrical papers, trade papers, motion-picture papers, radio papers and the like. But the country and small-town weekly newspaper has been largely wiped out.

When westward the star of empire took its way, the newspaper went with it; a hand press and a barrel of type packed in a wagon, its editor-typesetter trudging along, seeking a location to diffuse the light of progress in the wilderness.

As recently as the beginning of the present century many newspapers of local circulation had national reputations—among others, the Chicago News, the Brooklyn Eagle, the Cincinnati Enquirer, the Louisville Courier-Journal, the Springfield Republican, the Burlington Hawk Eye, the Detroit Free Press, the Danbury News. They were all widely copied and quoted; their editorials and humorous articles were constantly being reprinted by their esteemed contemporaries. Some of them were then popularly known as Greeley's paper, Dana's paper, Medill's paper, Pulitzer's paper, Marse Henry Watterson's paper—our favorite papers, respected and admired.

The old-time newspaper reader felt the personal striking appeal of the great American newspapers. He was for them or against them, as the case might be, but they all had salt that had not lost its savor.

Today the great newspapers of the United States cover widespread zones or circulate almost nationally *per se*, or they syndicate their features to the newspapers of other cities, or are represented in replica, except in the matter of local news events, by the papers of the chain systems all through the land. So today American journalism is largely standardized, with interchangeable parts.

Detroit, Michigan, had three morning newspapers when its population was less than 200,000. Today, with 1,000,000 population, Detroit has but one. In Chicago fifteen years ago there were seven morning newspapers; today there are two.

The evening papers are not dying out so fast, but they are being merged and combined and suspended also.

This diminishing of newspapers, once started, continues everywhere in the United States. Ten years ago there were seventeen great morning and evening newspapers published in New York City; today there are only eleven. This is not counting Brooklyn or foreign-language dailies, of which there has been a proportional falling off.

In the meanwhile the population of the New York metropolitan district has increased more than 3,000,000, although the single and combined circulation of the surviving papers, with but few exceptions, have not increased. In fact twenty years ago one leading Sunday newspaper sold twice as many copies as it does today.

Mr. Frank A. Munsey has owned and published seventeen dailies in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Boston. In New York alone Mr. Munsey has owned nine newspapers. He merged and suspended six of these, and of his three surviving newspapers he sold the Herald to Mr. Ogden Reid last March, and Mr. Reid consolidated it with the New York Tribune.

Increasing Costs of Production

MR. MUNSEY now has but two evening papers, the Sun, and the Evening Telegram and Mail, both in New York. Mr. Hearst bought three of Mr. Munsey's papers—one in Washington and two in Baltimore.

Hearst has a record of never selling a newspaper he once buys or starts and of never letting one die. He now has twenty-four associated newspapers in some twenty cities throughout this country and is bargaining for more to add to his endless chain.

What has caused this condition of fewer but bigger newspapers in the United States, the existence of 105 systems of chain-operated newspapers, the syndication of general reading matter and pictures, and the position the press agent has obtained as a power of the press?

First and foremost, the cause has been the increased cost of newspaper production; labor costs, mechanical costs, cost of white paper and the stupendous pay of special writers and comic artists. Then, too, because the news and editorials have often become secondary matters, the newspapers are now epitomes of everything that can be printed, and they bulk larger and larger in consequence. Here I make another prediction: We shall soon see the price of dailies go to five cents, Sunday papers to ten.

The conditions of gathering the news now are entirely changed. No star reporters' or outstanding news editors' names are notable nowadays. On the great city papers, large reporting staffs are supplanted by the local news service—hack reporters for all the newspapers in combination. These local news-service reporters are stationed at all constant news sources—courts, police headquarters, and the like, and sent to cover all impending events. Their copy is put on high-speed automatic electric machines at the central news-service offices, and in the editorial

rooms the duplicating devices pour it out endlessly, faster than the eye can follow.

In the newspaper office where I write this there are four of these machines clattering out the news at lightning speed. Two of them are covering the local news at the rate of nearly 100,000 words daily, on a busy day. Two machines supply the foreign press service and flash in an additional 60,000 to 100,000 words a day—the cable and telegraph news from Europe and the rest of the United States.

Thus, the local news received daily by two machines from New York City and vicinity alone would fill thirteen solid newspaper pages, while the foreign and other out-of-town news delivered by the two other machines would fill from seven to thirteen solid pages—a total of twenty to twenty-six full pages daily, if all of it were used.

As electric-machine news service goes to all sorts and conditions of big city newspapers, a plain, terse uniformity in writing all events is ordered.

The office rewrite men jazz up the most promising stories that come in over the machines, and in consequence the average newspaper reader who may live in a neighborhood where a tragedy, an accident, a theft, a fight or a fire occurs sees the occurrence chronicled in print so often exaggerated, misrepresented or misreported that he becomes a thorough skeptic as regards all the news that is fit to print—and the number of skeptics grows day by day.

The editorial page is passing, not only partially but *in toto*. Many newspapers, especially many chain newspapers, have dropped the editorial page entirely, making no attempt to take sides on any question, and this page is set apart for comment on the news or else given over to essays on current topics, or mere amusement.

The local press still running editorials may almost unanimously unite against a candidate for any office, say, in Chicago, Philadelphia or New York, and the candidate they are excoriating may sweep into office by an unprecedented plurality. It has happened; it is being done. And in national politics the people turn about and vote as mob psychology sways them, and not as the newspapers tell them they should vote.

The Chain Papers

THE public realizes that the publicity departments of all parties, coteries or candidates function extravagantly and without regard for anything but results, and that the more partisan papers are the loud-speakers of this political-propaganda broadcasting.

Let me now mark the growth of the chain-newspaper systems throughout the country, a concomitant of present-day economic conditions and the breaking away from the old order. Hearst's chain of some twenty-four newspapers all carry the Hearst syndication of pictures, sport news features, funnies, magazine and comic sections and miscellaneous matter generally.

The Scripps-Howard chain of newspapers in large cities in the United States consists of twenty-six dailies. They all print the Scripps-Howard news service and syndicated features.

Mr. Munsey has now no newspaper chain connections outside of New York, but of the nine other dailies in New York, seven are links of small chains of big papers, and Hearst's two are links in his big chain. The Pulitzers, who own the New York Morning and Evening World, also own and syndicate World features to their St. Louis Post-Dispatch and other newspapers.

The owner of the New York Times also syndicates its features to his newspaper in Chattanooga, Tennessee, and to daily newspapers in other cities.

The Daily News of New York, a news-picture paper, is owned by the proprietors of the Chicago Tribune. The Chicago Tribune has a syndicate feature service also.

There are only two New York newspapers not parts of a chain—The Herald-Tribune and The Morning Telegraph. The Morning Telegraph is a ten-cent newspaper; it does not peddle its features. The New York Herald-Tribune has a syndicate of its own and sells its exclusive news stories comic pictures and miscellaneous matter to all the newspapers throughout the country that will buy.

All the newspapers of the United States, with but very few exceptions, are now either parts of chain systems or else they syndicate their special features to others or buy such matter from other papers or independent syndicate-service concerns. Thus, the newspapers live by taking in each other's washing.

Hearst, for one, not only has his twenty-four newspapers in twenty cities, all alike except for a modicum of local news, but he sells the Hearst comic supplement and other pictures and special features to at least one paper—sometimes he divides it among several—in towns where no Hearst paper is published.

In some cases he sells part of his feature service in cities where he has papers.

Mr. Arthur Brisbane's daily column of editorial comment, for instance, is syndicated to forty-five newspapers outside of the Hearst chain.

In Maryland there were at one time twenty-six daily papers. Today there are fourteen, and eight are chain publications.

In Westchester County, New York, a region of suburban towns, there were nine weekly newspapers and fourteen dailies a few years ago. Now there are eight dailies and two weeklies. Of the surviving dailies, six are parts of newspaper chain systems. And thus it is all over the United States.

There are now 105 chains of standardized newspapers throughout the country, and with chain newspapers and the general use of syndicated matter it follows that even the small-town newspapers are imitations of the big city dailies, for they too carry Mutt and Jeff, Barney Google, The Gumps, Joe's Car, Mr. and Mrs. Jarr, and all the rest or portions of the rest of the big newspapers' syndicate matter, from Polly and Her Pals in pictures to Peter Rabbit and Sammy Skunk, or other bedtime stories for children of all ages.

As to syndication of other special matter, such as advice to the lovelorn, household hints for happy homes, crossword and other puzzles, and humorous reactions to current events by professional funamiths, and the like, this is not only supplied to and by chain dailies and other newspapers, as furnished by high-salaried men and women specifically attached to these various newspapers, but there are seventy flourishing independent syndicate-service bureaus in the country having popular comic artists and feature writers under contract.

These independent bureaus also buy and syndicate the efforts of many free-lance writers that supply them with suitable matter.

There is one prose-form poet of optimism whose independently syndicated weekly efforts bring him $25,000 a year, and another whose output of inspirational verse returns him double the money his competitor makes.

Many comic artists equal or surpass these figures through sharing in the syndicate profits of their papers. Briggs, of the New York Herald-Tribune, is said to make $80,000 a year, and Barney Google and Bringing Up Father bring their creators large sums in keeping.

What Mr. Dooley was worth to Finley Peter Dunne and what Potash and Perlmutter made Montague Glass, as syndicated by independent concerns to newspapers everywhere, only those fortunate writers could tell you. But in their heyday their returns from syndication surpassed the pay of a President.

When Westward the Star of Empire Took its Way, the Newspaper Went With It

All these fortunate specialists flourish as the newspapers get greater in bulk and fewer in number, the while the star reporter and his big salary have almost vanished from the newspaper scene.

But it is the press agent who grabs most of the space once given over to star and cub reporters' beats and scoops. Anyway, what good today is a beat, a scoop—an exclusive sensational news story? It is good for just twenty minutes. Then rival papers lift it, make over a page and interpolate it in the editions pouring from their presses.

So the press-agent cuckoo in the newspaper nest has thrown out the star reporter and the cub, and the demon city editor followed after. But to many magazine editors the newspaper story of the supercilious star reporter whom the despised cub outshines in securing the scoop, while the demon city editor barks at them both, is still dear as it was in the days of Richard Harding Davis. The magazines are still supplied with these rococo romances of the city room, mainly by press agents, who, as they say, write fiction in their spare time.

Alas, the cub reporter is now the harried and hustled leg man. The star reporter has gone on the copy desk or has been relegated to rewriting. He puts in his eight hours a day chopping adjectives out of publicity matter.

The Press Agents' Menagerie

AS A STAR reporter in auld lang syne he got $100 a week and had a name of note in newspaperdom. He is now getting $75 and gray hairs, and bitterly reflects that the $100 a week—the star pay of a star reporter—had the purchasing power of twice that money now.

"Dammit," he snorts, "I don't believe a reputation has been made in news writing since Irvin Cobb covered the Portsmouth Peace Conference for the Evening Sun."

And then the ex-star reporter will sigh amain and resume going gloomingly through the publicity "literature" that is tossed to him by the bushel.

First pitied, then endured and then embraced, the press-agent effected an entrance, now open wide for propaganda or exploitation of all kinds, to the columns of a large majority of our newspapers.

Today super press agents are allotted appropriations of thousands and thousands of dollars to put over the costliest of hoaxes on press and public. They hire elephants to shove street cars during snowstorms, rent lions to plant in hotel bedrooms and hire, disguise and rehearse whole troops of Indians, Chinese, negroes or white men and women to play parts in elaborately staged street riots. They incorporate fake organizations for weird and startling purposes to get front-page stories that will fill theaters or advertise some new commodity. Even churches and colleges have their salaried press agents.

To work the newspapers for free publicity for stock-selling schemes, press agents par excellence have got as high as $10,000 for expenses alone, not to mention pay in proportion.

When the vast army of press agents and publicity bureaus bombarding the individual dailies and chain-system newspapers is considered, the question arises whether the salaries and expenses of this multitude of publicity protagonists, boring from within and without all over the country, does not exceed the entire cost of getting out all the newspapers in the United States. The number, the influence, the power, the output of these press agents and publicity bureaus is astonishing.

Up until the year 1900 and shortly thereafter, press agents were few and far between. Their pay was small and the newspapers were high-handed with them. Circuses had them, a few politicians saw their value; but big business held aloof from newspaper publicity; and when the ubiquitous reporter was insistent that the public had a right to know what big business was doing, the reply of big business was "The public be damned!"

This statement of this attitude was as a red rag to a bull so far as the press was concerned. There followed constant attacks on vested interests that resulted in popular antipathy to great corporations, as evidenced in adverse legislation and supervision.

(Continued on Page 180)

WESTERN STUFF

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

A PLEASANT sense of expectancy—one might fairly call it daring—rippled consciously through Selma Canby's slight figure as she gazed from the car window at the slowly unfolding panorama of sagebrush and California foothills. Fanjoys, New York, at the moment seemed far away. So, too, seemed the small, white-trimmed schoolhouse at Fanjoys Corners; and as the train panting up the heavy grade turned a curve and gave momentarily in the distance a glimpse of snow-capped peaks, their flanks mantled with a dark forest of tall, stately trees, her lips parted and she caught raptly at her breath. "The West!" she whispered. "The great West!"

For six days now, in the same inspired way, Selma had been saying that.

It's true, of course, it was just six days ago—that and a few hours—when she had set out from Fanjoys. And Fanjoys is in New York—Herkimer County—not the West. However, the first morning out when she awoke in the tourist sleeper and looked out on the fields in the neighborhood of Kalamazoo, Michigan, the exclamation at once had escaped Selma: "The West! The great West!" In fact, at the moment folks back home would have found it difficult to identify her. Her eyes were sparkling. Her face, pallid from long hours in the not too well ventilated schoolhouse, was transfigured by a delicate peonylike flush. All that day—the days following it, too—the look had clung to Selma; and as the westbound train forged on its way through the changing vistas of prairie, of mountain range and valley, the others in the crowded sleeper often glanced smilingly at the slender, gray-eyed, brown-haired figure peering absorbedly through the window at the flitting landscape. The time, indeed, may have been only six days and a fraction; but in the fullness of all it involved to Selma, the frail shallop of her existence might well enough have set sail into another life, another universe.

She Did Not Faint. She Did Not Even Scream. The Discovery She Had Made, However, Was Enough to Have Rocked Any Young Girl's Reason

It was Mr. Thatcher who had put Selma aboard the Overland. Zeke was selectman and school superintendent at Fanjoys; and Zeke had been filled with grave precautionary doubts and surmises. To him the world was large and strewn provocatively with temptation and other perils. Outside of Fanjoys and what Mr. Thatcher termed so definitely the home, all sorts of dangers awaited the unwary, those of Selma's youth and sex especially; and when he had seen Selma and her bag and parcels to her place in the sleeping car his counsels had grown ominous.

"I'm a-telling you, Selma," admonished Mr. Thatcher, "don't you speak to nobody, 'nd don't you let ary one speak to you. Mind now," he cautioned darkly, "if it's one of them air fresh jakes, you right up 'nd tell him you'll go call y'r husb'n'!"

Selma promised, though she had no husband.

She was not in the least bit fearful, however. To be sure, this was the first time she had ever been out West—that is, farther than Syracuse; yet she felt she need have no fear. The town library, in fact, contained several books about the West; and there were also all the moving pictures she had seen. Once a week regularly in the winter they had these at Fanjoy Lyceum, the hall over Timlake's hardware; and when the films were Western features Selma had closely studied them.

Of course, had she been going East—say, to New York or one of the other large cities—she might have felt less self-assured. As Fanjoys knew, New York was composed entirely of the homes of the rich on one hand; on the other, of tenement slums; and in neither was anyone safe, a young girl least of all.

The homes of the rich, most of them on Riverside Drive, were where those multimillionaires, Wall Street men, showed themselves in their true colors. Once in the clutches of them and their Japanese butlers, any good girl from the country must fight for her life, frequently for her honor. As for the rest of New York, the slums, they were dens on the river, frequented by gunmen, opium smokers, gamblers, burglars and bootleggers. The Wall Street men hired these to do their dirty work; though there is no need to speak of that here.

Almond Center, California, was Selma's destination. It is in the heart of the Tulare County ranch country. Minnie Detmold, Selma's first cousin once removed, had settled there; and it was Minnie who had induced Selma to make the journey.

At the Syracuse Fair one year Minnie had won a trip out West on a raffle; and Minnie never had come back. She had met a ranchman, it seemed, during an Elks' barbecue in Los Angeles; and the ranchman was the cause. Anyway, they had two children now and an auto; and as Minnie had written, her words, if vague to Selma, were urgent: "For the love of Mike, kiddo, give that two-by-four job of yours teaching school the air, and come out here where there's sunshine, not just shines like you see at Fanjoys!" As Minnie also added, "If you'll do it, girlie, maybe, too, you can rope, hogtie and throw some honest-to-goodness he-man willing to set you up to a house and lot and three squares a day, not to mention your own auto."

So Selma had done it. Minnie's fiery urge had borne fruit.

The great West! It was this, indeed, that intrigued Selma. The impulse, however, that had propelled her to the lengths of the adventurous journey was less the guerdon of Minnie's promised rewards than it was the journey's end itself. God's great out-of-doors! The vast open spaces! The sport skirt, hat and high-topped, heavy leather hike shoes she'd bought from the Chicago mail-order house had cost Selma $16.72; yet she hadn't regretted a single cent of it. The hat, price $4.75, was a sombrero with an embossed leather band; and though she donned it the first morning in the sleeper she was a little puzzled to find it was the only one of the sort aboard the train. She decided that perhaps Kalamazoo was not quite far enough West; though she still bravely kept it on. At St. Paul, where the train crossed the Mississippi—"The Father of Waters!" Selma had murmured raptly—the hat was still the only sombrero on view. However, as much as Selma shrank from being conspicuous, in the growing excitements of the journey she soon forgot her qualms.

At Grand Forks, North Dakota, she saw her first piebald pony—a pinto, the movies call them. True, the pony bore no daring rider of the ranges, it being hitched to a delivery cart, a milk wagon, at that; yet the glimpse no less gave her a thrill. Then, only a few miles farther on, she had what she deemed her first view of a cattle outfit. As she spied the cattle she turned eagerly to a large, motherly woman in the next seat and cried, "Oh, see! Isn't that a round-up?" At the moment dusk was coming on, and her neighbor may also have been nearsighted; for after a long, somewhat bewildered look she replied, "Why, I guess, dearie, they're just takin' 'em home to milk." However, that's merely a detail. Another detail also was her first glimpse of Indians.

She had already asked the conductor several times when they would be in the Indian country; and at Glasgow, Montana, where the engine stopped to take water, the conductor jerked his thumb toward a figure seated on a stack of railroad ties beside the track. "Yonder's one, miss," he announced.

Selma looked eagerly. She could see no Indun, however. What she saw seemed to be a fat man in a ragged army coat and a derby hat, the hat battered; and as she stared at him the individual rose and approached her, his hand outstretched. "You gimme two bits?" he inquired.

Two bits, it seems, is the Western for twenty-five cents; and as Selma went back to her seat she wondered if, by chance, anything could be wrong.

The impression became heightened, too, that afternoon when the large, motherly woman leaned over the seat edge and tapped her on the shoulder, saying, "There's a cowboy now, dearie, if you've never sawn one."

"Where? Oh, where?" Selma asked excitedly.

As with the Indian, no cowboy was visible to her—no one, in fact, but a shirt-sleeved man in store clothes who was sitting on a fence watching the train go by. As he took off his hat to wave at them, Selma saw he was slightly bald; and she was still looking excitedly, fearing she would miss the cowboy and saying still, "Where? Oh, where?" when the woman said, "That's him, dearie."

Selma stared at her. "That?"

"Well, I'd oughter know," her fellow traveler replied; adding, "Th' nex' stop but one's where I get off; and if that there loafer ain't Jed Vingut, that hustles cows f'r Bealsby's, I'm a liar, that's all!"

Selma was bewildered. Could it be possible the large, motherly woman was attempting to mislead her? As Fanjoys knew, at any rate, each daring rider of the range invariably was clad in chaps, spurs, sombrero and flowing neckerchief.

"Say," inquired her companion, "ain't you f'm Noo Jersey?"

Selma wasn't, though never mind.

Something seemed wrong. It was something, no doubt of that; and the rest of the afternoon she sat back in her seat, her brow puckered, her gray eyes restless. That night, too, when she went to bed in her upper, Selma put the sombrero back in its box. The sport skirt she also would have put away, only she had no other skirt, the others being in her trunk up ahead in the baggage. However, the next morning when she awoke, the train was in the Rockies; and she forgot at once whatever it was that had troubled her the night before. The scenery, at any rate, was real. In fact, it was not until the train had picked its way through the Sierras, then ambled on to the Coast and set her down at the Oakland ferry that the something, that shadowy carking doubt, returned again to trouble her.

"The Golden Gate!" murmured Selma as the ferry crossed the bay. "San Francisco!"

Frisco, Fanjoys called it. Fanjoys, too, knew Frisco as intimately as it knew New York and the other large wicked cities, including Philadelphia. All Frisco was honeycombed underground with luxuriously furnished cellars infested by sinister Chinamen in rich silk robes. Mandarins, they called them, the same as the orange; and in the cellars' secret depths they were waited on by beautiful slaves, white girls mostly, the missing daughters of rich society folks, who —— But never mind. She hardly had set foot in San Francisco when she had her first adventure with one of these malignant, treacherous Orientals.

It was near the ferryhouse. She was hurrying across Market Street to catch a trolley when she beheld him. The Chinaman was lolling in a doorway, his hands tucked into his sleeves, and the place was apparently a mere grocery, though no doubt it cloaked a hidden cellar; and as Selma stopped short, her breath held, the Chinaman fastened ominous eyes on her.

"You catch 'em banana?" he inquired. "Flive cent each."

Selma hurried on, her heart beating.

Once she reached the street car, however, and was safe, she turned to look back. The Celestial was still standing in the doorway, and, to her surprise, now she saw his robes were not costly silks and satins. Instead, he had on a short cotton jacket, and pants of the same material. What seemed equally strange was that he was not smoking an opium pipe. As she watched him from the street car Selma saw a young girl approach the door, speak to the Chinaman, then disappear inside with him. She was, it's true, not a beautiful young society girl, though quite good-looking—a daughter of the tenements, as Selma saw; and she could have screamed aloud to her in warning. The scream was, in fact, almost on her lips when, to her wonder, she saw the girl reappear. In one hand she bore a loaf of bread, in the other was an apple she was eating. Selma gasped. The girl, as if unconscious of the peril she'd escaped, sauntered off up Market Street; and as she disappeared Selma leaned back in the street car, her brow again puckered, her eyes once more dark with thought. Could it be that Fanjoys' imaged dream—Selma's, too—was —— But why dwell on that?

Selma did not tarry in San Francisco. Once she had reëmbarked aboard the train, the one now bearing her southward to her destination, the frown obscuring her gray eyes waned briefly. There was the scenery; the scenery, at any rate, was real; there was no tinsel, pasteboard make-believe about the hills and their high, snow-capped peaks; and as once more Selma looked out from the window, peering absorbedly at the view, her eyes were bright, the color flitted into her cheeks, her lips parted raptly.

"The West!" she whispered. "The great West!"

"Almond!" called the brakeman, sticking in his head at the door. "Ten minutes to eat!"

Selma rose hastily. Engrossed in gazing from the window she had not noticed how time had sped; and as a couple of freight sheds, flanked by a string of box cars and a cattle pen, flashed into view, she began hurriedly to gather together her belongings. Besides the bag and the parcels, these included also her umbrella, overshoes and the hatbox holding her sombrero; and she was taking them from the rack overhead when her eye chanced to wander again to the window. As it did so, one could have heard her gasp aloud.

The train was already coming to a stop. The aisles were crowded, the passengers edging toward the doors; but Selma stood rooted, her slight figure quivering from head to foot. She had just beheld a vision. It was a vision, too, that in its reality was a vivid emblemization of her dreams. Loping along the road beside the train was a piebald pony, a pinto; and astride of it sat a centaurlike young god clad in woolly chaps, jangling spurs, a sombrero and, knotted about his throat, a flowing scarlet kerchief. His features were proud, Grecian, fearless; and at his hip, dangling from a loose-hung cartridge belt of embossed silver-mounted leather, were a pair of large ivory-handled revolvers.

A cowboy, a two-gun rider of the range! So dreams come true, after all!

The thrall of the vision was still on Selma when she wandered in a daze to the door. Then, once she was outside and when she had alighted with her bag and parcels, her heart gave another throb. Dismay and a little shadow of alarm clouded Selma's eyes. The station platform was crowded; but no Minnie Detmold was to be seen. The young god, too, that two-gun rider of the ranges, had disappeared.

At the long journey's end Selma found herself unprotected and alone!

II

ALONE, yes. Selma was alone; and for the first time, probably, she realized in all its significance the meaning of the term she herself had murmured so oft and so raptly—"The great open places!" Almond Center, however, was not itself so vast. Not so as you would notice, anyway.

From the station a street reached through the center of the town. The street, wide and somewhat dusty, was lined on either side by one-story structures, most of which seemed apparently to be shops—a couple of groceries, a drug store, a hay-and-feed establishment, a restaurant, a gents' furnishing goods and a bank. There was also a moving-picture theater. What seemed queer, though, was that the town, though Western, lacked entirely the usual open-front saloon and gambling hell from which emerged dance music and pistol shots. True, up the street a couple of miners in red shirts, slouch hats and high-hipped boots were just lolling into the drug store, while in front of the hay-and-feed resort three Indians in war bonnets and blankets were lounging on a bale of hay. Selma, however, hardly gave these a glance. Filled with trepidation and fearful she'd got off at the wrong town or something, she was gazing about her nervously when she heard a voice speak close beside her.

The voice was seductively polite. "Excuse me, miss," it said; "can I be of any help?"

Selma turned. As she did so she caught her breath, recoiling.

She recalled instantly the man who addressed her. He was a young man in a gray worsted business suit, straw hat and low tan shoes; and though his eyes were smiling, friendly, she realized instinctively they would be. That was the way their eyes always were—smiling, cruel, crafty; and she recoiled another step.

"Thanks," she said crisply; "I do not wish for any help."

The man was a gambler, a card man!

True, he was not clad in the soft black hat and the long frock coat, like a congressman, that card gamblers always wear; nor did he wear tight leather boots reaching to above his knees. Never mind! On the train she had seen him engage in wily talk with another man, a simple, countrified-looking fellow, after which the gambler and his dupe had spread a newspaper on their laps and begun to play. Roulette or faro was what they played, though she wasn't sure which; but from the way they kept repeating "Fifteen-two, fifteen-four and one for his nobs," she was certain it must be one or the other. Let that pass, however. The card man looking into Selma's eyes seductively smiled again.

"I thought maybe you were looking for someone," he said insinuatingly.

Selma moved slightly so as to put her bag between her and the fellow.

He did not wear a large diamond in his shirt front, nor were his mustaches waxed to a taper point, though that made no difference. She remembered these fellows often wore disguises. Selma, however, was not really frightened. If he tried anything evil she knew she need only cry for help when a dozen rescuers—sturdy, honest Westerners, men of the great, clean out-of-doors—would leap at once to her aid. In fact, a thrill of daring touched her. What an item to write back to Fanjoys! A gambler! A card man! And here she was, confronting him.

She glanced at the fellow, her face stern, her gray eyes unafraid.

"I am looking for someone," Selma said deliberately; "I am looking for the sheriff, Mr. Detmold." Then she added, her head thrown back proudly, "My Cousin Minnie is his wife!"

That would fix him!

It was not quite the truth, of course. As Minnie had written, Mr. Detmold, though not strictly the sheriff, still had been talking about taking out a deputy's papers; and, anyway, the fib was justified. The gambler, however, did not even start. The smile in his eyes remained unaltered, almost amused.

(Continued on Page 30)

"Thanks," She Said Crisply: "I Do Not Wish for Any Help"

The Making of a Stockbroker

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

CARTOONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Raring to Go

BEFORE I trace in greater detail the growth of our firm—resumed Mr. Wing—from an office force of one boy then to one now of over five hundred employes, I must make plain why, after I decided on New York as my objective point, I was so anxious to form connection with this particular Boston house. I wasn't rash. I had a line on that firm that made me anxious to join it. I knew their reputation among other brokers, among people from whom customers are recruited, and I heard what other brokers' clerks had to say. I thus had the points of view of these three classes with their different angles. Moreover, before Mr. Bronson was elected, I used to go in and call on Tom Watts and size up the office for myself—that is, from my back-office angle. In my own experience and from what clerks from other firms told me, I had never seen or heard of a place where the atmosphere was like this at Bronson & Barnes'. If you, an utter stranger, should come into our office in Boston you would find today what I found over twenty years ago. You could not help but notice the friendliness, the obvious spirit of mutual consideration in all the departments, among all the help, young and old. You thus get an extraordinarily strong impression of a family concern, of a common possession. The partners call the clerks by their first names; but what you really remark is the tone of voice they do their first name calling in. You'd swear they were blood relations.

A House With Ideals

I NOTICED also that the clerks did their work to the hilt, and the reason plainly was that they liked the place, the work and the bosses. And this, I soon gathered, came from the certainty that the pay, actual and prospective, always would be adequate and the final reward just.

Since the firm started, thirty-five years ago, twelve men have been taken in as partners. But please note that each and every one of these twelve men began his business career in Bronson & Barnes' office as office boy or clerk. Not one of them was taken in because he brought any capital into the firm. The senior partners felt these boys of theirs were clearly entitled to partnerships. And you can bet everything you have that each of these twelve men, long before he was made a partner, felt exactly as he felt after he was taken into the firm. Each one's attitude toward the business had long been that of part owner of it. That spirit among the employes of Bronson & Barnes had much to do with my increasing desire to become one of them myself.

Both Mr. Bronson and Mr. Barnes were hard workers themselves and permitted no soldiering; but that did not prevent them from being fair-minded and considerate. This enabled them to develop at once a profitable business and a highly efficient organization. They knew just how far hard work would go, and what brains and character could do, and how to reward these. After all, it is all part of the business of being successful. To make money isn't enough in business. To make money comfortably, pleasantly, without bitter aftertastes, and, by giving value, in goods or service, to make money inevitably, is the highest form of commercial wisdom.

Mr. Barnes was and is far prouder of the success of the men under him than of his own. When he boasts, it is always of how well one or another of his office boys has turned out. Of the twelve partners taken in since he and Bronson started the firm, nine never worked in any other office. The result was that never having had other bosses or felt other influences, they have never known that there was any other way of doing business than the Bronson & Barnes way.

Your doctor, your lawyer and your broker are the men who look after your health, your rights and your investments. Comfort and freedom from worry depend upon your being properly advised by these three men. Both Mr. Bronson and Mr. Barnes, from the start, took the same interest in their customers that the family physician takes in his patients. If all that your family physician thinks of is the fee, you have the wrong doctor. Get one who bears in mind the oath of Hippocrates as well as the bill he is going to send you.

Direction First, Distance Afterward

THE firm, I early found out, made a point of their conviction that their business was to make money by having their customers make money. Mr. Barnes, I was told before I was hired by Mr. Bronson, was always harping on a phrase that embodied his philosophy of business getting; you might call it his commission strategy. His instructions consisted of this:

"Direction first, distance afterward."

Mighty good advice, that, and served to keep our enthusiasm at an efficient degree of warmth while at the same time preventing boiler explosions, for every young man who is worth his keep will try to make a record. There always is incentive enough to do this, heaven knows, but if you will apply Mr. Barnes' advice to any new business, from running a department store to editing a magazine, from manufacturing shoes to making movies, you will admit it is mighty good advice—if you wish to be really proud of that business some day.

It makes for the two highly desirable factors of quality-production and permanence.

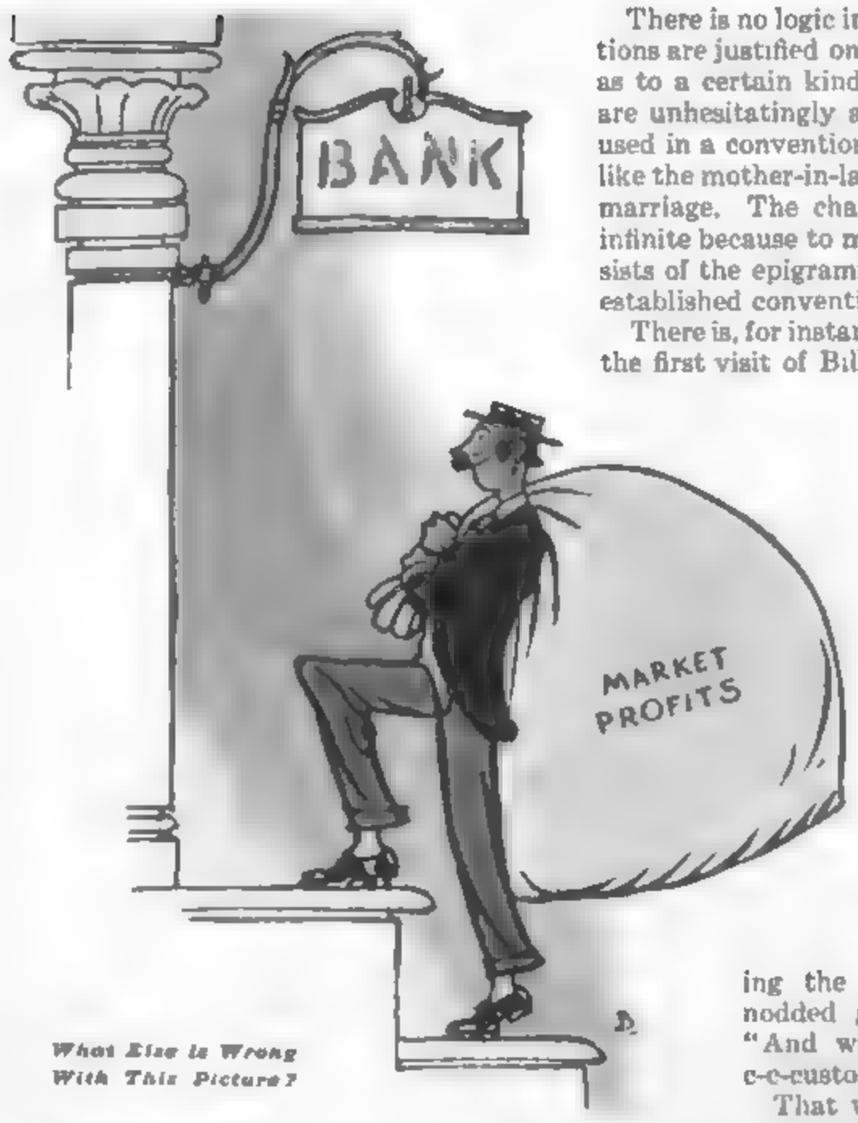
Another thing I noticed after I joined was the number of old customers the firm had. The conventional bonhomie of hotel clerks and business jolliers was absent. Instead, I noticed what seemed to be more in the nature of a tried-and-true friendship, something that involved, besides mutual good will, mutual respect. That, I should like to remark, is another valuable asset in this business, besides being also the most flattering compliment that one man can pay another with whom he has had money dealings.

Only the other day I was in the Boston office conferring with Mr. Barnes about an issue of stock we were underwriting, when in walked Mr. George Pendleton. He was the first customer of Bronson & Barnes. He came to them on the day the firm was founded, and gave an order. He not only was the first but for four days he was the only customer on the firm's books.

Well, old George came in and scolded Mr. Barnes for not answering a letter that Mr. Barnes had not received. He still does business with us. I am prouder of my firm for keeping its first customer than I am of its most successful promotions.

When people say "customers" they merely use another word for "public"—that public which is interested in Wall Street, that is, in securities and security prices. The widespread hostility against what you might call a collective Wall Street comes from tales told by customers; usually tales of losses. The reason for the losses is ignored. The stress is laid exclusively on the fact of the loss and its inevitability.

Now there are many kinds of customers, but you will find three main varieties of infallible losers: There is the kind that falls into the clutches of bucketeers or swindlers; and the kind that loses in the offices of reputable brokers because he persists in speculating blindly, his sole counselors being greed and ignorance; then there is the third kind, composed of men who never make any money anyhow anywhere because they lack ordinary gumption. You might call them the plain d. f. customers. On the patrons of bucketeers there is no need to dwell here. They are the victims of crooks and blame Wall Street because they did not select their broker as carefully as they picked their family physician or their plumber or their college. But much of the widespread skepticism about the brokers' business ethics is the outcome not of bad brokers' misdeeds but of silly customers' follies.



What Else Is Wrong With This Picture?

It is an accurate observation that the average customer of the average commission house does not lose his money in his broker's office but in his own. He loses it the moment he decides to go after easy money, when he resolves to let his dollars instead of his face do the sweating for his daily bread. If he deludes himself into thinking that because he risks his money he is entitled to a profit, nothing can save him, because his theory is unsound.

I am, of course, speaking of speculators. There is nothing in my remarks that is not as old as the desire to get something for nothing, which probably is as old as the need to work in order to live. But the reason such commonplaces are not popular is because the public craves but two kinds of stories—those about men who have made great and sudden fortunes by lucky turns of the market, because what one has done another man may do; or else yarns to show how it was the broker who was to blame for the customer's failure to win, because that is an easy way of having an alibi ready in case of need.

Bill Travers' Famous Question

IT SEEMS to be a firmly established convention that all customers of all stockbrokers always speculate and never invest. Another convention is that the average customer is always encouraged to gamble and that the odds are therefore always against him because the broker is chiefly concerned with getting his commissions. It is inferred that a broker to succeed must make his customers trade early and often; which means disaster for the customers and profit for the broker.

There is no logic in this and the assumptions are justified only in certain cases and as to a certain kind of broker. But they are unhesitatingly accepted and are even used in a conventionalized humorous way, like the mother-in-law joke or gibes against marriage. The changes or variations are infinite because to most people humor consists of the epigrammatic expression of an established conventionalism.

There is, for instance, the old story about the first visit of Bill Travers to Newport. He had gone there in a yacht as the guest of a Wall Street friend and occasional accomplice. When they dropped anchor among a lot of other fine yachts the friend began to tell Travers the names of the owners of the pleasure craft. All were known to Bill because all were stock operators or brokers.

After the friend had finished naming the owners Bill Travers nodded gratefully and asked, "And wh-wh-where a-are the c-c-customers' y-yachts?"

That was long ago, but the attitude persists. Only yesterday I heard from a newspaper man an alleged true story about a well-known Western real-estate operator who after making millions in Chicago came to New York to invest his profits. He was introduced to Harris & Jameson, a rather sporty commission house. Instead of investing his cash, he was induced to trade in stocks, and in less than two months Mister Chicago dropped one million three hundred thousand dollars.

The news—important if true—was public property. You heard it everywhere, especially when the stock market was weak; the know-it-alls said the weakness was due to the Chicago plunger's liquidation. In due time the story came to the ears of the famous Bill Blum, senior partner of the rival firm of Blum, Cassidy & Co., who cater to much the same kind of trade as Harris & Jameson. The man who told it was a friend of Blum's as well as of Frank Jameson's. When he had given the melancholy statistics he inveighed against the lack of judgment—unless it was deliberately bad advice—shown by Harris & Jameson to let a customer lose so much money in so short a time.

"Why, it was all over in less than eight weeks," he finished.

"You are right, Joe," agreed Bill Blum earnestly. "It was a damn shame. Why didn't you bring your Chicago friend to us? He'd have done better here. I'll bet he'd have lasted at least six months in this office!"

I don't believe the story, and Bill Blum probably didn't say it, not even jestingly. But it is going the rounds and is believed because it was in Blum, Cassidy's office that one of the greatest plungers of the new crop of oil millionaires traded so unsuccessfully last year that his losses—not in stocks, but in commodities—were said to have exceeded ten million dollars. But the commissions paid to Blum, Cassidy & Co. were magnificent while they lasted. You can bet that the gossipmongers never failed to emphasize that.

Now it stands to reason that no commission broker can develop a permanent business who looks upon a customer as some seashore-resort shopkeepers regard tourists—that is, as customers to be gouged, on the theory that enough new ones will come along anyhow to keep up a fair volume of business at the inflated prices. Our own theory and practice, as laid down by Mr. Barnes, has always been that it is much better to keep the customers. The way to do that is to keep an eye more on the customers' profits than on the commissions. If we do that we are bound to keep the customers, get the commissions and find pleasure in our work

I will admit that customers do lose money. More, that those customers who speculate, or rather who gamble, almost invariably lose money. But not all customers are that kind. Still, one of the chief problems of a commission broker is how to keep his customers from making foolish plays, for it is the foolish plays that break the customers, and not the mercenary advice they get.

Clerical Denunciation

HERE I should like to digress in order to make clear this matter of the hopelessness of a certain class of customers. I cannot tell what percentage of the whole may be included in this class, but it is a large percentage. At the Luncheon Club a few days ago a few of us were lunching together, more to talk tennis than to discuss the market. From the rule banning amateurs from writing articles for newspapers the talk drifted into other subjects, and soon we were discussing the latest attack on Wall Street and its votaries. The denouncer was a clergyman of no particular prominence and of no particular originality. There was nothing new in his philippic. Even the phraseology was hackneyed, because he spoke of Mammon worshipers and loaded dice and ruthless shearing of lambs.

One of the men expressed his wonder that notoriety-seeking parsons did not deem it worth while to impart a new twist to their tirades against stockbrokers.

But I said, "They are not jumping on stockbrokers. They are making use of a standardized or rather a completely conventionalized symbolism. It is much easier. They think they are not only moralists but political economists as well. It feeds their vanity to win easy applause. People accept their remarks without cavil because usage makes the acceptance effortless. The only cure that I can see is education. Once the public gets an intelligent notion of what Wall Street really is and what reputable brokers today are trying their best to do, the diatribes will end."

"You think so?" asked Louis Bedloe. He is the head of one of the most successful of the wire houses. His firm

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Tire Trouble

BILL THE CONQUEROR

By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

CHAPTER VIII

MR. COOLEY PARADENE'S pleasant domain at Westbury, Long Island, dozed in the April sunshine. It was the sort of day when any ordinary man would have been out in God's air; but Mr. Paradene, being a book collector, was spending the afternoon in his library.

In front of him, as he sat at his desk, lay the most recent additions to his collection. The necessity of glancing at, dipping into, blowing spots of dust off and fondling these was interfering very much with the task he had on hand at the moment—to wit, the writing of a letter to his old friend Sinclair Hammond, of Holly House, Wimbledon, England. At the point where we discover him he had, indeed, got no further than the words, "My dear Hammond."

He now assumed an expression of resolution, and dipping his pen in the inkpot, began to tackle his task squarely:

My dear Hammond: Thank you for your letter, which reached me a week ago, and many thanks for again inviting me to pay you a visit. I am glad to say that at last I am able to accept your very kind hospitality. Unless something occurs to alter my plans, I propose to sail for England about the middle of next month. I am looking forward with the greatest eagerness to seeing you again.

I shall have one or two nice little things to show you. At the sale of the Mortimer collection I was lucky enough to secure quite cheap—only eight thousand dollars—Browning's own copy of Pauline (Saunders and Otley, 1833), also Browning's own copy of Paracelsus (E. Wilson, 1835) and of Strafford (Longmans, 1837). I am sure, too, you will appreciate another capture of mine, the autograph manuscript of Don Juan, Canto Nine. This is entirely in Byron's handwriting and is the only canto lacking in Pierpont Morgan's collection. I would not take twenty thousand dollars for it. I have also a few other good things which I will show you when we meet.

Since writing to you last I have, you may be interested to hear, adopted a son—a splendid little fellow ——

A knock at the door interrupted his writing. Mr. Paradene looked up.

"Come in."

The English language is so nicely adapted to the expression of delicate shades of meaning that it is perhaps slovenly to be satisfied with describing the noise that had broken in on Mr. Paradene's composition as a knock. The word "bang" more nearly fits it. And Mr. Paradene frowned with quick displeasure. He was not accustomed to having his hermit's cell battered upon in this fashion. His surprise when the opening door revealed Roberts the butler was extreme.

If there is one class of the community that has reduced knocking on doors to a nice art it is butlers. Roberts' discreet tap had been until this moment a thing that blended with rather than disturbed the thoughts. Only some great emotion, felt Mr. Paradene, could have caused him to slam the panel with such vehement impetuosity; and the next moment the sunlight, falling on the butler's face as he moved forward, showed that his suspicion had been correct. Roberts was foaming at the mouth.

The expression "foaming at the mouth" is so often used to suggest a merely mental condition that it must be stated that in the present instance it is employed perfectly literally. A bubbly yellowish-white froth covered the lower part of the butler's face; and when he removed this with a vicious dab of his handkerchief other bubbles immediately presented themselves. Had Roberts been a dog Mr. Paradene would undoubtedly have been justified in shooting him on sight. As he was a man, and a trusted employe at that, he simply stared dumbly.

"Might I speak to you, sir?" said Roberts thickly.

"I Find You Doin' What I Might Have Expected I'd Find You Doin'—Doin' Nothing."
"I'm Concentratin'," Said Horace Casually

"What on earth ——" began Mr. Paradene.

"I would like to be informed, sir, if Master Horace is to be a permanency in this household."

Mr. Paradene, hearing these words, felt like one who sees looming above the horizon a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. They struck him as significant and sinister. For there was that in the butler's tone that suggested disapproval of that splendid little fellow, his adopted son.

Mr. Paradene's mouth tightened. He was an obstinate man. Disapproval of Horace affected him personally. It implied criticism of his action in bringing him into the home, and he resented criticism of his actions, whether implied or spoken.

"He most certainly is," he replied curtly.

"Then," said the butler, blowing bubbles, "I must ask you to accept my resignation, sir."

It speaks well for the benevolence of Mr. Paradene's domestic rule that this kind of announcement was an astonishing rarity in his life. Once in his house, servants were as a rule only too glad to stay. He had had only two cooks in fourteen years; while as for Roberts, that excellent man had joined up nearly eight summers ago and had looked until this moment as solid a fixture as the pillars that upheld the front porch. To see this devoted retainer blowing bubbles at him and talking of resigning his position afflicted Mr. Paradene with a horrible sense of being in the toils of some disordered dream.

"What?" was all he could find to say.

The sadness of this parting after so long and happy a union seemed to affect the butler too. His manner became less severe and his voice took on a tone of pathos.

"I regret this, sir, deeply," he said. "Nobody could have been more comfortable in a situation than I have been in your service, sir. But remain in the house if Master Horace is to continue here I cannot and will not."

The hasty and imperious side of Mr. Paradene's nature urged him to close this interview at once by withering the man with a few well-chosen words and sending him about his business. But curiosity was too strong for him. If he allowed Roberts to leave him without explaining the bubbles, he would worry himself into a premature grave. The thing would become one of those great historic mysteries which fret the souls of men through the ages.

"What's your objection to Master Horace?" he inquired.

Roberts plied his handkerchief daintily for a few moments.

"My objection, sir, is both general and particular."

"What the devil do you mean by that?" demanded Mr. Paradene, bewildered.

"If I might explain, sir."

"Go ahead."

"Downstairs, sir, we do not like Master Horace's manner. One of the lower servants summed it up in a happy phrase not many days ago when he described the young gentleman as too darned fresh. We have so much affection—if I may take the liberty of saying so—for yourself, sir, that we have endeavored hitherto to bear this without complaint. But now things have gone too far."

Mr. Paradene leaned forward in his chair. Imperiousness and curiosity occupied his mind to the exclusion of every other emotion. At last, he felt, Roberts was about to speak freely of the bubbles.

"A few days ago I refused to permit Master Horace to raid the larder for food."

"Quite right," agreed Mr. Paradene. "Makes him fat."

"He appeared at the time to take this in a mutinous spirit. He called me one or two names which," said Roberts, brooding coldly, "I have not forgotten. But this afternoon, just before he went out for his walk with Mr. Bastable, he approached me with an apology so amiable and apparently sincere that I had no alternative but to accept it. He then offered me an attractive-looking piece of candy, sir. This I also accepted. I have a sweet tooth. I did not immediately eat it, partly because I had only recently finished a hearty meal and partly because Master Horace specifically urged me to save it up. But when I ——"

Mr. Paradene was an oldish man, but he had been a boy once. A dazzling light shone on his darkness.

"You don't mean there was soap in it!" he exclaimed.

"Exactly, sir," foamed the butler.

There was a pregnant silence. For a moment Mr. Paradene was, curiously enough, not so much shocked and horrified as filled with a sort of subtle melancholy, the feeling which the ancient Romans used to call *desiderium*.

"It must be fifty years," he murmured wistfully, "since I played that trick on anyone."

"I," said the butler with austerity, "have never played it, nor had it played on me. It came as a complete surprise."

"Too bad," said Mr. Paradene, returning from the past and overcoming with some difficulty a desire to give way to a mirth which would obviously be ill-timed. "Too bad. Young rascal! I'll have a talk with him. Of course, one can see the thing from his viewpoint."

"I fear I am unable to do so, sir," said Roberts stiffly.

"I mean, boys will be boys."

The butler expressed his disapproval of this too tolerant philosophy with a lift of the eyebrow so chilling that Mr. Paradene continued hastily:

"Don't think I'm excusing him. Nothing of the kind. Can't have that sort of thing. Certainly not! But, good gracious, Roberts, you don't want to throw up an excellent situation simply because ——"

"I am leaving with the greatest regret, sir, I assure you."

"Nonsense, nonsense! You aren't leaving at all. Of course you aren't! I couldn't get on for a day without you."

"It is very kind of you to say so, sir," said the butler, beginning to melt.

"I'll see the boy and make him apologize—apologize humbly. That will make everything all right, eh?"

"Well, sir ——"

"And you'll give up all this nonsense about leaving?"

"Well—if you wish it, sir."

"Wish it? Of course I wish it. Good heavens, you've been with me eight years! You go back to the pantry and get yourself a good drink."

"You're very kind, sir."

"And listen, Roberts. It's only fair that I should pay some sort of indemnity—like a nation does when one of its subjects starts something in another country, eh? There'll be an extra ten dollars in the monthly envelope from now on. Leave me, indeed! I never heard such nonsense!"

The butler, who, like the month of March, had come in like a lion, went out like a lamb, leaving his employer chewing his pen. Mr. Paradene was worried. He hated to confess it even in the privacy of self-communion, but he was disappointed in Horace. He had not yet actually adopted the boy with full formality of legal papers, but the fact that he had proclaimed him as his adopted son made it impossible for a man of his obstinacy to draw back; and it was beginning to come home to him that the whole business had been a blunder. A magnificent gesture, true, and one that had most satisfactorily stunned brother-in-law Jasper and the rest of those grasping sycophants; but nevertheless a blunder. Yes, he feared he had been too impulsive. Impulsiveness had always been his besetting fault from boyhood up. He was trying to divert his thoughts from this unpleasant matter by finishing his letter to Sinclair Hammond when they were jerked back to their original channel by the sight through the open window of Horace himself, returning from his afternoon walk with Mr. Sherman Bastable, his tutor.

He watched the couple cross the lawn and disappear round the corner of the house. Horace, he noted, had a weary and sullen mien, in marked contrast to Mr. Bastable's buoyant freshness. The tutor was a lean and enthusiastic young man, just out of college, who preferred brisk walking to any other method of locomotion. Horace, to judge from his expression and his drooping slouch, did not share his views.

It had frequently annoyed Mr. Paradene that his son by adoption, though of a chunky and athletic build, seemed to like to spend his time lolling in easy-chairs. This, he felt, was not the spirit that makes supermen, and quick irritation gripped him once more.

He was still brooding fretfully on the boy's shortcomings when there was a sudden rushing noise without and Mr. Bastable burst into the room.

"Mr. Paradene!" shouted the tutor in a high, impassioned tenor. "I will not put up with it!"

Mr. Paradene was dumfounded. Hitherto he had always found Sherman Bastable an exceptionally civil and soft-spoken young fellow, but now the man was transformed. His tone was one that would have excited comment in the foc'sle if used by the second mate of a tramp steamer. His face was flushed and contorted, and as he spoke he thumped the desk violently.

"I've had enough of it!" he bellowed.

Mr. Paradene stared at him; and staring, became aware of something which in his first astonishment he had overlooked. He had felt vaguely right from the start that there was an oddness about the tutor's appearance, and now he realized what had given him this impression. Sherman Bastable in his employer's private and sacred library was wearing his hat! The spectacle brought Mr. Paradene, already simmering, to the boiling point.

"It has got to stop!" cried the tutor.

"Take off your hat!" said Mr. Paradene.

The words, designed to bring the young man to himself in a rush of shamed embarrassment, had the odd effect of amusing him. At least, he laughed. But it was a hideous, hollow laugh that seemed wrenched from his very vitals.

"I like that!" he cried. "That's good! Take off my hat? Yes, that's rich!"

"You're drunk," said Mr. Paradene, purpling.

"I'm not!"

"You must be. You rush in here with your hat on ——"

"Yes," said Mr. Bastable bitterly, "I do. And perhaps you'd like to know why. Because I can't get the damned thing off without skinning my forehead. That little brute of a boy has gone and rubbed glue all round the inside band, and now it's melted. And I want to tell you, Mr. Paradene ——"

The things Mr. Bastable wanted to—and did—tell his employer were so numerous and couched in language so harsh and unguarded that one is forced to omit them. His final utterance, spoken a brief instant before he slammed the door, is the only one that need be recorded.

"I'm through!" said Mr. Bastable. "You can accept my resignation. I wouldn't stay here another day if you paid me a million dollars."

The bang of the door died away, leaving a quivering silence. Mr. Paradene stood for a moment plunged in thought. Then, going to a closet, he took out a long, slim cane; and having swished this musically through the air once or twice, strode rapidly from the room.

II

OUT in the garden, meanwhile, in the shade of a large locust tree that stood near a handsome shrubbery of rhododendrons, the cause of all these upheavals in the home was relaxing after the fatigues of his afternoon walk. His young body at ease in a deck chair and his feet restfully supported by a small rustic table, the boy Horace lay with closed eyes, restoring his tissues. Beside him on the turf a glass, empty except for a fragment of ice, spoke pleasantly of past lemonade, and a close observer might have detected

(Continued on Page 118)

"One of These Days You're Bound to Find a Man You'll Fall in Love With"

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PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 21, 1924

A Cockeyed Congress

LAST year the United States was knee-deep in a period of unprecedented prosperity. Labor was employed at wages that assured not only the comforts but many of the luxuries of life to every man who was willing to work. The old French ideal of a fowl in the pot of every workingman had been superseded by the American ideal of an automobile for every family, and it was in a fair way of being realized. Business was consolidating its gains and looking forward confidently to the future. Agricultural conditions were slowly improving. There was small doubt that our great and rapidly expanding purchasing power, together with common-sense self-help measures of coöperation and crop diversification, would rapidly restore the farmer's dollar to a parity with that of every other class. The country needed little except to be relieved of an oppressive and unnecessary burden of taxation and to be let alone.

Then, in December, Congress met. It quickly proved to be a cockeyed Congress, with one uncertain orb rolling from Republican party to radical politics and the other staring straight ahead at Democratic partisan advantage. Whenever by chance either eye fell on the paramount needs of the American people as a whole, it shifted quickly back to the main political chance.

The net result of this session of Congress has been a growing feeling of doubt about the future; an almost complete loss of confidence in Congress; pessimism among business men; an ominous slackening of industry; a lesson to a large group of able-bodied young men in the art of clubbing Congress into submission to their demands; and the spread to agriculture of the idea that any class that polls enough votes is entitled to a dole or a bonus at the expense of all other classes. In short, the old sturdy American ideas of self-help and independence are being displaced by the imported peasant notion of an overlord—noble or state—to whom one turns for dole or largess. The measures that we have passed and are still considering are only the beginnings of class legislation in America. More than ninety per cent of all men who go into business for themselves fail ultimately. Guaranteed agriculture must lead logically to guaranteed business. Legislators who set out to suspend the operation of economic laws will not balk at a little job like repealing natural law.

Make no mistake; rest under no illusions about this thing. Now that the Legion lobbyists have carried the first-line trenches for a few paltry billions, they will stop nowhere short of the inner citadel of the Treasury. The insurance bonus will be followed by the cash bonus, and that by pension bill after pension bill, even unto the third and fourth generations. The Bursum Bill, carrying almost a half billion in additional pensions on last-century wars, passed by a cockeyed Congress and killed by a well-aimed veto from the presidential sling, is only a slight foretaste of what is coming out of the World War and our purely political Congresses. Any indemnity that a victorious Germany could have imposed on us would be trifling beside what the World War will have cost us by the time our children's children get through paying for it.

The obvious thing, the common-sense thing for Congress to do at this session was to put war on a nonprofit basis, to provide definitely and finally for the conscription of capital and stay-at-home labor in all future wars. An international agreement that provided for no profits, no exemptions for any class would act as a real deterrent of war. But so-called adjusted compensation is a farce that helps no one in the present, solves nothing for the future, and in the end hurts everyone.

Talk of tax reduction is now political hokum; the passage of any bill reducing taxes is now political buncombe. The reduction can be only temporary. Taxes must surely be raised again—if not in one place, then in another; and wherever the raise is made we shall all have to pay. Four or five billions, plus the inevitable billions that are to follow, do not come out of the hat. Nor are they earned by the Congress of the United States. They must be piled up slowly and painfully by abstracting a quarter here and a dollar there from the laborer's pay envelope; by lowering the worker's standard of living; by taking away one of his small comforts here and one of his little luxuries there; by sweating capital so that the fund for improvement and expansion is lessened; so that production and wages are both smaller. Not one of us will escape a share in the paying, not even the beneficiaries of this legislation. For every one of the easy dollars that they get they will lose ten dollars in future prosperity.

It is hard to account for the double standard of so many men in Congress; their willingness, their eagerness even, to assent to economic principles in the nation's business that they would regard as ruinous in their private affairs. Yet economic law operates as ruthlessly and destructively in the large affairs of a nation as in the petty ones of a corner grocery.

Congress is full of men who do not lack common sense and shrewdness in the conduct of their own affairs, but who, on entering the Capitol, burn the arithmetic and discard common sense, as freshmen throw their old school books into a campus fire. It is more than doubtful whether the principles behind the bonus, the Bursum, the McNary-Haugen and other bills of that ilk, are recognized in the conduct of their private affairs by Henry Cabot Lodge and his fellow senators who handed the bonus to the Legion and the bill to the taxpayer.

Politics has its place, party has its place, but so have common sense and economics. No clear-thinking American who looks to the future can view the course of Congress without grave forebodings. Even the investigations of corruption in the executive departments were partly discredited and lost much of their force, not because charges of corruption were false but because the investigations that should have been judicial and nonpartisan gradually tended to become political and partisan. So we have a great national service, a great national duty, that should have resulted in a clean-up calculated to restore public confidence, regarded a little dubiously by the people because of the suspicion of partisan politics that clings to it.

There is something radically wrong with Government when the convening of Congress, to which the nation should look for sound and constructive legislation, is regarded with apprehension and its adjournment is hailed with relief; when unsettlement and uneasiness pervade the business world during the session, and confidence returns and rehabilitation begins only after adjournment; when the country surveys the mess and consoles itself with taking stock of its resources and decides that perhaps somehow, someway it can stand the gaff.

A simple operation, the severing of some muscles, will realign the eyeballs and cause the cockeyed to see straight. The voter is the doctor. He must operate.

America has stood much at the hands of Congress and has come through. Probably it can stand more, but somewhere in the offing is the limit, and the offing is not far off.

The American System

THE high-school or college student whose courses in history and political science contain no mention or discussion of our peculiar form of dual government, the "indestructible union of indestructible states," is uneducated indeed. No subject lends itself more readily to exposition and argument; in regard to none is there a greater wealth of illustrative material.

The relation of the states to the Federal Government is no mere academic thesis wherewith popular professors may readily wax eloquent. It is possible that the reader is asked to focus his attention upon too many subjects; but the maintenance of the indestructible union of indestructible states rises in importance, as was recently said, "above the hope of any other benefits."

Yet even the most ardent advocate of state rights must admit that the states do their work none too well. Consider the slowness of their movement toward a uniform divorce law. Possibly some slight progress has been made, but the fact remains that here and there a state eager for new even though temporary residents nullifies the efforts elsewhere to maintain a moderate degree of decency and sanctity in the marriage relation. Nor is the chartering provision a shade less scandalous and disheartening. For extra revenues states will spawn corporations, and do it with eyes even more thickly blindfolded than Justice to the uses to which they are put.

Former Federal Judge Landis in sentencing a notorious stock promoter to the penitentiary declared: "The State of Blank would face an indictment for licensing such corporations as the X Motor Company if I could summon a sovereign state into court."

The tax situation is almost as bad. In many cases there is a duplication of levies which is always annoying and often inequitable to the last degree. The situation is tolerable at all only because not all the states exercise their full powers, which they might none the less exercise at any time and may in the future. On the other hand there are states willing to grant an asylum from taxation to the most abnormally swollen fortune, in return for a quick prosperity, which salves their feelings more than the reproach of being unprogressive appears to hurt them.

Such conditions gall the reformer. Who indeed can fail to be impatient of the confusion, cross purposes, duplication, injustices and conflict of high idealism with gross selfishness that result from forty-eight separate and distinct sovereign states all legislating upon identical subjects within the confines of one nation!

Naturally the reformer demands an increasing surrender of function to the all-embracing Federal Government, an increasing disappearance of state lines. And Federal departments and bureaus continue to multiply and expand. Already the degree of centralization is so great as to threaten constant breakdown. So vast is the correspondence and so appalling the detail which pour in upon underpaid, ill-trained, poorly housed and overharassed bureaucrats that often the most elementary and simple necessary duties go wholly unperformed. No one knows what will happen to the Federal Government if it should be given the duties now performed by the states.

But we must not despair as yet of bringing about more real coöperation and harmony among the states. It is slow, uphill, plodding work to establish even enough uniformity of state law to insure a modicum of decency and justice. But such efforts are gaining a little ground here and there. After years of conference over one or two subjects there is a discernible tendency toward less hoggishness. These efforts are far from spectacular; they move at a snail's pace, if at all, and need continual stimulation. But where is there any other way out?

MAIN STREET IN EUROPE

By Corinne Lowe

THIS world supplies us with some inevitable correlations. We can't think of a hurdy-gurdy without the Miserere, or of a mid-Victorian home without lace tidies, or of a grocery store without its cat. An even more prostrating mental exercise would be to conceive of the American novelist without the American small town.

Undoubtedly that other synthesis with which this last has most in common is the hand-organ's Miserere. An unfaltering thirst for gloom possesses those writers who grind out their dirge of the inland community. Seldom do they admit to their compositions a single soul lifted above the level of the commonplace. The picturesque must intrude upon the long lament of the small town.

There are a few spirits who do not admit the justice of this fashionable Miserere. These may even protest against the literary soundness of such monotones, and allow themselves to dwell speculatively upon the greatest living novelist of England. What would have been the profit to art if Thomas Hardy had decided to write in geographical terms; if under the titles of certain Wessex towns he had produced an endless series of sociological reports upon the average conversation of the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker? What if he had not found, even in the tiniest hamlets, such dramatically divergent personalities as Jude Fawley and Arabella, as Clem and Eustacia?

Studies in Main Street, Italy

HOWEVER, let us pass over any such rebellion. For purposes of argument, admit the criticism of Center Square to be a just one. Say that the small town is smug. Grant that the small towner's conversation is ritualistic and that his outlook is of a tribal simplicity. Admit his alleged rebuffs to all cultural influences. Abandon yourself wholly to the theory that our small community plods along in a rut. Then when you have pledged yourself to the literary transcription—visit a few towns in other countries.

One concedes at the outset the eccentricity of such quest. We Americans and the Europeans are reciprocally devout in our observations. The foreigner usually considers that several weeks divided between our large cities leaves a handsome surplus of information above that which he packs into his hundred-thousand-word book on American Life and Manners. With equal authority the American who leaps with flealike swiftness from London to Paris and from Paris to Rome is prepared to enlighten the home folks concerning customs across the sea.

Until my most recent visit to Europe my omissions in this respect were as grave as those of my average compatriot. This time, however, I did something to repair former ignorance. I visited families in certain towns of England, France and Italy. The result of such contacts is bound to prove depressing to some idealistic Americans. Those whose idealism centers upon the superiority of foreign civilization will read very reluctantly any observation of what is going on in these burgs across the sea. Nevertheless, at the risk of inflicting pain upon many sensitive natures, I am bound to undertake a Miserere of my own.

For an obvious purpose of heightened effect I shall begin with Italy. This country is just full of Main Streets. The chief difference between them and our local variety is based on nomenclature and age. Over there they are often called Via Vittorio Emanuele or Cavour or Giuseppe Garibaldi, and they are laid out usually not a moment before the days when Benvenuto Cellini went ramping about with his ready dirk. Art was full-grown in those times, but sidewalks were in their infancy. Consequently keeping upon these inherited pavements is the last course before rope walking. The old and the infirm have absolutely no chance. They are elbowed off the narrow strand of brick into the gutter by the first intrepid young army officer who passes.

The first representative of Main Street life whom I happened to meet was the charming American wife of an Italian professional man. She lives in an unpretentious villa on the outskirts of a town within easy distance of Rome. This villa is equipped with a sun parlor from which you can look down on the lovely lake where Æneas is supposed to have done something distinguished.

The Days Between Saints' Days

I WAS glad afterwards to reflect upon the sun parlor. You could just sit here all day and look at the tints in the lake and wonder what Æneas must have looked like. So far as I could see there was no opportunity to do anything more profitable. My transplanted countrywoman had, indeed, no more chance of mingling with her kind than has the notorious oyster of the boarding-house stew. She was absolutely alone. Nobody ever called on her and she was mutually attentive.

Appalled by this isolation, I asked her one day if her neighbors never dropped in for a chat.

"Oh, yes," replied she cheerfully; "they always come on my saint's day. Then they bring cakes and gifts of all sorts. And when their days come I do the same thing."

"But what does the woman in the small town do—besides sit around and wait for somebody's saint's day?"

"I'm no Balzac," retorted she. "Wait and see for yourself."

I did wait, and when my reward finally came I was glad that my American friend had not spoiled the climax. It would have been a shame to blunt my impression of her whom I shall call the Signora Negri. The signora—whose name and title translated into English would be nothing more august than Mrs. Black—is

(Continued on Page 64)

WATCH AND SPRAY

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

In Praise of Wildcats

THE wildcat clan are fierce and fond of battle,
They feast on forest hares and such wild cattle;
Their claws are keen, their tails are merely stumps,
They seize their prey in predatory jumps.

Where wild catalpa grows, or wild catawba,
They rove—from Catatonk to Escanaba,
And leave in wildwood dells for all to see
The marks of many a wild catastrophe.

The wildcat fears no sanguinary killer;
To him the bear is but a caterpillar;
Upon the fox and all his thievish cult
He hurls his weight as from a catapult.

At dead of night on paws as soft as mittens
The wildcats come and bring their wilder kittens.
On moonlit crags their blended voices jar;
They yowl as though they had a wild catarrh.

Let maiden ladies pet their meek and mild cats!
I celebrate the caterwauling wildcats!
—Arthur Guiterman.

Investigations and Oil

(After Gertrude Stein—With Apologies)

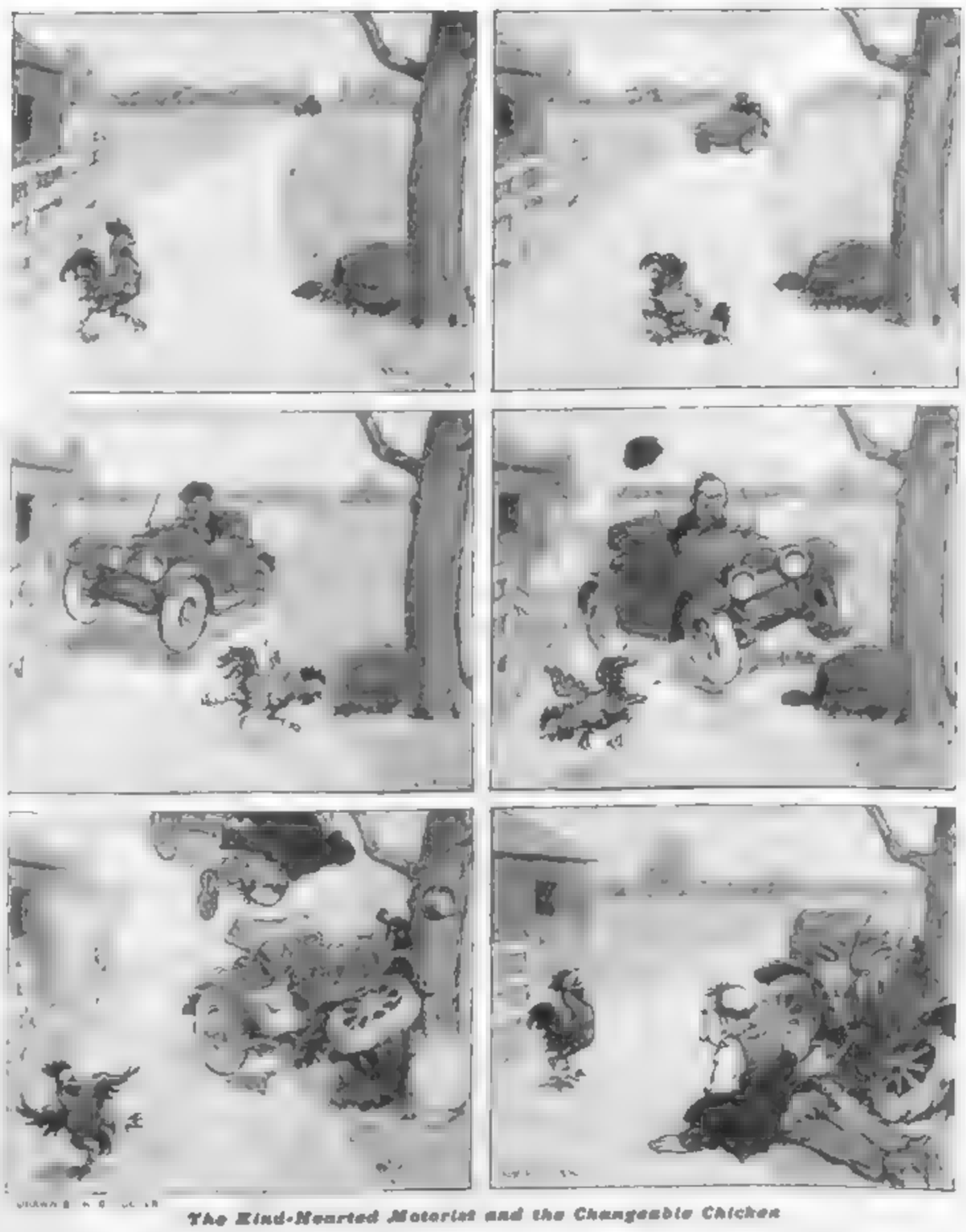
LITTLE oil wells bubbling up, sometimes over. Oil is oil and this is this. Politicians many, and a lease, very strangely, very Sinclair. A resignation by the son of an American, like his father, wisely; then revelations, revelations many. A tempest in a teapot rises. Falls. Falls mightily. But you cannot understand unless you understand, and you do not. More revelations, and gaspings, a few, then investigations beginning, and Florida, whither some hasten rapidly, preferring the climate. With private wires singing little messages, thoughtlesaly destroyed, and not remembered. Naturally. Also Europe. A tempest in a teapot may blow off the lid and upset the dome, unless oil can be poured upon the troubled teapot, calming; and he does not know if he does not. Maybe. Oil may be an explosive, at close range, preferring not to be there some.

Doheny and great millionaires and numerous. With disclosures being disclosed, puzzling. Mr. Walsh. Mr. McLean, meet Mr. Daugherty and other parties present. Both parties. A new name a day. Little rumors and more rumors, larger, running about like many mice in a Senate uneasy, while those hear who did not know stocks were as they were; and a campaign fund with understandings some. Motion pictures and he testified and denied. Everybody will testify; many are called. One again, the sixth time refusing, growing indignant, refusing.

Headlines in the papers, captions astonishing the proletariat and the like in editions frequent unless we could be there which we can not know unless we do, and we do not.

McAdoo and denials. Amazing. Does a man receive a million-dollar fee, or any, and not know it unless he does? A school of reporters seeking copy greedily. News is news. Politicians being at some time near the White House which is still the White House, and little railroads very strangely. If he had known anything about railroads, and understood, except passes and franks, he would have been appointed over something else which he did not know about, customary, like those in power, and sitting in the high places, many. Government positions multiplying daily. Count them. Appointments and appropriations more increasing, greatly. Both. Investigations like progressions arithmetical growing larger. And larger strangely. The people pay. And it is even so. Oil is oil and this is this. The people pay. They pay. And pay and pay and pay. With nothing in return, nothing but caption startling, and that is nothing. Likewise this. O, ever thus!

—Myrtle Conger.



The Kind-Hearted Motorist and the Changeable Chicken

Adventures of Alice

"ARE you wet or dry?" Alice asked suddenly. They were seated in the Red Knight's private car, en route for the West, on a speaking tour.

"Well," replied the candidate carefully, "speaking in my capacity as a private citizen, I should say that I was moist. Dry, with occasional periods of dampness, if you get what I mean."

"The reason I ask," said Alice, "is that I think it's time you declared yourself on some of the issues of the campaign."

"Everybody knows where I stand," said the candidate. "I have fearlessly stated many times that I believe in law and order."

"Just what does that mean?"

"It means," said the Red Knight, "that it's all right to order if you're sure the law can't catch you."

"But how about the Constitution?"

"Well, anything that's good for the constitution is constitutional. And my constitution requires that I order a constitutional several times a day. That's what is known as the law of self-preservation. It's the highest law known to man."

"I guess I believe in law and order myself," said Alice.

"Certainly," said the Red Knight. "It's all right to be able to take it or leave it alone, but when you're running for office you should either leave it or take it alone."

"Fair enough. Now concerning taxation," said Alice, "you ought to come out flat-footed for exemption for——"

"I came out flat-footed for exemption during the late war," said the Red Knight. "It was the only thing that saved me."

"I thought you served in the war."

"I did. I was a dollar-a-year man at Washington. I have a letter from the head of my department saying that I rendered such valuable service to the Government that I was worth almost double what they paid me. I have it framed back home in my house."

"Well, that disposes of the subject of taxation," said Alice, and she checked it off her list. "Now about the tariff——"

"Ah, the tariff!" exclaimed the candidate. "The dear old tariff! I may say without fear of successful contradiction——"

"I wish you wouldn't keep repeating that phrase," said Alice.

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Mr. and Mrs. Beans

"What Do You Make of It, Beans? Here We've Been at the Corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street All Day and We've Seen Nothing But Whiskers"

"I Have It, Vi! The Democratic Convention Is Meeting in New York"

This is the big season for

The great summer time food!
Serve hot Serve cold

Slow-cooked Digestible

THE PYRAMID OF LEAD

IV

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

PROSPER was busy at his camp for an hour or so; then, leaving all snug, he set out with Patience and Plutus for a spot some two miles west of Kern village. No doubt he had ample reason for wishing to separate from them quietly, unobtrusively and without witnesses, for that certainly was how the parting was achieved. The only witness was the very smart driver of the closed motor shooting brake which drove up to the spot whereat Prosper and his humble friends waited some two hours after he had sent off his telegram.

Clearly Mr. Fair was a gentleman with greater resources at his command than one might have expected from the circumstances in which he had entered the village of Kern.

It took some time to accomplish the parting with Plutus the three-legged, though Patience took it with the wistful and philosophic resignation which one would expect to find in a well-behaved donkey But at last it was achieved; and taking a suitcase which the chauffeur had brought, Prosper bade him return whence he came and prepared to do the same himself.

"You will miss them, my friend," he told himself a quarter of a mile on. "Particularly that three-legged electric spark of a terrier."

He need not have worried. A little farther on he chanced to look round.

The electric spark was trotting three-leggedly along at a discreet distance in the rear, one eye on Prosper for caution, one eye on the hedgerow for sport. How he had got out of the car Prosper never knew. Like those of small boys, the movements of small terriers are mysterious and unexpected. Prosper shook a friendly fist at him, but Plutus merely insisted on regarding that as an approval of his maneuver and rejoined his master.

"Very well, Old Indomitable. But you have doomed yourself to a silent few days, young fellow. There will be no barking—do you understand that?—no barking whatever."

"Certainly not," wagged Plutus.

"He Went Into the Dark Shadows Under the Yews, Carrying Something. I Saw —— Oh, I am Sure it Was He! I Recognised Him. It Was ——"

Prosper might have done worse, for it was the low uneasy growl of the terrier which at midnight recalled him from the brink of sleep.

"What is it, Plutus?"

The dog was staring through the chink left at the tent opening for ventilation. Prosper left his blankets and looked out, listening. There was no wind and the whole world was uncannily still. A reddish moon hung low over Kern Castle.

Prosper watched Plutus, who, with a furiously twitching nose and stiffly erected shoulder bristles, was sniffing incessantly and glaring in the direction of the sunken garden of Kern.

"Ah, so thus it is, my son, is it?" said Prosper tensely, and took from under his pillow a thing which glittered bluely in a stray moonbeam—an automatic pistol.

He passed out into the checkered maze of moonlight and shadow that enmeshed the wilderness in which he had made his track to the garden that afternoon. Plutus was left behind, duly warned to silence. Very cautiously and slowly Prosper made his way to the sunken garden.

Plutus was everything but a liar and Prosper knew that, and the small dog was extraordinarily experienced. It was no such light matter as a prowling fox, a stealing rabbit or a gliding weasel which would so excite Plutus at midnight, following a brisk day. There was a more formidable thing abroad tonight than any common or customary prowler.

Prosper had reason to congratulate himself on the care with which he had broken his trail that afternoon. Had he not done so he could never have made his way direct to it in the dull moonlight. Even as it was, he could not avoid the thorns and brambles which gripped him as though with invisible, hooked, ghostly hands, holding him back at every few yards. Twice, owls, floating on down-muffled, utterly silent wings, screamed discordantly overhead, long the nocturnal owners of this desolate spot; and once a lithe thing, probably a grass snake, squirmed under his foot as he walked thigh deep in dense shadow.

It was eerie there, and the odor of the vegetation which he crushed underfoot was peculiarly pronounced—acrid, rank and poisonous.

But presently he moved clear of that belt of weed land and came, light-footed as a cat, to the arched entrance to the sunken garden. For a few cautious moments he paused there, looking in, reconnoitering. He was prepared to take no chances, to run no unnecessary risks. Under its towering black walls of yew the sunken garden lay, soundless, serene, tranquil in the moonlight, and the bulk of the Pyramid of Lead looming squat and heavy in the garden seemed merely unattractive rather than dangerous in the sense that anyone need hesitate to approach it.

But two people had been found dead in its shadow already, without any signs of what had caused their deaths, and Prosper Fair was not desirous of becoming the third victim for lack of a little caution. His eyes grew more used to the curious checkered light in the garden as he stood in the archway watching and listening. He saw nothing, heard nothing. Had not the sharp-sensed little Plutus distinctly given it as his opinion that there was something queer—unusual—taking place in the direction of the garden, Prosper, after his inspection, would unhesitatingly have declared that the place was deserted.

He moved quietly out from his archway, and keeping well in the black shadow of the yew hedge he went silently along the flagged walk toward the pyramid. The theory of the schoolmaster that it was the south side of the pyramid which was the most dangerous recurred to his taut mind, and he approached it from the north side. Once in its shadow, he waited again to listen. But the jarring, rattling cry of the owl from over the belt of wilderness was all he heard, and that was absorbed by the night instantly, as blotting paper absorbs a spot of ink.

Then Prosper walked along the west face of the pyramid, and checking at the corner, peered round to the fatal south side. Even as he looked, some keen uncanny intuition warned him what he would find. He had felt for the past half hour that, moving silent, malign, grim and terrible, the spirit of murder which haunted this deserted place was abroad tonight. Now he knew.

Lying at the base of the Pyramid of Lead was the body of a man.

Prosper was by his side in an instant. Carefully shielding the light with both hands cupped round the bulb, he flashed a small pocket torch into the still face.

It was that of the Iron-Gray Man. He was quite dead, though his body was still warm. A quarter of an hour before he must have been living.

Prosper switched off his torch and stood up, thinking swiftly. It was impossible that the killer could have got far

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Strawberry Puffs

½ cup Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard
1 cup boiling water ½ teaspoon salt
1 cup flour 4 eggs

Boil water with lard, add salt and flour all at once, stirring until smooth and leaves sides of pan. Remove from fire; add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating each until smooth before adding the next. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered pan 2 inches apart. Bake in hot oven 30 minutes, lowering temperature for last fifteen minutes. When cold cut in half and fill with fresh strawberries and whipped cream

The new "Silverleaf" carton makes it possible for you to measure quantities as needed without the trouble of leveling spoons and packing measuring cups. Simply score the lard as shown in the diagram printed on the flap; cut it; your measurements are accurate. This is an exclusive "Silverleaf" convenience

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

CRUSTS so delicate and flaky, so crisp and tender they seem to melt in your mouth are easily made with Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard.

A lard exceptionally fine in texture, it has just the right consistency to work in best with the flour. It is always uniform, always pure. It assures equally good results in shortening and in frying.

Every day thousands of women ask for Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard at their butchers' or grocers'. Your dealer has it, too, in the one-pound cartons, so convenient in making measurements, and in pails of 2, 4, and 8 pounds. You can identify it by the Swift name and the silver leaves on the label.

Swift & Company

Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

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away—if, indeed, he had left the garden at all Even now he might still be lurking in the myriad shadows, watching, listening, planning to add yet another to his already terrifying list of victims

Prosper drew in a long deep breath and with a sheer effort of will power caught up and restrung his relaxing nerves.

Then, even as he slipped his pistol free and gripping it in his right hand began to back round out of the perilous zone under the south face of the pyramid, a sharp, ringing report hammered the silence to shreds.

Somewhere between the garden and the castle one had fired a revolver.

Prosper did not hesitate. He ran silently toward the exit nearest the sound, passed through and found himself in the darkness of a densely overgrown yew alley. On the mossy walk his rubber soles were noiseless. A few yards farther on he stopped short—like a pointer.

On the other side of the hedge a man was crouching. Prosper had caught the rustle of leaves and twigs as this one moved.

But Prosper was not the only one who had heard that movement, for, as he paused listening, swift feet thudded twice on the turf at the other side of the hedge, like those of a man rushing, striding swiftly, and a low tense voice in the darkness

"Now, you!"

It was the voice of the man from Scotland Yard, and it was instantly evident to Prosper that the detective and another man were engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle beyond the hedge. He could hear the short, strained pantings, the scuffle and thud of their feet. Then came swiftly the peculiar, flat, wholly unmistakable sound of the impact of metal or hard wood against thinly covered bone, and a low groan.

"Now, will you take it quietly, eh—eh? Keep still ——"

There was a tiny ominous clink of steel, and Prosper heard the detective say in a voice of complete triumph and satisfaction, "That will do you, I think. Get up. You've paid your last visit to this place—killed your last victim here."

"Killed a victim? Why, you fool, I'm hunting for the man who killed Larry Calhoun here! You call yourself a detective! Why, you fool, I'm Fred Oxton—I was partner with Calhoun. Everybody in the village knows me You've spoiled everything. Why, he was about tonight the murderer! He was about, I tell you! I thought it was him I shot at!"

"That'll do now. You can tell me all that tomorrow," snapped the inspector. "I'll take care of you till then."

"Do what you like. What the devil d'you think I care? You've ruined the best chance we'll ever have of getting the right man. You'll see. He's about. He's on the job tonight. Mark my words, you'll hear of him before morning. I tell you, I wouldn't swear that he's not close by now—in the dark—listening. Come on now, I'll make you an offer. Let's go to the pyramid and look. You can keep these handcuffs on me all the time."

But the detective was satisfied.

"No, no; I'm not looking any farther for my man tonight." He chuckled rather grimly. "One murderer a night will do for me. Come on."

Prosper heard them move away, blundering through the dark, the man in handcuffs cursing furiously. For a moment he hesitated. He had caught in the voice of the man Oxton what the inspector seemed to have missed—a certain ring of truth. Then he turned and made his way with infinite care back to the Pyramid of Lead.

An icy thrill of surprise touched his veins as he rounded the pyramid. The body of the Iron-Gray Man had disappeared.

Fred Oxton was—must be—right. The killer was abroad that night, and close at hand.

For a moment Prosper was undecided, listening tensely. He was appallingly at a disadvantage, and was well aware of it. It was extremely likely that the killer crouched in dark ambush quite close—almost at arm's length—watching him, ready to deal with him with the same mysterious but deadly effective weapon or means as he had already employed against three victims.

But Prosper, like many another airy, irresponsible-seeming modern young gentleman, had nerves which difficult situations only strung to the tautness of steel wires. He remained where he was and looked about him in a long, deliberate scrutiny, straining his eyes at every near-by shadow or dark patch. But none of them moved, made any sound, or seemed in any way suspicious, and his stare moved round the garden—to become instantly fixed as it touched a flight of steps at the end of the garden

A figure was standing there—pale, silent, almost spectral in the light of the moon.

A chill hand gripped his heart for an instant at sight of this ghostlike apparition. Then he shook himself free from his momentary agitation and moved swiftly and silently on his rubber soles toward it. His pistol hand was raised and ready, the wrist pressing lightly against his right side He could have fired in a fraction of a second. But the figure made no sign of offense. Prosper drew near.

"Who are you? What are you doing here? Be careful, I am armed," he said quietly.

The figure made no answer. Prosper stepped closer yet and his pistol hand fell

It was Marjorie Merlehurst!

"Miss Merlehurst ——"

He was within a foot of her now, and then he caught his breath.

The girl was fast asleep! It was not from the expression on her face or her eyes, for these Prosper could see but dimly in that shadowy moonlight, that he realized this startling situation. It was because she appeared to be wearing only a light silk kimono or wrap over her nightdress. Her hair was loose and her feet were bare. Prosper felt a little chill wave at that, for vipers lived in the crevices of the stonework of the garden. He had seen two that afternoon, sunning themselves.

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The Oxtons Satisfied the Scotland Yard Man That, at the Very Best, He Had Made an Extremely Premature Arrest

Hupmobile

Valve and Valve Lifter Guide

One-piece construction. Intake valves drop-forged, chrome nickel steel, double heat-treated. Exhaust valves, *special heat-resisting steel*, drop-forged, double heat-treated. Common practice is to use a two-piece valve with a cast iron head welded to a steel stem. This construction does not wear as long and danger of breakage would be increased.

The Hupmobile does not have a complicated and fast wearing valve operating mechanism. It uses 118 parts, only 26 of which are subject to wear. In other popular cars, comparable in price and size, parts used range from 194 to 349; wearing parts from 36 to as many as 138; and the replacement cost of wearing parts runs as high as eight times the cost with the Hupmobile.

To change four valve lifters, it is only necessary to remove four cap screws, while in some other designs the entire cylinder block assembly must be removed to change the valve lifters and bushings.

Now You Can Get The Only Facts That Warrant Your Choice of a Car

Before you lay down hard-earned money for an automobile—a Hupmobile or any other—why not possess yourself of some vital facts?

Facts, we mean, that tell whether or not your dollar is going to shrink the minute you get behind the wheel—

Or whether every penny you pay is going to work for you full time.

Getting at the Facts That Really Count

Hitherto it has not been easy to get at these facts.

As a general proposition, the "loud speaker" has been working over-time.

Result—confusion, conflict, no clear conviction.

Now, in a new way, Hupmobile has shown the way to get at facts that count—facts that will tell you quickly and clearly why one car is better than another;

Why fair externals may conceal inherent weaknesses;

Why many things are of less importance than processes of manufacture;

Why a couple of hundred dollars more is not extravagance but a necessary expenditure.

Step into a Hupmobile salesroom and ask to see the parts displays.

In this display, you will find the principal parts of the Hupmobile. Each is ticketed with a card that tells plainly and concisely in black type how it is made and what it is made of.

Each card also describes in red type the cheaper materials and processes often used for similar parts in other cars.

An Object Lesson In Invisible Costs

In other words, an object lesson in "invisible costs" that reveals in a flash the answer to all true quality—the quality that means excellence of performance, reliability, durability, economy—all the essentials that you know you ought to have when you buy a unit of transportation.

Possessed of these facts, your course is clear.

If any car—no matter what its principle of design may be—no matter what its price—can show parts and processes equal to the Hupmobile and match it in performance, reliability, durability and economy—

Then, and then only, are you warranted in investing money in the other car.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Continued from Page 32

Suddenly she spoke in a strange, dreamy, hesitant voice:

"He went into the dark shadows under the yews, carrying something. I saw —— Oh, I am sure it was he! I recognized him. It was ——"

She broke off abruptly, with a little moan very pitiful to hear. She was silent then for a moment. Prosper, watching her, was conscious of a shadow that moved behind her—a dark blur moving against the dark background. Someone there! Or was it just a trick of the light?

His pistol hand swung up again and his swift wits, strung to an uncanny keenness, pounced on the truth.

This girl, consciously or unconsciously, must have seen the man—without doubt the killer—who had taken away, for his own reasons, the body of his last victim. She knew him—had recognized him—was on the very brink of uttering his name. By some trick, some freak of the mind in her state of somnambulism, she had yet realized—or more probably sensed in some profound, inexplicable way—his identity. She might say aloud his name at any moment; and Prosper fully believed that close behind her, a shadow masked by shadows, he lurked, armed and ready, listening—listening.

If she spoke a syllable of his name she would die swiftly. Prosper was sure of that. But not until she spoke it, for the killer knew that Prosper, armed and ready, would avenge her instantly. It was impossible for the man to kill two people simultaneously. Prosper's eyes strained over her shoulder into the shadows. Had he seen a movement, a ghost of a movement, or heard a sound, a thread of sound, he would have fired at once and risked the shock to the startled little sleepwalker.

But the darkness that shielded the lurking death was blank and blind, as silent and still as it was perilous.

Keyed up, every muscle taut and strung to its extremity, every sense alert to the point of torment, Prosper waited, aiming into the shadows.

The girl's strange floating voice rose again, sweet and faint on the silence:

"I—recognized him. I ——"

Another voice broke in—low, of a pleasant timbre, but full of anxiety—calling softly from somewhere behind the yew hedge:

"Marjorie! Marjorie!"

A pause. Then a little nearer:

"Marjorie! Are you there? Don't be afraid. I'm coming to be with you. Are you awake? Marjorie!"

It was like the voice of some kind and friendly ghost calling softly out of the gloom, coming nearer.

Prosper recognized the voice at once as that of the man he had seen in golf clothes—Mr. Barisford, who had been secretary to Lord Kern.

Evidently the girl had been missed, and Barisford was coming in search of her. Aware of the danger of waking a somnambulist too abruptly, he was calling softly somewhere out there in the gloom as he approached the girl's favorite haunt in the sunken garden.

But Prosper did not take his eyes from the shadows. There was no danger from Barisford. What of danger came would come from the shadows.

"Marjorie! Marjorie, can you hear me?"

At last the pleasant voice penetrated to her tranced mind. Prosper heard her sigh deeply—the sound of one at the very point of waking—and a second later her confused little cry, "Oh-h! Where ——"

"It is all right, Marjorie—all right," said Prosper gently but very quickly. "Nothing to be afraid of—nothing at all."

He stepped aside and the ray of his electric torch darted onto and dispersed the shadows. The black muzzle of the pistol in his right hand seemed like a dark, sinister basilisk eye following intently the white rod of light from the torch.

V

SO CONVINCED was Prosper that the deep shadow behind Marjorie Merlehurst harbored or ambushed some imminent and formidable danger that it was with a sense of shock he realized that nothing—neither man nor beast—was there; only the dark mass of yew like a low cliff of greenish-black rock.

A few seconds later, indeed, somebody appeared; but this was Barisford, whose arrival Prosper was unfeignedly glad to see. He came swiftly through the archway in the hedge, his keen, handsome face white and anxious, and the girl went to him with a low cry of relief. Her first waking stare at Prosper had been that of one dazed, but now the soft shackles of sleep had fallen from her mind.

"Oh, I woke suddenly and I found myself in the dark, until that ray leaped out like a great eye, and someone was staring ——"

She was looking at Prosper, one hand trembling on Barisford's sleeve.

"Yes, yes; but it's all right now, Marjorie, all right," Barisford soothed her.

"I have been walking in my sleep again. I was thinking of the sunken garden when I went to bed. I seemed to dream—a dark dream, with shadowy men moving through it, like men moving through smoke—vapor."

She was silent suddenly, staring blankly ahead, her pretty brows drawn together like those of one trying to recall a dim memory.

"Men, moving dim in the fogs," she murmured.

"Never mind the men—the dream now, Marjorie—it's all right. I am going to take you home safe and sound again."

He slipped an arm round the slender figure and stared intently at Prosper.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "What are you doing here?" His voice was sharp with suspicion. "You do not belong to this—district."

Prosper smiled into the glare of the other's electric torch.

"I? Oh, a nobody, a wandering artist, a vagabond painter, a sleeper-out, a walking tourist. My name is Prosper Fair and I have a camp in the woods close by. I wandered here to paint the famous sunken garden of Kern and its pyramid, and I came out to see it in the moonlight. Call on me tomorrow and let me prove to you that I am—perfectly respectable."

It was impossible to misinterpret the cool, cultivated voice. Barisford's tone was moderated as he spoke again.

"A strange place to visit in the moonlight, Mr. Fair," he said. "And why did you frighten the lady?"

Prosper's voice was tranquil as he answered:

"I should not easily forgive myself if in any circumstances I frightened a lady. I am sure she will let me detain her just long enough to explain that as I moved from the pyramid to investigate more closely the little apparition which proved to be herself, I believed—no, I am quite sure—I saw someone—something move in the darkness behind her. Already I have learned enough to know that it is not good for one, awake or asleep, man or woman, to turn one's back upon moving shadows in this garden—at this hour of the night. So I conceived it wise to risk the danger of waking Miss Marjorie abruptly in order to satisfy myself about what might have been a greater danger."

The girl glanced over her shoulder.

"Yes, yes, that is true; and thank you, Mr. Fair," she said quickly.

Barisford nodded slowly, studying Prosper.

"There was nothing?"

"Nothing at all. I must have been mistaken," said Prosper gravely.

He flashed his ray on Barisford's heavy golf shoes, then stooped and swiftly took off his own light canvas gymnasium shoes.

"These are lighter than golf shoes, Miss Marjorie. Won't you wear them home as a sign of forgiveness?"

The girl had wholly recovered herself now.

"Is it a sign of forgiveness to borrow a gentleman's gymnasium shoes at midnight?" she asked, with a little smile, only slightly tremulous.

"Oh, no, Marjorie, you had better have mine. Mr. Fair has to walk back through the woods and we go by the pathway," said Barisford quickly.

But, rather to Barisford's chagrin, it was discovered that though Prosper's shoes were far too large, the golf shoes were very much larger, harder, too, and heavy for tiny white feet when light gym shoes were available.

"You are both so kind," said Marjorie, eying the footgear dubiously. "And it is impossible for Mr. Fair to go barefoot through the woods and the thorns. But I came barefoot by the pathway, and of course I can go back barefoot."

But neither Barisford nor Prosper would hear of that.

"Then, please, the only other way is for me to have Mr. Fair's shoes, and, because it is safer from thorns and perhaps a snake on the pathway home, for Mr. Barisford to lend you his shoes to wear through the woods."

Prosper laughed a little.

"If Mr. Barisford is foolhardy enough to lend a pair of excellent golf shoes to a vagabond artist—a risky enterprise," he said.

But Barisford agreed pleasantly enough and Prosper slipped on the shoes.

"They shall be awaiting you, brightly polished, at my tent tomorrow; or if you prefer it I will bring them to you at your house."

"Oh, I'll call for them," smiled the other.

Then they said good night and passed through the nearest exit in the yew hedge, Prosper's torch lending its aid to Barisford's. At the dark entrance to the overgrown pathway the girl half turned to wave a tiny hand, white, almost mothlike in the cold electric beam. Then they disappeared.

Prosper looked after them for a few moments. Then he turned back into the sunken garden. He glanced at his wrist watch and switched off his own light. For a little he stood, thinking, then moved slowly back to the pyramid. And as he went the pale, exquisite face of the girl dimmed in his mind and disappeared, displaced by the flock of thoughts which, like birds once disturbed but now reassured, returned to a favorite spot—swift, keen, groping thoughts—all to do with more virile, grim and sinister things than a lovely child-woman wandering in her sleep. In a second or so Mr. Fair was again intent on the mystery of the Iron-Gray Man and the killer.

The rubber-barred golf shoes were almost soundless on the stone paving as Prosper halted in the shadow of the pyramid. He believed that the murderer of the Iron-Gray Man must still be lurking near at hand, for it was improbable, if not impossible, that he could have taken the body far away.

Prosper Fair was a man who thought quickly, lucidly and coolly. He had learned from many adventures, great and small, encountered during much wandering far afield, that haste does not usually go hand in hand with success, and is a vastly different matter from swiftness.

"It should be clear to you, my friend, that if you value your hide you will do well to go very slowly—and silently," he advised himself. "For the smallest sound will travel far on a night as still as this. Moreover, you are not in an ideal place for watching and waiting. The neighborhood of the pyramid is an unhealthy spot, with a high death rate. Clearly, one does not go rustling and groping about this garden or through a maze of yew alleys ——"

He moved silently round to the west side of the pyramid, chuckling very softly as he continued his self-communion.

"—— hunting for what one can hardly expect will wait to be found. What should one do? Go home, obviously. Very well, I will go home. But I shall come back."

His decision made, he moved, a shadow among shadows, out of the garden and slowly through the jungly path to his camp on the edge of the woods. The distant church clock belled once as he entered his tent and quieted the cordial greeting of his small terrier. He slipped between his blankets again and smoked a reflective cigarette, pondering many things. Presently he spoke drowsily to Plutus the dog:

"Not so badly, companion of my solitude. We have not done so badly. Policemen we are not, Plutus; detectives we never have been. Yet such is the fortune of life that here, ready to our hands—and heads, Plutus mine—is a problem as likely, I will venture to say, to be solved by us as it is unlikely to be solved by a shoal of policemen or a cohort of detectives."

Staring at the pale triangle which was the unlaced tent flap, he considered earnestly the matter of the Iron-Gray Man. He was well aware that many—most, even—would hold it to be his duty to give at once an alarm and particulars of his discovery to the police; but this he had no intention of doing. He believed that the police needed no further incentive to do their utmost than had already been furnished by the deaths of Calhoun and the nameless lady, and the presence of the Scotland Yard man was ample evidence that the authorities were by no means ignoring the matter.

He was quite sure that the Iron-Gray Man was a stranger in Kern, and, whatever he once may have been, was, at the time Prosper met him, little more than a wandering tramp. In a little while perhaps it would be wise or necessary to notify the authorities of the death of this man, but at present he purposed to keep the knowledge to himself—sharing it only with the killer.

He had no doubt that the Iron-Gray Man had come to the sunken garden for much the same reasons as the earlier victims; and since it was out of what he could learn of the pasts of the victims that he hoped to discover what these reasons were, it was, in a way, another string to his bow—and one exclusively his—to know of the coming and passing of the Iron-Gray Man.

"I may even be able to trace back along the life of so striking and noticeable a tramp more easily than that of the trainer or the woman with the emeralds. We shall see."

The tiny furnace-red jewel at the end of his last cigarette glowed red as he lay considering his gleanings of the day.

"My problem is to find out who murdered those three people, and why. The mystery of Lord Kern, his crumbling castle and his pyramid will probably, almost certainly, be solved in the process of discovering the killer. Well, Prosper, my friend, you have at least six starting points. The first is Marjorie Merlehurst. She saw the killer, possibly with the body of the Iron-Gray Man in his arms. But she saw and recognized him only subconsciously, in that queer, half-waking state we call somnambulism. It is just possible that if ever her friends or I can catch her in that condition again we may lead her mind back to what she saw and get her to name the man she recognized. That is possible—but improbable. The second, third and fourth starting points are the victims—Mr. Larry Calhoun, the nameless lady and the Iron-Gray Man. My fifth starting point is Lord Kern. I may be able to find out why he built the pyramid and went away, and why he arranged that Marjorie Merlehurst should inherit if he did not return within ten years. And the pyramid itself may be another starting point. One man could not have built it single-handed. I must look for the man or men who helped Lord Kern build it, the firm from whom he bought the lead, and anything else relating to it. Barisford might help me there."

He dropped his cigarette end and settled down for the night.

"And that, Plutus my old, is that! Let us now adventure into the region of sleep ourselves; and if perchance I, too,

(Continued on Page 88

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THOSE REFUNDED MILLIONS

By Fred F. Sully

THE searchlight of investigation has been turned squarely on the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Administering as it does billions of dollars each year, taxes paid directly out of the pockets of the American people, it is a matter of vital importance and concern that it operate efficiently and honestly without the taint of corruption or the fingermarks of favoritism.

It is an enormous task, that of collecting the income taxes of 100,000,000 people. Some have been overzealous in taking advantage of deductions allowed by law; others have paid indifferently, glad to be rid of the burden of preparing and submitting income-tax returns. And in between have been many classes of taxpayers. But it is those who paid indifferently—and, incidentally, too much—as well as those who have learned by experience certain loopholes and methods of which they later claimed the right to avail themselves, who have unwittingly, perhaps, placed the income-tax unit of the Internal Revenue Bureau in a position where it must go to additional work and expense to get for itself a clean bill of health in the eyes of the nation.

It must be remembered that the income tax has been in operation only ten years. Prior to 1913 the greater part of the revenue of the Government was derived from the tax on distilled spirits, liquors and tobacco. This tax amounted in that year to only $344,424,453.85. The provisions of the early income-tax law were simple. Total taxes for the next few years averaged only $436,137,734 annually.

With the entrance of the country into the war national expenses leaped to unheard-of heights, and the scope of the tax was extended to meet the new expenditures. The bureau collected $512,723,287.77 in 1916; $809,393,640.44 in 1917, an increase of 58 per cent; and $3,698,955,820.93 in 1918, an increase of 621 per cent.

The following year there was an increase of 651 per cent over 1916, while in 1920 the total revenue collected amounted to $5,407,580,251.81, or 955 per cent increase over 1916 collections.

It wasn't in the collection of this enormous amount of money by simply raising tax rates that the Internal Revenue Bureau increased in importance. In 1916 there were 778,289 income-tax returns filed. This increased to 3,824,316 in 1917, an increase of 392 per cent. In 1918 it went to a million more, and jumped by leaps and bounds each year until it reached its pinnacle in 1921, when there were 8,716,072 returns filed, an increase of 1020 per cent over the recorded amount of 1916.

The department was buried under the avalanche of work. To get a sufficient number of men with proper qualifications within that short time to carry on the work would ordinarily be a difficult task, but it was doubly so then, with the ablest men in the Army. Industry could pay better salaries and offer better inducements to accountants and engineers than the Government, and as a result the department's hands were practically tied.

Building Up an Organization

DURING the early part of 1918 the entire organization in Washington had less than 800 officers and employes, and practically nothing could be done but the routine work of ordinary times. Toward the close of the year government machinery made possible a survey, and conditions were, of course, found to be entirely inadequate. The force of employes was lacking in knowledge of accounting and its application to the Act of 1917.

Though these employes were familiar with the general principles of the previous simple income-tax laws they could not hope to solve the administrative and technical problems of the new act.

During the first six months of 1919 approximately 1000 auditors were recruited. Before they could properly administer the law with all its intricacies they required from four to six months' training. In addition to this it was necessary to bring the entire field force scattered throughout the country to Washington for a period of intensive training. The work of recruiting and training the personnel continued during 1919 and 1920. Only the simplest cases, representing approximately 40 per cent of the total number filed for 1917, were completed prior to 1920, and but few of the larger and more important ones were audited until 1921, three years after they had been filed. The result of this period of stagnation was that work had accumulated to such an extent that literally one could not see over the top of it.

During the early years of the excess-profits-tax laws the taxpayers, as a rule, had not kept accurate sets of books, and these were not in conformity with the excess-profits-tax law, with the result that the tax returns filed were full of errors both for and against the taxpayer. The law was a puzzle to all except to those who had made it. The field men of the bureau knew little about it, and the best lawyers in the country had not by any means mastered it. Many of the difficulties which were encountered were due primarily to the following technicalities:

The determination of invested capital, including the questions of consolidation and affiliations;

The determination of March 1, 1913, valuations for purposes of depreciation; for determination of loss or gain on the sale of capital assets; for depletion on all the natural resources, including oil and gas wells, coal, precious metals, ore and timber, clay beds and other nonmetals.

This task alone is greater than the average imagination can grasp. The valuation of the railroads in the country is a simple undertaking in comparison, yet the Interstate Commerce Commission has been endeavoring for years to arrive at a definite valuation. In order to simplify the work of the bureau and to bring about effective administration the following units and divisions were created: Accounts-and-collections unit, miscellaneous-tax unit, income-tax unit, commissioner-and-miscellaneous unit, and last but not least, the prohibition unit.

The accounts-and-collections unit is charged with the duties of administering the laws concerning the collection of the taxes, and has under its control the procedure and accounting methods in collectors' offices, as well as auditing the revenue accounts of collectors. In addition to properly recording the taxes received from the sixty-five collection districts it must also audit the accounts of the various collectors to determine whether there has been an accurate return of all moneys collected from the taxpayers.

Mountains of Work for Auditors

WHEN one stops to consider that during the ordinary fiscal year between $2,500,000,000 and $3,000,000,000 are paid into the sixty-five collection districts a faint idea may be gained as to the systematic work necessary to record properly each and every payment, and to safeguard the Government against defalcations.

Each collector of internal revenue is treated as an individual depositor by the United States Treasury Department. His account as shown by his own books must balance with the records in Washington. The bookkeeping does not consist merely of recording payments and sending a duplicate copy to Washington. There are charges listed against each collector for taxes listed for assessment in his district, additional taxes discovered in the bureau, transfer of taxes from other districts, and checks given by taxpayers which are returned by the banks for various reasons. Against these charges the collector is given credit on the basis of certificates of deposit issued by the Federal Reserve banks or other United States depositories, and for taxes transferred to other districts and taxes abated by the commissioner.

The bookkeeping tasks of the ten largest corporations in the world are small in comparison. Records showed that there were 11,976,089 taxpayers on the Government's books last year, and of these 1,167,659 elected to pay their taxes quarterly, which required approximately 3,500,000 additional clerical operations.

All this bookkeeping and all this detail, for which a comparatively small organization was unprepared, brought about an almost chaotic condition. In March, 1921, there were fifty-five collectors' offices out of balance with the bureau records in Washington. Errors and confusion in the accounting procedure dating as far back as 1919 made necessary an intensive audit that has just been completed. In the office of the collector of the Second District of New York it was necessary for the supervisors sent out by the commissioner to check all the assessment lists for the years 1918 to 1923 inclusive. This represented collections of $3,500,000,000, all of which were recorded in 200 large volumes. It was found that there were unclassified collections amounting to $43,390,000. The report of the collector of that district for January, 1924, showed that this amount had been reduced to $5,314,722.22. Such confusion and inaccuracy were not confined to the collectors' offices.

Unquestionably the most important part of the Internal Revenue Bureau is the income-tax unit. It functions as a separate organization, apart and distinct from the other activities of the department. The whole task of administering the income-tax laws, of conducting the correspondence relative to it, of auditing all returns, assessing additional taxes, reviewing and disposing of claims, and controlling and operating the field forces verifying income-tax returns, has been assigned to it; and like other new and infant organizations it has made its mistakes and errors and has had its shortcomings and faults.

All returns filed for the year 1917 were audited by the unit. For the succeeding years all individual income-tax returns with an income of less than $5000 were audited in the various collectors' offices. With the work of auditing only the fair sized and large returns in Washington it was hoped to complete the investigation by correspondence, and taxpayers were accordingly subjected to numerous inquiries for information, which it was not always possible to obtain. This plan proved both unfeasible and impracticable, and a change was proposed early in 1919, when there was much pressure brought to bear for additional revenue. It was decided to make a superficial audit of all returns, especially the larger ones, disallowing for the most part all deductions for depreciation, depletion, amortization, and in fact every item on which there was any question of doubt. It was expected that this procedure would bring a large amount of additional revenue into the Treasury. Through this plan it was thought that the controversies and protests arising out of these assessments could be settled later by abatement or refund. This scheme did accomplish one thing—a large part of the returns for 1917 and 1918 were temporarily closed during the latter part of 1919 and the early part of 1921.

But then came the backlash. Thousands of claims for abatement and refund poured into Washington, accompanied by protests from taxpayers. These same thousands of cases closed by this audit were later sent to the field, with the result that practically all cases for 1917 and 1918 showing additional tax were later re-opened, and many office audits showing additional taxes due finally resulted in enormous refunds.

An inventory taken in September, 1921, showed there were 60,362 claims on hand in the various collectors' offices. At the close of business January 31, 1924, this number had been reduced to 4873. In Washington the number of claims has been reduced from 163,000 to 68,769. This decrease has been possible through the assignment of 385,955 general cases to the field for investigation, and the receipt of 315,651 claims. Not all of these cases assigned to revenue agents for detailed investigation involved claims against the department. The law of averages brought into the reckoning at this point does not make it appear that these figures are disproportionate in view of the fact that more than 11,000,000 returns were filed last year.

To correct the situation that grew out of the superficial audit policy, legislation was embodied in the Act of 1921 providing an opportunity for taxpayers to protest and appeal before assessments were made. An exception to this, however, was taken in some 36,000 cases for 1917 when the collection of the tax seemed to be in jeopardy because of the five-year statutory-limitation clause.

Improvements in Methods

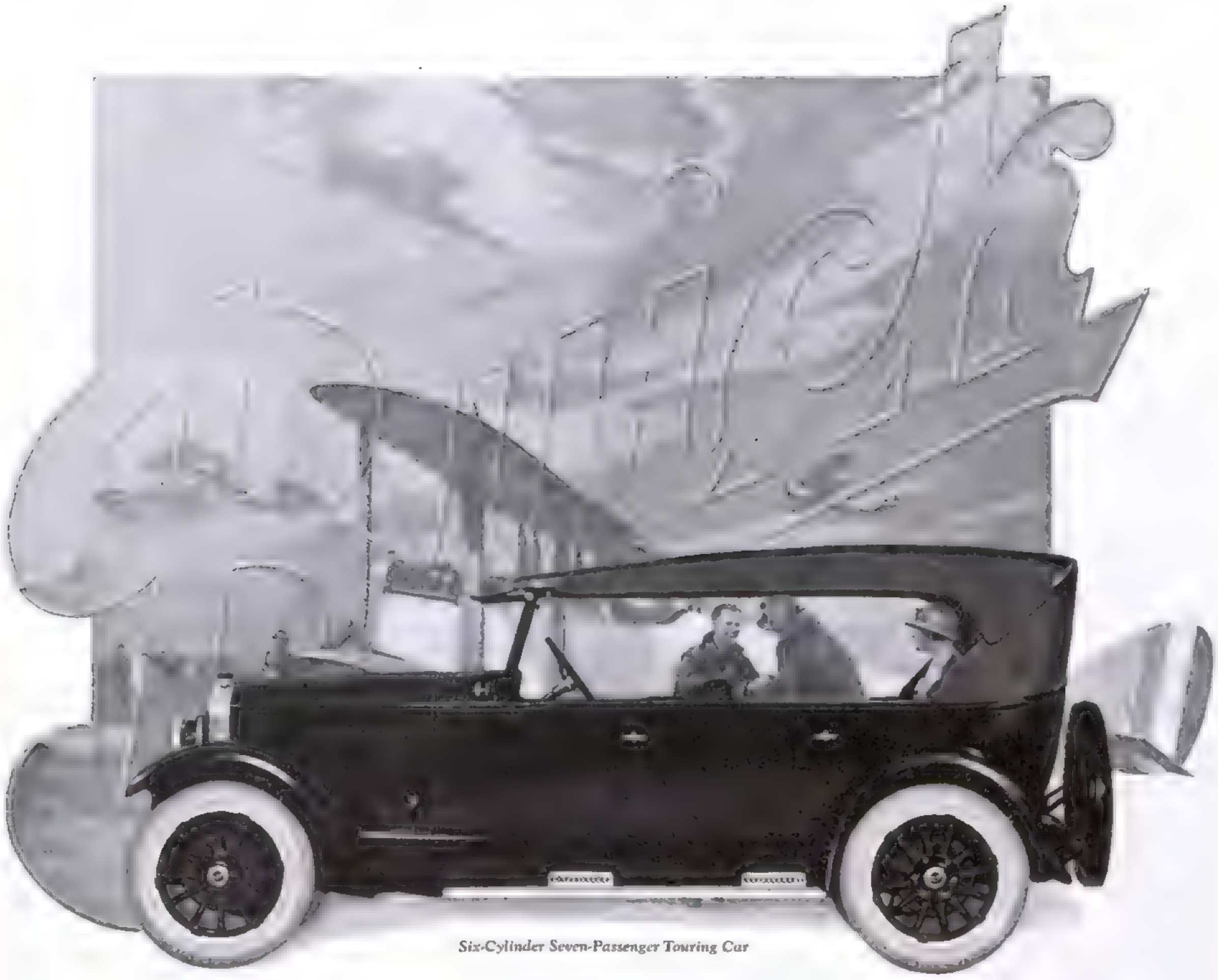
PRIOR to 1921 it was not the policy of the income-tax unit to notify taxpayers that an audit of their returns had disclosed overpayments. It had been necessary for the taxpayer to file a claim before action could be taken on an overpayment. Now, however, if an audit discloses an overpayment a certificate of overassessment is issued and sent to the taxpayer through the collector in his district, and he has the choice of either applying the amount against future payments of taxes or securing a warrant of refund. Every effort is being made to eliminate the practice of auditing returns by correspondence. Field investigations have been found to be the most accurate, complete and rapid method of handling all cases, besides making it less costly and annoying to the public.

To obviate the necessity of handling and rehandling all returns arrangements are being made to have them audited immediately upon their receipt from the various collectors' offices, and to speed up the work, returns have been divided into four classes: First, those indicating a proper amount of tax paid where salary is the chief item; second, those which indicate obvious errors adjustable without protest; third, those which require a detailed audit that may be completed without correspondence; and fourth, those which require a field investigation. In 1917 of the 3,824,316 returns filed 3,815,181 were audited, while in 1922 of the 7,575,927 returns 6,537,170 were carefully investigated either at Washington or in the field.

Owing to the great increase in numbers the percentage of audits decreased from 99.76 of those received for 1917 to 86.29 of those received for 1922. These audits from 1917 to 1921 resulted in the assessment of more than $600,000,000 in additional taxes, and the filing of 163,000 claims.

The work of assembling capable men to carry on this work was one of the great problems the Government had to solve, and the solution was not in merely bringing them to Washington but in retaining them after they had once acquired a good working knowledge of the technicalities of

(Continued on Page 155)



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Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

Canadian Factories McLAUGHLIN BUICK, *Oshawa, Ont.*

THE VERNAL MALADY

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. COUSE

SPRING had come: come with a rush, overturning old winter from her lap in her haste, and almost on the heels of the bluebird's belated prediction. She had come, busied herself with birch tassels and dogwood blossoms, crocuses, violets and things, and then, hanging her green mantle on the trees for greater freedom of movement, had bestirred herself with such activity that Lafayette Hoagland had been obliged to hustle like the dickens to keep up with her and had fallen behind in spite of all that he and Joe could do.

And now it seemed that spring had gone, giving place to summer. Perhaps she was just showing summer around a little to familiarize him with his duties before she put the finishing touches to her job, packed her flower baskets and took flight northward with the ducks. However that may have been, it was a regular summer day so far as heat was concerned; a roaster, a swelterer! Lafe knew it. Took the tuck right out of a man who was still wearing his red winter flannel underwear, just because some lunkhead had discovered that "clout" rimed with "out." It had been a roaster and a swelterer the day before, and Lafe realized what was meant by the phrase "under the weather." The weather was right atop of him, hot and heavy, weighing on him crushingly, beating down through his tattered straw hat onto his bald pate, scorching his shoulders and drawing the moisture from his lean body together with the tuck. Still, he stumbled doggedly along behind his team, but bearing on the plow handles with no more pressure than was necessary to turn the oat stubble and the weeds well under.

Nobody Could Throw It Up to Lafe Hoagland That He Didn't Have No Ambition

Change not a clout
Ere May be out.

Poppycock! Joe had changed to cotton. Always changed when he dog-gone well felt like it and wasn't never none the worse for it. But Joe didn't have no woman to be everlastingly dinging at him to do something that he didn't want to do and that had no sense to it, and that was what kept the flesh on Joe's bones. He didn't have to work it off when he didn't feel like working. Independent as a hog on ice, Joe was; didn't give a cuss whether he stood up or sat down, and when he did sit down even Phœbe didn't dast to prod him up again. Sometimes he, Lafayette Hoagland, owner of a hundred fat acres, wished that Joe were the boss and he the hired man. Joe would be easy to work for.

At the turn, he decided to wait for Joe, who was behind him, taking the next furrow. That field had to be plowed in a hurry if they were going to get in any crop, and they had the two plows going. Everything had to be done in a hurry—every dad-blame thing! No putting off this or that to a more suitable time when a man would feel more like doing it; not if Phœbe knew it! No, with that woman it was do it now, and then break your darned neck to get to the next thing. Work, work! Nothing but work!

Joe came up, the crows that had followed Lafe's furrow rising reluctantly before him and flapping lazily back with caws of protest. A stout young man with a broad, good-natured face that was now almost apoplectic in hue and dewed with perspiration. "Whoa-a!" he shouted to his horses in stentorian tones, and most unnecessarily, for they had already stopped. Their shining flanks were lathered with foam wherever the harness had rubbed. Joe drew a red bandanna handkerchief from the rear pocket of his overalls and wiped his wet face, noting the look Lafe cast on the horses—the look of the owner.

"They're soft," said Joe. "Too much green feed all at once, and it's come up so quick there ain't nothing much to it but water. I'd let 'em go light on it for a spell. Keep 'em out of the pasture for a while and hay and grain 'em. Well, I guess the backbone of winter is about broke."

"You said that twice this morning a'ready," observed Lafe sourly. Joe grinned.

"Well, ain't it so?" he demanded. "Cracked some, anyway. How are you feeling now, Lafe?" There was solicitude in his tone.

"Ain't feeling no better," replied Lafe. He sighed. "What I'd like ——" He checked himself, his faded blue eyes gazing afar to a stretch of woodland from which came the mournful and monotonous "Coo-oo-oo, coo-oo-oo, coo-coo-oo-oo" of some burnished dove with a livelier iris—more of spring's work!

"I'd like a drink, myself," said Joe, throwing the reins from his shoulder and wrapping them round the plow handle. "Over in that second panel, ain't it?"

Lafe nodded. "Bring the jug back with you." He overturned his plow and seated himself, fixing his melancholy gaze once more on the distant wood

"Coo-oo-oo, coo-oo-oo, coo-oo-oo," called the dove.

"I'd like to wring your dog-gone neck," muttered Lafe savagely.

Here was Joe back with the jug already.

"Drink hearty and drink aplenty while you're drinking," he said; "it won't stay with you long. Seems like to me I've sweat a gallon since the last round."

Lafe curled a finger into the jug handle, swung it on the crook of his arm and drank thirstily.

"Ain't worth while taking the jug back," he said when he had finished, squinting at the sun as he spoke. "Close onto noon."

"I was noticing that fence," remarked Joe. "Sure enough it needs fixing. We don't want to forget that."

"Am I likely to forget it?" Lafe almost snarled, turning on him. "Is there any chance I'll forget? Well, then, what are you reminding me of it for? I'm about sick of hearing about that dog-gone fence. I guess it'll be fixed long afore there's any need of it. And it ain't the only thing that needs fixing."

"That's right too," Joe agreed. "There's the breeching on that harness of yours. I'd hate to go down a steep hill with a load with that, the way it is."

"See here, Joe Macy," said Hoagland impressively, "I won't have you dinging at me. Not about that breeching nor about nothing else. I got eyes in my head. I can see that breeching needs fixing just as well as you can. I know all about it, and I know all about them two stumps I've got to grub up in the north forty, and I know the seeder's out of kelter and that them two calves has got to go to Henry Schultz's some time this week and that Selim needs shoeing all around. I know what's got to be done and I'll get around to doing it if I ain't pestered too dog-gone much, but I won't be dinged at. Not by you, and you take notice of that."

"I ain't dinging at you," Joe protested, a little abashed by the elder man's unwonted asperity. "I never said nothing about them stumps, nor yet about the calves."

"No, you didn't," said Lafe. "Well, are you a-going to loaf here all forenoon?"

"Can't make a start until after you do," Joe argued reasonably. "Not unless you want me to take Kit and Bess or switch over into your furrow."

Lafe pulled his plow into position, threw the lines over his shoulders and clucked to Kit and Bess. The two men plodded on their weary way.

There must have been a breath of air stirring in some stratum above, for the windmill that reared its ungainly height in the middle of the barnyard was going, if fitfully. They could hear its clank-clank trailing into an unhappy squeak as they stopped to open the gate.

"There's another job, by gosh!" Lafe complained. "Somebody's got to climb up there and grease the bearings. Guess I'll let you do that while you're resting, Joe."

"I'm real obliged to you, but I wouldn't go up there if you gave me your farm," Joe told him. "I get dizzy spells any time I get higher up than the top of a stack. I'll mend that breeching for you, though, any time you say—so's it don't break in on my nooning."

Lafe made no reply. He was being dragged forward by his eager horses, which were making for the watering trough at a tremendously accelerated rate of speed. Arrived there, they at once plunged their noses deeply into the water, impatient of Lafe's efforts to get their bridles off. Having accomplished this task with some difficulty, he himself drank from the spout that carried the water from the tank, and then stood staring into the mossy trough.

How good that water looked! The plash of it as it ran from the spout was music to his ear. Twice and thrice the

Continued on Page 40

In each price division, there is one outstanding car which offers the advantages and superiorities so widely recognized in a body which bears the emblem—Body by Fisher.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

FISHER BODIES

BODY BY FISHER

(Continued from Page 38)

horses raised their dripping muzzles and looked inquiringly about them; but he took no heed, although Joe had yanked his charges from their sated trifling and was on his way to the barn with them. Still Lafe stood and stared meditatively into the depths of the cool, clear water. Cool! Clear! Maybe too clear. He noticed that his shortened shadow fell directly across the trough and instinctively moved backward; then, becoming conscious of his action, he laughed.

"You, Lafe."

He started and turned around. His wife, Phœbe, stood in the doorway of the summer kitchen, a skillet in her hand. A fine figure of a woman, Phœbe Hoagland, comfortably filled out, but not excessively so. Her high color, her straight, thick eyebrows and the coal-black eyes beneath them proclaimed her a woman not to be trifled with; her movements bespoke energy, the neat disposition of her abundant hair and the spotless cleanliness of her gingham apron indicated capability.

"What on earth are you standing there for? I want some wood. Right now!"

"Of course you do," said Lafe. "Wouldn't be you if you didn't want me to do some dog-gone thing the minute you seen me." Aloud he called, "Joe'll chop you some; he's a-coming now. What have you done with that wood box full I left this morning?"

"Spread butter on it and et it," Mrs. Hoagland informed him tartly, and the screen door banged loudly as she disappeared.

"She wants some wood, Joe," Lafe told him as he passed. "Now."

In the barn, he stripped the harness off his beasts and sighed heavily. He sighed again as he looked at the empty mangers.

"Seems 's if Joe might have filled 'em while he was up there, the fat lummox!" he complained. "But I can't say nothing to him. If he up and quit on me —— Well, he's chopping the wood, anyhow."

By the time he dragged out of the barn, Joe had satisfied Mrs. Hoagland's immediate needs and was slicking up his wet hair before the cracked looking-glass that hung on a nail above the wash bench. Lafe looked at the tin washbowl with an expression of profound disgust.

"By gosh! I s'pose I ain't got enough to do without emptying after you!" he exclaimed.

Joe laughed and scattered the contents of the washbowl on some inquiring hens, which fled, squawking and flapping. Lafe addressed himself to his toilet and was running the comb through the tangle of his grizzled sandy beard when his wife came to the door again.

"When you've got through primping, your dinner's a-setting and getting cold waiting for you," she announced. "Looks like you'd hurry a little."

"Wasting a Whole Afternoon!" Mrs. Hoagland Ejaculated Scornfully as She Gave Him His Pan

"Looks like you'd give a man time to draw his breath," Lafe murmured inaudibly. But he followed Joe in without delay and drew up a chair to the bountifully spread table.

"I guess the backbone of winter is broke, sure enough," observed Joe cheerfully to the mistress of the house, as he grasped his knife and fork.

"You'd think so if you'd done a week's i'ning and put in the rest of the morning standing and cooking over a hot stove," said the woman, placing a platter of fried steak. "Lafe, did you look at that fence I told you about?"

"Uh-huh," groaned Lafe.

"What's the matter with you? Still feeling mis'rable?"

Lafe nodded.

"If you wouldn't give in to it you could soon work it off," she told him, with the absolute unsympathy of perfect health.

"I guess I'll have to make you some boneset tea."

"The' ain't nothing the matter with my bones."

"I thought you said yesterday that that was where you felt it."

"Anyway they ain't broke and they don't need setting."

Mrs. Hoagland looked at him with surprise. It was not often that Lafe spoke to her in that tone of exasperation. He was, normally, an amiable little man.

"Well, eat your victuals," the woman snapped. "Mercy! The way you do dillydally over everything! I declare you're getting worse and worse, and the last week —— Why 'n't you eating?"

"Don't seem to want to eat," Lafe replied, surveying the viands with a lackluster eye. He forked a piece of the steak, nevertheless, and, after a second's hesitation, one of the potatoes, and broke open a hot biscuit and inserted a slab of butter between the two halves. With these he began to toy, in strong contrast with Joe, who was, to speak plainly, just naturally wolfing things down. One thing about Joe that Mrs. Hoagland approved of was that he certainly did appreciate good victuals

And they were good, and fully justified the pride that Mrs. Hoagland took in her culinary achievements. Fried steak doesn't sound like much, but the way Mrs. Hoagland fried it, cutting it thin and pounding the obduracy out of it with a corrugated wooden mallet before seasoning it, flouring it and seeing to it that the grease in the skillet was good and hot—well, it's nothing at which one would curl the nose of disdain. The potatoes were boiled and in their jackets, but they came to the table smoking hot and bursting out at the elbows with a delectable fluff of mealiness. There was an admirable dressing on the crisp slaw and an abundance of pickles, sweet and sour; as to bread, Phœbe Hoagland would have felt herself shamed before the world, a creature of no reputation, had she permitted herself to set a meal with less than two kinds of hot bread, besides the "light." There were biscuits and corn bread on this occasion, as always, and, as always, two glass metal-topped pitchers, one containing sorghum molasses and the other strained honey. Preserves, of course, and two golden pumpkin pies cut in quarter sections. Oh, a person could most generally make out a meal at Hoagland's. Yes, sir, a person could make out if he were hungry -as Joe was. The trouble with Lafe was that he just wasn't hungry.

"Luke Simmons went by this morning with a load of lumber and wire netting," Mrs. Hoagland told them. "They're going to build them more runs for their leghorns. Looks like, the price eggs is bringing, we might build us a new chicken house. I've four hens wanting to set this minute, besides them that's already setting, and if I have any luck we'll need more room anyway. Goodness knows there's enough scraps without stenting the hogs, and lumber won't never be cheaper. We wouldn't need no carpenter. You and Joe could just as well as not ——"

"Just as well as not," said Lafe. "Me and Joe could build 'em a two-story brick in our spare time, just as well as not—especially Joe."

"It would be a little extry work, of course, but it would pay," Mrs. Hoagland went on, disregarding the sarcasm.

"You know what straw is, don't you?" inquired Lafe. "Wheat straw?"

"Yes, and I know bean straw, and I know beans when the bag's open, which is more than some folks do."

"And you know what a camel is," Lafe pursued. "I know you do, because you seen one at the circus last summer. Well, you take and pile enough straw on a camel's back and you'll break it—like the backbone of winter Joe's so fond of talking about. Only time Joe ain't talking is when he's eating. He talks in his sleep."

"What are you picking on me for?" Joe demanded, almost belligerently. "First I was a-dinging at you—which I wasn't—and now you start picking on me again"

"Well, I'm sick," said Lafe. "Sick - "

"If you'd eat something you'd feel better," said his wife. "How sick?"

"All overish. I feel like I was sickening for a sickness. No, I don't want to eat. I wisht I had a mess of "

"I declare to goodness I lose my patience with you!" Mrs. Hoagland exclaimed. "Why don't you go on and finish what you've got to say? Mess of what?"

"Turnip greens."

She looked at him steadfastly for a moment or two.

"You'd better pull off your boots and lie down for a while," she said. "Or do you want I should pull 'em off for you? I guess while the water's hot I'd better start steeping that boneset."

Lafe got up with a sudden movement, pushed back his chair and strode from the room without a word and with more briskness than he had shown for days. Mrs. Hoagland continued to eat her dinner, but she looked thoughtful.

"I'll trouble you for the pie, please ma'am," said Joe. "I guess Lafe's sick, sure enough. Ain't like himself. Acts all tuckered out, and a person can't hardly say a word to him. Maybe it's this warm spell."

Mrs. Hoagland got up and went to the window and looked out.

"I take notice that he ain't too sick to smoke," she remarked. "I wonder if he ain't going to fix that seeder. He hasn't opened up the box to see if they sent him the right parts yet, and it's been here two days. You ask him about it when you go out, Joe."

"Not me," Joe declared. "I don't want to have my head took off. You ask him yourself if you want to know."

"I will," said the woman.

The seeder was not in Lafe Hoagland's thoughts, although he passed directly by the shed where it was staring

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to Motoring Campers

Important: If you want a care-free gypsy vacation

Routes laid out, camping sites selected, tents and duffle stored away—everything ready. Only two unpleasant possibilities on the horizon:

A week of rain!

Serious engine trouble!

Whether you plan to be in the open for three days or three months, here are a few important hints, which old hands at motor camping recommend for your car.

[1]

Before leaving home, drain off all old oil from the crank-case and pour in a fresh supply of Gargoyle Mobiloil.

[2]

If you plan to drive far in sparsely settled country, you should carry a one-gallon can of Gargoyle Mobiloil with you.

[3]

For the convenient addition of a single quart of oil, you will appreciate the new sealed quart cans of Mobiloil. These are at present on sale in the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, and the Middle Western States. This quart can is being extended to other territories as rapidly as possible. You will find it easy to carry two or three under the seat. The price is 35c or three for $1.00.

More important still

The best engine results—whether you drive on smooth home roads or over grass and bumps—can be had only when your lubrication is the best obtainable.

Gargoyle Mobiloil is produced by the world's acknowledged leaders in scientific lubrication. Gargoyle Mobiloil is produced from crude oil selected solely for its lubrication value—not gasoline yield. The recommendations on the Vacuum Oil Company Chart are endorsed by practically every manufacturer of automobiles, motor trucks, automotive stock engines, or farm tractors.

In short, there is no other oil so qualified to put peace-of-mind into your motor camping as the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil which is recommended for *your* car in the Chart.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

Domestic Branches: New York (*Main Office*), Chicago, Kansas City, Mo., Boston, St. Louis, Oklahoma City, Philadelphia, Detroit, Peoria, Pittsburgh, Indianapolis, Springfield, Mass., Buffalo, Milwaukee, Albany, Rochester, Minneapolis, Portland, Me., Dallas, Des Moines, New Haven

Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger cars and motor trucks are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc. means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures are experienced.

The Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication

NAMES OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR TRUCKS	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Anderson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Apperson (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A				
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Auburn (Model 6-63)	A	A	A	Arc				
" All Other Models	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Austin	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Buick	A	A	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Case	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chalmers	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet Cab	A	A	A	A				
Chevrolet Models FB & Tr					A	Arc	A	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler	A	A						
Cleveland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Case	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Cutting (Det.) (Can't Eng.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models					A	A	Arc	
Cunningham	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A
Davis	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Dodge Bros.	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Dort	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Duesenberg	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Elcar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Elgin	A	A	A	A	A	Arc		
Essex	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Ford	Arc	Arc	A	A				
Franklin	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Frontenac	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	A	A
Gardner	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gearless	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
G. M. C. (Can't Eng.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Graham Bros.	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Gray	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Gray Dort (Canada)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Haynes (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" 12 cyl.)							A	A
H. C. S.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Hudson Super Six	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Jordan	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kissel	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lafayette (Can't Eng.)							Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A		
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mack (Can't)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Marmon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Can't)					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Moon	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash (6 cyl.) & Jxn	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.) (Quad)					A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
National (Ind.) (Mod. 6-31)			A	Arc				
" (Mod. 6-51)			Arc	Arc				
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile (6 cyl.)			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Model 30)	A	Arc						
" All Other Models			A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard (Eight)	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige (Light Eng.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Light)					A	A	A	A
" All Other Models			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paterson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless (8 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce Arrow (2 ton)	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
R. & W. Knight	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	B	A
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Revere Motor	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Rollin					A	A		
" All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Rolls Royce	A	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
Sayers & Scoville (Six)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Four)	Arc	A	Arc	Arc				
Stearns Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Stephens	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stewart (N. Y.) (Can.)			A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Model "X" 8 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Stutz (4 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (8 cyl.)	A	A	A	Arc				
Westcott (Mod. Four)	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc		
" (Mod. 6)	A	A						
" All Other Models	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc
" All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Willys-Knight	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Winton	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
York Cab	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

Makes of Engines When Used in Passenger Cars and Motor Trucks

(Recommendations shown separately for convenience)

Buda	(Mods. KE, W				A	Arc	A	Arc
	All Other Models	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Continental	(Mod. R)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
	(Mod. RJ)				A	A		
	(Mod. 2XD)			A	Arc			
	(Mod. D)	A	A					
	All Other Models	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Falls		A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Herschell-Spillman		A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
	(Models 35, 41, 60 & 90)	A	A						
	All Other Models	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hinkley		A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lycoming	C Series	A	A	A	A				
	All Other Models			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rochester		A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Waukesha	Models Y, Y2 & Z	A	A						
	(C, CL, CU, E, EC, F)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
	All Other Models			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Wisconsin		A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

Transmission and Differential

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C," "CC" or Mobilubricant as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Malnutrition—

"It is probable that more diseases are due to imperfect or malnutrition than to any other cause. There is a very close relationship between health and normal digestion of the food."

—*Human Foods*

"One of the most important means of preventing the deterioration of the body is through proper nutrition."

—*American Home Diet*

"Since it is necessary for normal metabolism that the greater number of calories of body heat be produced by carbohydrate foods, it is essential that some kind of cereal food form a part of the daily food allowance."

—*Food and Its Preparation*

Three-fourths of the content of Grape-Nuts are the precious carbohydrates.

"A food may contain a comparatively large amount of a compound, and yet, on account of its low digestibility, fail to supply much of it to the body in an available form. Hence it is that the value of a food is dependent not alone on its composition, but also on its digestibility."

—*Human Foods*

In Grape-Nuts the carbohydrates have been *dextrinized*—scientifically broken down into the form your body quickly and smoothly digests and turns into strength and vitality.

"Hard foods, that is, foods that resist the pressure of the teeth . . . . are an extremely important feature of a hygienic diet. Hard foods require chewing. This exercises the jaws and improves the condition of tooth sockets and teeth, and insures the flow of saliva and gastric juice."

—*How to Live*

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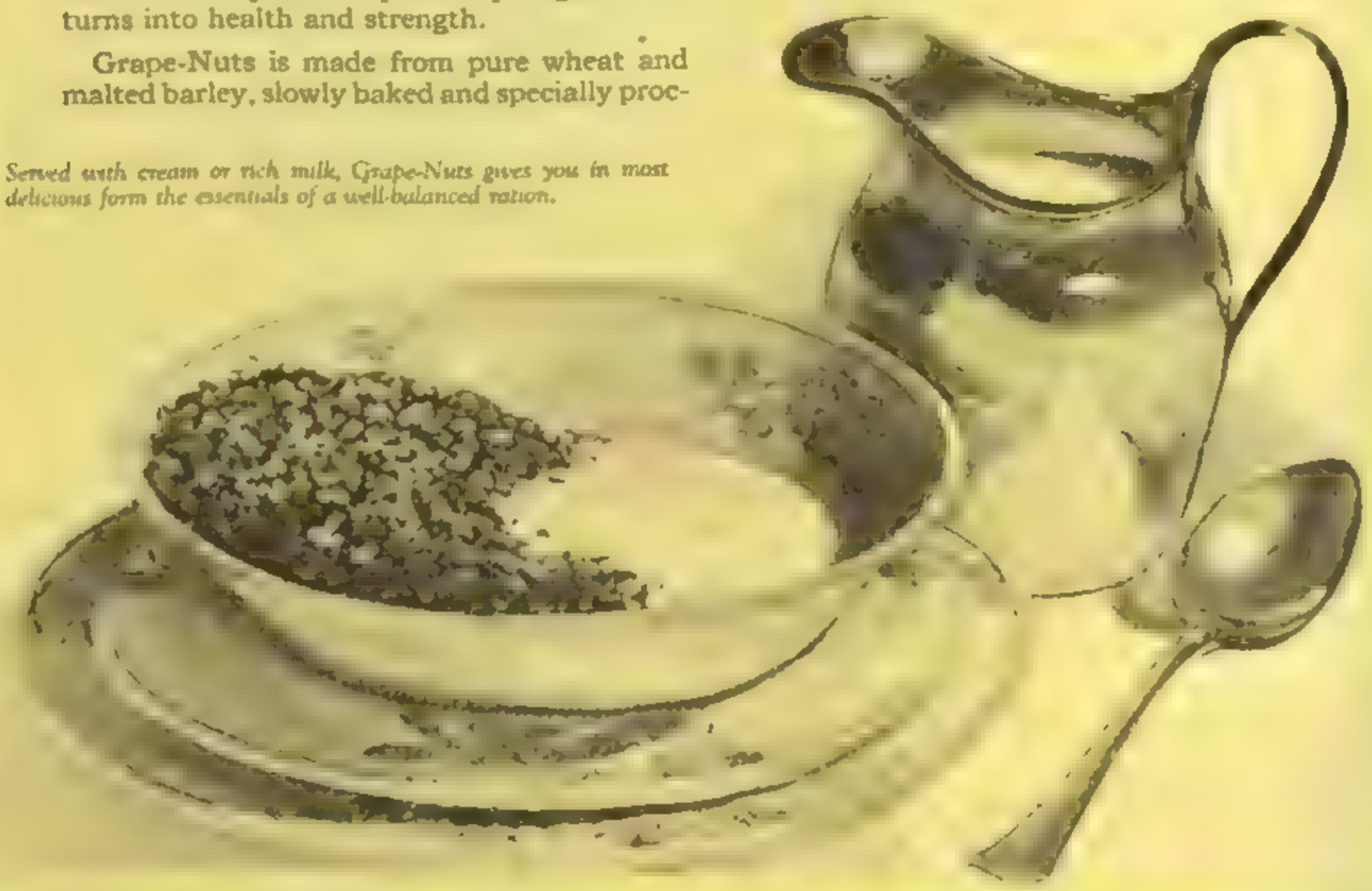

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(Continued from Page 40)

him in the face. He made his way to the strip of shade cast by the barn, where a capacious wheel-barrow with flaring sides invited him to rest. He accepted the invitation, filling and lighting a black and oily corncob pipe before he settled himself to recline at ease. It was fairly cool here. A man might take a cat nap if he were sufficiently depraved. That dog-gone dove was still a-cooing over in the woods. Over in the woods it would be cooler still, and sweeter smelling. Down by the creek ——

Boneset!

He looked over at the house, saw the muslin curtain at the kitchen window move, guessed what moved it, and frowned. Too bad about her! If she had married some shiftless, no-account loafer like Luke Simmons she might have some reason. And Luke would hire them runs made and then lay back and let the hens work for him. Nobody could throw it up to Lafe Hoagland that he didn't have no ambition. There was the house to show for it; there was the barn to show for it, the machinery, the stock, the silo, the corncribs—all the improvements, to say nothing of the money in the bank. Hard licks by Lafe Hoagland had done it. Up early and to bed late and hustling between times—and he liked to hustle. But dog-gone it!

"I've a notion to, anyway," he muttered. "I've a right to. But with the season a-crowding the way it is—work piling up—always fusses so dog ——"

The pipe dropped from his loosened jaw and the hot ashes burned the back of his hand. Mechanically, he recovered it, knocked out the dottle and leaning his head against the siding of the barn, closed his eyes again to see more distinctly a certain pool below a rock that was tufted with delicate ferns over which a gorgeously colored dragon fly was hovering and darting. The water plashed musically into the dull green depths above the rock and rippled over the pebbles below—or was it the water running into the trough?—and all about were the woods, from which a dove was calling his tiresomely insistent invitation: "Coo-oo-oo, coo-oo-oo, coo-oo-oo."

"Change cars!" bawled Joe.

"I ain't asleep," said Lafe, quite truthfully, as he struggled to an upright position. He left the shade to squint at the sun. He could tell the time within ten minutes by this simple proceeding, and he was astonished to see how late it was.

"Got the horses harnessed?"

"I was afraid they'd stomp around and wake you," said Joe, grinning. "You looked so comfortable and happy I hated to wake you, anyway. You was smiling, Lafe."

The next morning found the invalid worse, if anything. He had eaten no supper the night before—to speak of—listened to the table talk in moody silence and went to bed even earlier than usual. The only spark of real life that he showed was when Mrs. Hoagland brought him the hot boneset tea and some extra bed covers, announcing her intention to sleep in the spare room so that he could take a good sweat. For as mild a man as Lafe was, his language could have been called harsh—even violent. Nevertheless, he drank the tea and submitted to the imposition of the extra covers—as long as his wife remained in the room.

He awoke oppressed with languor, contemplated his boots a full minute before he pulled them on and went out into the gray dawn to the milking with a dragging step and a sense of injury. Some women helped their mates with the milking. Mrs. Pospeshill did it all, and he'd seen her up on top of a stack, forking down hay for the stock with her head tied in a handkerchief. Blue yarn stockings she wore. But shucks! Well, he didn't want Phœbe pitching hay, nor out in the field working alongside of the men and doing men's work; but milking, once in a while, when there was a rush ——

But Phœbe had not been exactly idle. Breakfast was ready and, as usual, waiting by the time the two men got in. The coffee was steaming on the stove, blending its fragrance with the agreeable smell of the bacon and eggs on the warming shelf. On a convenient table stood a large yellow bowl from which Mrs. Hoagland, most becomingly flushed, was ladling batter onto a soapstone griddle. She already had enough done to start with—a dozen or so—when the men, at her urgent request, sat down.

"I guess you'll get that field all plowed today," she surmised. "I should think you could, if you hustled and got right at it and kept at it. Maybe you'll have time to fix that fence too."

"There ain't no rush about that fence," said Lafe sullenly.

"No rush about it! That's you all over! Like the man whose roof didn't need fixing when it wasn't raining and when it was raining it wasn't reasonable to expect him to work at it. You'll just about put off until the crop's up and Lancey's cows get in and save you the trouble of harvesting it."

"Not if you keep it in mind and try to remind me of it oncet in a while," said Lafe. "I'm a-doing all I can, ain't I? Working every dad-blamed minute of the time—when I ought by rights to be in bed. Ain't hardly able to drag around."

"For pity's sake, why don't you go to bed if you're feeling that bad? You go to bed right now and I'll telephone to Doc Halliday and find out what's the matter with you."

"And what about the plowing—and the rest of the work? No, you needn't fret. I'll keep a-going until I drop in my tracks."

Joe grinned at the woman.

"Guess you're feeling about Lafe like the feller did about his wife that none of the doctors hadn't been able to help for a couple of years. He allowed he wished she'd get well—or suthin."

The respectable old jape fell flat and Joe had to do his own laughing, which is a dismal task.

"See that you leave me plenty of wood before you go," Mrs. Hoagland requested. "I've got some baking to do this morning."

"I'd telephone Doc Halliday to see what was the matter with you if you hadn't," said Lafe disagreeably. "Come on, Joe, if you're through."

"Don't rush me," protested Joe, helping himself to more bacon. "Ever hear about the feller that went to work for a man that didn't feed him none too well? They give him corn pone and buttermilk for breakfast, and when they was out in the field a-mowing the feller just dragged—like Lafe's been a-dragging the last few days—and he starts to singing:

"But-ter-milk a-and whey!
La-aze a-all da-ay!

"Like that, slow and dragging and making his cradle go to the tune. So the next morning the folks he was a-working for give him a good breakfast, and when they went out in the field again the feller starts to sing:

"Bacon 'n' eggs;
Take care o' y'r legs.

"A-swinging the cradle like a clock penderlum with the weight took off, and ——"

Lafe got up and went outdoors. The sun was well up and there was a haze faintly obscuring the distant hills, but there was a morning freshness in the air. Kit's colt in the pasture raced madly, hither and thither, kicking up his heels. Lafe stood watching him for a moment or two and then turned, with a sigh, to go to the barn.

"Can't be done," he muttered sadly. "Can't be done."

The horses were already harnessed, and without waiting for Joe, who had started on the wood, Lafe drove Kit and Bess directly to the field. Arrived there, he was in no haste to begin plowing, but took plenty of time to light his pipe, staring meditatively at the woods afar, as he had done the day before. The dove was still calling.

"It gives me the fantods," said Lafe aloud. "I'd think he'd get sick of it himself."

He was not more than halfway around the field when Joe came up with the other team and at once hooked onto his plow and started. Lafe waited for him to catch up, and it was not a long wait.

"Bacon 'n' eggs;
Take care o' y'r legs,"

Joe sang. "Who-a-a, January!"

"You didn't cut much wood," Lafe remarked accusingly.

"Ax needs grinding the worst way," Joe explained. "There ain't no pleasure working with it."

"That makes another chore," Lafe sighed. "Giddap then, Bess!"

They plowed on, Lafe stopping so often to rest that Joe observed that it didn't look like they was a-going to get through that day. Lafe snapped out that the world wouldn't come to an end if they didn't.

"If you're in such a rush, you switch over and take the lead so's I won't hender you."

"Shucks! I don't care," said Joe cheerfully. "It's no skin offn my nose."

But they switched and Joe went ahead, while Lafe took his time for the next round. At noon it became evident that Mrs. Hoagland's hope of a finish to the job was going to be blasted. Joe said as much and Lafe just nodded. There was a sort of determination in the nod and in Lafe's expression. As they approached the house, he said, "When a man's sick, he's sick. A man can just about do so much, and that's all there is to it."

"You'd better quit and take a rest this afternoon," Joe suggested.

Lafe nodded in the same determined way as before.

"I'm a-going to," he said.

He announced this intention to Mrs. Hoagland at the dinner table and she acquiesced, not too graciously.

"Of course, if you don't eat nothing you can't expect to feel extry good," she observed.

"Beef and pork, pork and beef, beef and pork!" Lafe ejaculated.

"What do you want—humming birds on toast?"

Lafe opened his mouth as if to speak, but closed it again.

"Well," said Mrs. Hoagland, as soon as Joe had gone out, "I s'pose you might as well pull your boots off and lay down. I'll pull the shades if you feel like sleeping."

"I'm not a-going to sleep and I'm not a-going to lay down, nor yet pull off my boots," Lafe announced firmly.

She looked at him. He met her look boldly

"What are you a-going to do then, if a person may ask?" she demanded.

Lafe's eyes shifted—and fell.

"Things need fixing," he mumbled.

"What things? You don't mean to tell me that you're a-going to fix that seeder at last?"

"I'll 'tend to that by the time I need to use it," he said doggedly. "It's a two-man job, anyway. There's—there's harness I got to mend, and—I got to see Joe before he starts out."

He made his escape. Joe was just bringing his horses out of their stall.

"You ain't seen nothing of an old cigar box around here, have you, Joe? It was on the workbench the last I had it, but it ain't there now."

Joe pondered.

"You mean that old box with the fishing tackle in it?"

"There may have been some fishing tackle in it, but there was certainly rivets in it, and what I'm needing is rivets. By gosh, a man can't lay a dog-gone thing down and turn his back for a moment but somebody's got to come along and shift it. It was an old cigar box, and I think there was an awl in it, too, and a waxed end or two."

Joe's eyes were rolling questingly.

"Maybe that's it up on the shelf alongside the axle grease. Looks like it."

"Huh!" grunted Lafe, and fetched it down. "Well, now what are you waiting for?"

"Nothing," Joe answered. "Going to fix that breeching?"

"I thought I told you to quit dinging at me about that breeching."

Joe led his horses out of the barn and Lafe waited until he heard the yard gate close before he opened the box. Yes, the rivets were there.

There was something else that he wanted that he was unable to find in the barn. He looked outside for it in vain. Finally he went back to the house.

"Got an old tin can around here?" he asked his wife.

"What do you want of a tin can?" she demanded, eying him suspiciously.

He hesitated.

"That there ax needs edging up and I've got to have something that holds water for the grindstun," he explained. "It ain't no wonder Joe hates to chop wood, and he won't never use the bucksaw. I never could see why a woman won't use chips once in a while, anyway. It would be a saving."

"Stove wood is the one thing you men are saving of," said Mrs. Hoagland. "Here's your can."

He took it and went back to the barn, stopping on his way to pick up the ax, which he set down just inside the barn door. Then he took up a spading fork and tossed it and the can through the opening for the stable litter, squeezing himself through the narrow opening after them with some difficulty.

Evening came, and with the fast descending sun came Joe, weary with the day's toil, to be astounded by the spectacle of Mrs. Hoagland sitting in a rocking-chair on the porch—not idly, for she had her darning basket beside her and her hands were occupied; but otherwise she had a certain air of leisure. Altogether out of the common, this was!

"Where's Lafe?" Joe inquired, round-eyed.

"Didn't he come in with you?"

"No'm, he was starting to fix some harness when I left right after noon and I ain't seen him sence. He ain't been out to the field.

"Then he didn't take a notion to fix the fence. Did you hear anything that sounded like blasting stumps? No? Well, he couldn't have gone over to Schultz's with the calves, because the wagon's here and Kit and Bess are in the barn. Seems kind of curious, don't it?" Instead of speaking in a serious tone, the woman absolutely giggled.

"You might as well chop me a little wood if you'd just as soon, Joe," she said, the smile still on her face. "I can't start supper without wood, can I?"

Supper not started! And old Blossom's bell even now clanking in the pasture as she led the milky mothers of the herd to the bars! More mystery!

"If he thinks I'm going to help him with the milking, he's mistaken," said Mrs. Hoagland.

The wood attended to, Joe went down to the pasture bars, let the cows in and stanchioned them in their shed; then he went back to the porch.

"I hope Lafe ain't took with a dizzy spell somewheres," he said uneasily. "If you've got any idee where he might be, I'll go look for him before it gets too dark."

He felt resentful of Mrs. Hoagland's callous calm. Old Lafe was a mighty good man, and if he had been sort of grouchy for the last few days Joe held no grudge, knowing that he was a sick man. He repeated this latter conclusion aloud.

"He's a sick man."

"I know it," said Mrs. Hoagland coolly. "I've seen the sintoms coming on for a week. It's got to run its course."

"What has?" Joe demanded.

"It's what you might call a hardy annual," she replied. "Fever. It's getting too dark to work." She stuck her needle in a square of red flannel and put the sock she had been darning back into the basket. "All you can do is just humor him and let on that you don't notice nothing," she said.

"But where is he?" Joe persisted.

"He's a-coming now," said Mrs. Hoagland.

He came—came with such a light, quick step and such a buoyancy of bearing that it was hard to recognize the sluggish, torpid Lafe Hoagland of the past week. He came grinning with triumph and emitted a triumphant, "Yip!" as he recklessly threw on the clean porch something that shuddered and gleamed and began, intermittently, to flap on the boards.

"How's that for a string? And, by gosh, they was just a-beginning to bite when I come away! Look at this'n, Phœbe! A pound and over, if he's an ounce, and there was one half as big again that I come within one of landing!" He laughed exultingly. "What do you think of that, Joe?"

Mrs. Hoagland cut short the rhapsody.

"Never you mind what Joe thinks," she said. "You take them right straight off my porch, and if you want me to cook 'em for supper you can hurry and clean 'em—at the woodpile, mind! And hurry! You got your milking to do too. Fine doings, if you ask me what I think!"

"You bet I'll hurry!" Lafe crowed. "Have 'em ready for you in two shakes of a lamb's tail—won't us, Joe? And I'll have the milking done afore you get 'em fried. Gimme a pan, gal. Get you a knife, Joe."

"Wasting a whole afternoon!" Mrs. Hoagland ejaculated scornfully as she gave him his pan. But she laughed to herself as she bustled about the kitchen and once or twice stopped her work entirely for a moment or two to listen to her husband's voice, happily excited, as he and Joe cleaned the fish. Mighty pleasant and handsome she looked, standing there with her white, even teeth showing in a smile.

"It wouldn't do him nothing like the good if he had any idee I wanted him to stop work," she murmured. "Well, I guess he's cured now. He'll be setting up and taking nourishment, anyway. Ain't a man curious?"

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What is your opinion of the stand I have taken to make only clean pictures — ***the kind the whole family can see?*** Don't you think that much of the pleasure parents derive from the motion-picture theatre lies in taking their children with them? And don't you think the age is swift enough without hurrying things along on the screen?

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President

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1600 Broadway, New York City

THE MAKING OF A STOCKBROKER

(Continued from Page 23)

does an enormous business for other brokers and for individual customers. His voice and his manner told me plainly that he did not agree with me.

"Don't you?" I asked him.

"No. Educating pulpit orators or editorial writers or balloonatic demagogues isn't enough. There remain the customers to be educated. I am not throwing bouquets at myself or at my honored guild, but you all know, because we've all been through the same experience, that we have no end of customers who are such chumps that they can't protect themselves and, what is worse, that won't let us protect them. If you will protect me from the d. f. customer I will take my chances gladly with the muckraking clergyman or the hot-air man in the Senate or the penniless mentor on the editorial page.

"And I ask you, as one Christian gentleman to another, what can a reputable commission broker do about this same persistent d. f. customer? We can't very well exclude a man from our office just because he has not brains enough to realize that you can't get something for nothing or that stock trading isn't a game of chance. We all have customers—lots of them—that, much as we need commissions, we'd rather not have. I am told that the better periodicals won't accept certain advertisements if they don't think the advertiser will benefit by his advertising, on the theory that it hurts the publication to have such a client going around saying that it doesn't pay to advertise in such a magazine, as he has found out after spending fifty thousand dollars in vain. Well, we don't or can't do that, because, after all, we can't guarantee profits to anyone. We are all trying to sell service to our customers, but the public doesn't believe it because our customers won't let it. To the normal hazards of the business they cheerfully add the further handicaps of ill-timed obstinacy and an ignorance so profound and withal so complacent that it is hopeless to dream of ever dispelling it. Such men are bound to lose, and as all they can lose is money, we never hear the end of it. After all, it is only human for them to blame others for their failures.

"I don't mean that we brokers are infallible or that I myself am uniformly right on the market. But after all, I have given a great deal of thought to my business for many years and I go wrong because no business man can be right always, whether he is a stockbroker or a jobber in women's shoes or a manufacturer of men's clothing or an importer of toys. But we at least study and think and try to profit by experience or the lessons of the past, and no human being can do more in any business. But our customers? Wow!"

A Refractory Customer

"I," said a classmate of mine, who is one of my most aggressive competitors, "am absolutely certain that I have the finest aggregation of that kind of customer in the world."

Bedloe smiled pityingly. Then he spoke gently.

"You are not a real broker. You are a banker—promoter—merchant. Now we have a lot of branch offices all over the country and our trade is so typical that I successfully defy competition. I have an old friend who nevertheless is also an old customer. He is a highly successful hat merchant. From humble beginnings he has built up a mighty good retail business. He has the largest store in his town, which is a pretty large city within a hundred miles of Grand Central Station. He is, I may say, a first-class business man, extremely well informed in his own specialty, resourceful, aggressive, clear-headed. In short, that rare combination of thinker, fighter and born money-maker.

"As soon as he was making more money than he needed for his business he opened an account with us. I had known him for years and I used to advise him about his investments. He always listened to my reasons for my recommending this bond or that preferred stock, but when it came to speculative trading he let me severely alone. I didn't discover until a long time afterward that the reason for his studious avoidance of me was his fear that I might discourage him from his ventures. I was good enough for bonds and such things, but when it came to the live ones I was hopelessly old-fashioned, a self-appointed father, eager to scold the poor boy for wanting to have a good time and incidentally pick up pocket money.

"You know the type—the kind that cannot see that experience counts for anything in the stock market, and to prove it, argues that if the broker was so wise, would he be giving advice to customers or taking it himself? Of course brokers may know some securities—the investment kind that you keep whether they go up or down. That was his type. Our men in the customers' room, knowing him to be an old personal friend and, moreover, well-to-do and successful in his own business, did not venture to discourage him in some of his foolish plays. They remonstrated at times and contented themselves with absolving themselves in advance from all blame in the loss-to-be. You know that some of the most foolish of plays are money-makers at times, and the lot of a conscientious customers' man is not a happy one."

A Matter of Price-Cutting

"Well, one day my friend the hat man paid me the unusual honor of coming into my private office. I thought that he had come to give me an investment order, but one look at his face convinced me of my error. He looked so worried that I didn't waste precious time on polite preambles but asked him point-blank in my most fraternal voice: 'What's the trouble, Jim?'

"'Oh, nothing,' he said. Then he confessed, 'I've got some Consolidated Ore.' It had been weak.

"'And you're sorry you've got it?' I am not always epigrammatic.

"'Yes; I am,' he acknowledged.

"'Then get out,' I told him.

"'But I've got a loss on it,' he objected.

"'All the more reason,' I said, and handed him a pad of pink selling-order slips. 'That's the only thing to do. You remember the old story of the chap who told a friend he was carrying so much cotton that he couldn't sleep, and the friend advised him to sell down to the sleeping point. You know I've been bearish for some time. It still looks to me like lower prices all round, so you might just as well get out and stop worrying. You ought to have gotten out long ago, when they declared that extra dividend.'

"'Well, I had a profit, and the market went off right after it. I didn't like to see it get away from me.'

"'Well, you then had a profit and you now have a loss—two excellent reasons why you should sell out at once.'

"He didn't look as if he intended to take my advice, so I said, 'What do you want to do—wait until you have to take a still larger loss?'

"'Oh, heck! I don't have to do that. If the price goes any lower I'll just take up the stock. I don't have to sell.' And he glared at me.

"'You don't, eh?' I said. 'Let me ask you something, Jim. You are a pretty good hat man. There was no lucky accident and no guesswork about your success. There couldn't be or your progress wouldn't have been continuous during the twenty years or so that you've been at it. Is that right?'

"'Well? Well?' he said impatiently.

"'That's your answer,' I said.

"'What's that to do with Consolidated Ore?' he asked, peeved-like.

"'Everything,' I said. 'I'm making plain that you are an exceptionally able business man in your line. I merely would direct your attention to the fact that you know what you are doing six days a week in your hat store.'

"'What of it?' I could see that Jim was half puzzled but rather expected a whack because of the nice verbal preliminaries.

"'Well, suppose I opened a fine hat store across the street from yours, and the first thing I did was to announce that my goods were exactly the same as yours as to make and quality, but were one dollar a hat less than yours—what would you do? This is no catch question. Answer it seriously, as a business man. What would you do if I did that?'

"'I'd cut the hide off you,' answered Jim unhesitatingly.

"'That is because you are a good business man and know your own line and your own trade thoroughly. And here you are, the same man, letting a lot of fellows carrying the same line of goods that you do—Consolidated Ore—cut prices under you, and you do nothing. They are filling the buying orders while you think it's good business to let your goods stay on your shelves until they go out of fashion so that you will have to sell them for whatever they'll fetch when nobody wants them. Fine business, isn't it—letting your competitors do all the selling just because you don't want to lose a few cents a hat?'

"'Oh, hell! This is different!' he declared. 'I can take up this stock and put it in my box with my other securities and ——'

"'You've said enough, Jim. I give up.'

"After he left me I sat there thinking about his case, which was really typical of his kind, until it occurred to me it might be interesting to look over the accounts of our customers over a number of years. I did so, and I discovered that in nearly every instance the losers had done some perfectly asinine thing—and most of them were men who had made money in their own lines. They, too, must have thought that trading in stocks was different from all other business and therefore it wasn't necessary to apply ordinary business rules or plain common sense to their operations in our office. They either will not listen to advice or if they take it they wait until it is too late to do much good in the way of restricting the losses. And then the tales of woe."

"What do you do now? Let them alone?" asked one of the crowd.

"Well, I can't keep track of every transaction, but I have made it a point to try to get them to think of a few general principles. I give them the rules adopted by a man who is the most successful trader we ever had. This chap used to say that he always kept in mind his three rules, to wit:

"'I never take a loss after I have seen a profit. That is, I get out before all the profit is wiped out, no matter how slight the profit might have been. If the profit should be so small that when the reaction comes I have a loss before I can possibly stop it, I take as small a loss as possible. But I get out. No loss after having had a profit.

"'I never think more of my opinion than of my pocketbook.

"'I always remember the meaning of the word quantity. It keeps me from overtrading.'

"Those were his rules. He was one customer in a thousand. But the average? The Lord deliver me!"

Following the Crowd

"Right!" said Winfield—you know his firm of Winfield & Wiggins. "But your Jim was an intellectual giant alongside of my pet specimen of customer. You bet I'm never in doubt as to who constitutes Wall Street's chief victims. It's the commission brokers. What kind of business is a business in which you only make money during active bull markets—that is to say, a great deal less than one-third the time? And as for customers that insist on not making money, or persist in grossly swelling the sum total of human ignorance, let me tell you about my hero. Remember last Wednesday when the market was so weak? That was the day. It was perfectly proper for the market to be weak. It was a seasonal weakness and there were sundry additional and specific reasons, as well as the usual official excuse or explanation for public consumption, the reason that is given by the conductors of the Wall Street gossip columns in the papers or by one of those chaps that have to have a set of answers for all the unasked questions in the world. This time the official explanation was the menace of a third-party ticket which would greatly endanger Mr. Coolidge's chances of success next fall. This third-ticket talk was printed by the news tickers and served its purpose for nearly fifteen minutes.

"Pretty soon the market began to rally. It was not surprising after three days of declines. The professionals had oversold it and their covering put up prices a point or so.

"Pretty soon after the rally began the considerate news tickers began to print the report from Washington that Senator La Follette was ill with pneumonia. A couple of customers were standing near by. They are pretty successful merchants and

(Continued on Page 46)

Is this Girl Smarter than a million men?

How She Solved the Problem

"I am a stenographer and work in a city 12 miles from where I live. We have an interurban railroad but it is 2 miles from my home, and the train schedule does not fit in with my office hours, so I decided to buy a Chevrolet touring car. I had saved enough money to pay one-third of the purchase price. The balance was to be paid in monthly installments of $39 each

"My salary is rather small because I am only seventeen and am holding my first position in the business world. Before deciding to buy a car, I secured four regular passengers from my own town, who did not like the train schedule any better than I did and were therefore very glad to become my passengers. From each of these four people I receive $2 a week, which totals over $32 a month, besides saving my own fare of $9 a month

"The actual running expense of the car, so far has averaged between $12 and $14 a month ... that I have a nice surplus left to apply on my monthly payments, and I hope to have the car paid for in less time than I expected

"When it is paid for, I feel sure that my income from passengers will more than pay my running expenses, and whatever repairs are needed for a year or two at least.

"I have had my car four months and it has given complete satisfaction in every way. I do not hesitate to recommend it to anyone who desires economy as well as comfort in a car

"The reason I bought a Chevrolet was because about one-half of the car owners in the little community where I live own Chevrolets, and speak very highly of them, both as to comfort and economy. This was recommendation enough for me."

GEORGIA M. W. GREENE,
Murray, Utah

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

If a seventeen-year-old girl successfully solves one of the oldest problems in the world, while a million or more men, faced with the same problem, appear unable to solve it, does she not prove she is smarter than they are?

Ever since time began the TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM has faced man at every stage of the progress of civilization, and still remains the problem he must solve to amount to much in this world.

Please note that this smart young American girl realized the need of an automobile. Just starting out to earn her living in business, she lacked the cash to pay in full for a Chevrolet and could not spare enough from her salary to meet the time payments. Did she give up the idea, as a million or more able-bodied men appear to have done? No! She was determined to own a Chevrolet—and a determined woman usually finds some way to get what she wants.

Her Chevrolet will really cost her nothing

Chevrolets average at least six years of economical utility. Without it she would have to pay transportation charges of some kind for these six years of about 1,800 working days, and have no ownership of a transportation medium for her use evenings, Sundays, and holidays.

If other workday transportation would cost $9 a month, she would pay $648 in the six years and so would each of the four passengers she now carries. All five would pay $3,240

She proposes to make that $3,240 provide her with delightful transportation, buy the Chevrolet and pay for its maintenance, having in addition a modern means for recreation for her family and friends

You million or more men who "can't afford a Chevrolet"—what do you say? Is Georgia Greene smarter than you?

Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan

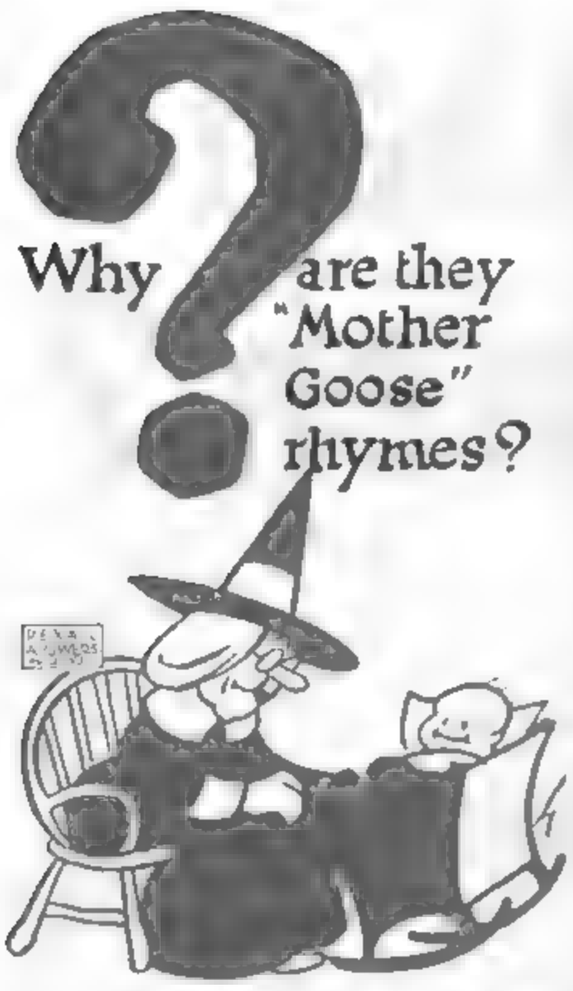
Division of General Motors Corporation

Prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

Superior Roadster	$495
Superior Touring	510
Superior Touring DeLuxe	640
Superior Utility Coupe	610
Superior 4-Passenger Coupe	725
Superior Sedan	765
Superior Commercial Chassis	410
Utility Express Truck Chassis	550

Fisher Bodies on all Closed Models

In Canada—Chevrolet Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Oshawa, Ont.



—because they were composed by Mrs. Isaac Goose and sung to her grandchildren. "Mother" Goose lived in Massachusetts and died in 1757 at the age of 92. If mothers would freely use these

Puretest Baby Comforts

they would not have to spend so much of the summer, singing and rocking fretful, feverish infants to sleep.

PURETEST GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES (Infant)—Guaranteed to contain pure glycerin and to melt at body temperature.

PURETEST ZINC STEARATE—A moisture-shedding powder, better than talcum to prevent scalding and chafing

PURETEST SUGAR OF MILK—Specially made for the preparation of "modified milk" for babies.

PURETEST CASTOR OIL—The castor oil that is really easy to take. Yearly sales of millions of bottles prove its worth.

PURETEST BORIC ACID—A mild antiseptic for cleansing and healing sores, cuts and irritated skin.

Five of the 200 Puretest preparations for health and hygiene. Every item the best that skill and conscience can produce.

SOLD AT 10,000

Rexall Drug Stores

There is one in your town.

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(Continued from Page 44)

quite canny investors, but they also have sporting proclivities and like little flyers in stocks. Both are clever chaps who never commit any of the capital crimes. For instance, they never overtrade and they are not ravenous tip swallowers, but, for all that, they lose quite as often as the others. Their practice is not sound because their motive for their trades is not sound.

"When they read about the Wisconsin senator's illness one of them said, 'Oh! that's the reason for the rally, eh?'

"'Is it?' said the other.

"'Sure thing! It's bull news all right,' answered the first, and with that he scribbled a buying order. The other thereupon followed suit. It was the proper thing to do, buy 'em on bull news. They had been short, I learned, because that was the fashionable thing to do at the moment. Their buying now was covering. Again, the fashion.

"There was another customer who is one of the biggest clothing manufacturers in the East. He has a weakness for easy money. Perhaps he worked so hard in his youth to make a few cents that unearned dollars looked particularly good to him. The fact that he is rated as a millionaire does not interfere with his desire to pick up easy money in Wall Street.

"He has accounts in various offices, I understand. The reason for spreading his business is that he doesn't go by what the brokers say, but by what the customers do. That is, he makes his chief office for the time being that office where he finds good traders among the customers, for he says he makes money if he follows the talent, the men who risk their money because they see a profit ahead or because they are clever guessers or read the tape correctly. It's all one to him why the winning customer wins. His job is to follow suit. The brokers, he says, are crape hangers. It speaks well for our craft. He might have fallen into the clutches of one of those commission-grabbing managers of an uptown office who do so much to give us a bad name.

"Well, this clothing merchant saw the two wise guys by the news ticker buying stocks. He was so impressed by their confident air that he also gave in some buying orders. After he had done so he walked over to the ticker to read the news—that is, to find out what reason he had had for risking his money. Think of it—a good business man! Well, he read a couple of feet of ticker paper and still didn't find out why he had bought stocks. He gave up his search and asked one of the wise ones: 'What's the news?'"

A Typical Chart Fan

"What he really should have asked was—What do you think is putting them up?

"'Oh, La Follette's got pneumonia,' answered the brand-new bull.

"'Oh, yeah? Who's he?'

"'Senator La Follette? He's United States senator from Wisconsin.'

"'Oh, yeah! I've heard of him. You think that's bullish?'

"But the other man didn't answer him. The rally seemed to have run its course, for the time being at any rate, and he was already thinking of putting out a fresh short line and finding a reason for it later, after the deed. And yet, everybody blames the brokers."

But Bedloe was determined to fight for supremacy. He spoke again.

"Can you stand another? Then let me tell you about a chap who has been a customer of ours since 1896. Then he wanted to sell everything—at the bottom, of course. He was a tailor on Fifth Avenue and had a good business until the Bryan scare made his customers think of overalls. He traded off and on, but we kept him within bounds. During the Flower boom he made a good deal of money. That sad fact and the additional disadvantage of having a well-organized business and the best cutter in New York enabled him to make our office his headquarters from one to three every day excepting Sundays and holidays. He had his ups and downs, but I am glad to say I succeeded in getting him to salt down his profits in good stocks when things were going his way. For instance, he owned one thousand Atchison that averaged him about thirty-eight dollars a share, five hundred Peoples Gas that he bought on a tip from Governor Flower and kept because he thought it was loyal to the governor to do so, that cost him under 50. He had some Steel preferred that stood him in, I think, 65 or 70. All in all, he was a good example of a lucky trader because he was on velvet in a general way. His later speculative losses I made him charge off to diversion-account. I don't know just when he developed his hobby. Just as some men go in for golfing or sailing, this chap—Storrs was his name—took to the chart. He met somebody or other who initiated him into the mysteries of curves, and from then on he was as happy as one of those fans who put in their Sundays filling in those crossword puzzles while the rest of the family are having a good time discussing bootleggers or the United States Senate, and the prevalence of holdups by bobbed-haired ones at home and in the tobacco shops.

"Well, gentlemen, that chart, which for several years entailed a loss of from three to five thousand dollars a year to Mr. Storrs in his trading, in the end was the saving of him. It actually made him stop losing money. The way the chart did that much for Storrs was like this: One day he made the acquaintance of another of our customers—a new man by the name of Bert Hicks. They were polite to each other and no more; but once Storrs, in talking about the market's trend, stated with the annihilating assurance of a confirmed chart reader that said trend was unmistakably upward, for all that the market at that particular moment was quite weak."

When Chart Met Chart

"The customers who heard him laughed derisively and made remarks. But Storrs, in order to squelch them into speechlessness, simply said, 'The chart says so; and you know the chart doesn't lie.'

"'It can't lie!' corrected Mr. Hicks, so sternly that Storrs beamed on him, and said, 'That's better. It can't. I tell these birds here that every day, but no use. They go on trading in their unscientific way, taking tips and anonymous advice. Haphazard penny-pitching is what they want, or else empirical stock speculation. But I am for the chart every time. And why? Because mathematics don't lie.'

"'They can't,' said Hicks, so cordially that Storrs congratulated him on the possession of brains by shaking hands with him.

"'No, sir,' said Hicks, 'there they are. Official figures; no hearsay; no ax to grind; no stocks to unload on suckers; no manipulation to pick up cheap stock. Figures, cold-blooded and exact to three decimal places. That is why, no matter what the market may do at a given moment on a given day, the only way to tell the real trend of the market is by reading the chart.'

"'You're damned right,' said Storrs, and took Hicks out to lunch.

"I suspect they chewed the rag at the luncheon table, and they were still at it when they returned to the office. The moment they were back they looked at the quotation board and promptly began to compare notes. They were not thinking of trading. They had higher aims than mere money-making.

"It seems their charts were different. I heard Hicks say, 'But I've carried it out to five decimal places.'

"And old Storrs, patient with his younger brother, said, 'The figuring is accurate, all right, but the principle is wrong, Hicks. Look here ——' And he was off.

"You know how fanatical these chart fiends get to be. It ceases to be a guide to trading and becomes a hobby to ride, like the radio fan who is less concerned with what he hears than with the distance from which it comes. The dips and peaks and curves become personal matters to these chaps, who forget that they are supposed to heed the prognosis traced in the chart for their guidance.

"That was some years ago. But since that day Storrs has not lost much money in the market, and Hicks has been just as fortunate. The reason is that these two spend most of their time keeping their charts up to date in order to compare them, for they are exponents of two different schools. Only when both agree to the dot do they trade; they can't very well sidestep that thunderous command from the only tipster that never lies. I've often thought of advising some of our customers to become chart addicts.

"There was another fellow in our office who persistently played grudges. He was a temperamental chap and took violent dislikes to stocks and sold them short. He didn't like the tape abbreviation, or else the name of the president began with a G, or things like that. He developed a positive hatred for Consolidated Electric. I never could find out the reason, but I suspect it was because we had become very bullish on the stock and put our customers into it just before it had its big rise. They were all long of it and you know how they'll talk when things are going their way. That chorus of praise must have soured the grudge-player, and made him sell one hundred shares short. When I told him what I knew about the company's enormous and increasing earnings and the trade reports, he said 'Oh, yes!' and sold another hundred. I had to stop bulling it in his hearing for fear he'd increase his short line.

"The price kept going up almost without reactions, and the grudge-player calmly furnished additional margin. I spoke to him again—none of the others dared—and he rebuffed me, and not too politely, at that. He told me that he proposed to cover when he should have a profit of twenty points, and not a minute earlier, and he'd thank me not to annoy him with asinine bull guff. I told him I hoped his honored health would remain good until the day he figured on living to see. I told him also that I recalled hearing the late Norman B. Ream tell a man in Chicago once that he had sold a couple million bushels of wheat short for investment, but that I had never heard of investment short selling of a stock that was earning 18 per cent and only paying 7 per cent in dividends. He remarked that he was glad I had acquired one more fact to add to my collection of financial phenomena, and went away. The very next day the price jumped eight points and he sent a check for additional margin without waiting for us to ask him for one. He has done this several times since then. The company declared a stock dividend and he had to buy stock to pay it with. As for the cash dividends, he has had to pay them regularly. Fortunately for him, he has a lucrative business in some kind of machinery that is in great demand.

"Well, that genius is still short of that stock. It is a certainty that he inveighs against the electrical industry, the governors of the New York Stock Exchange and banking cliques. I seldom see him because he shows up only when his stock is weak. Then he gloats over the fact that his pet aversion instead of showing him a loss of 175 points shows only 169½ against him—and it is only beginning to go down. The moment the market rallies he stops coming. As for the commissions we get from his business, all I can say is that with the exception of the odd lot of Consolidated Electric he bought when he had to pay the stock dividend, he hasn't traded at all since he sold short his two hundred Consolidated Electric. What do you think of that?"

Customer Number One

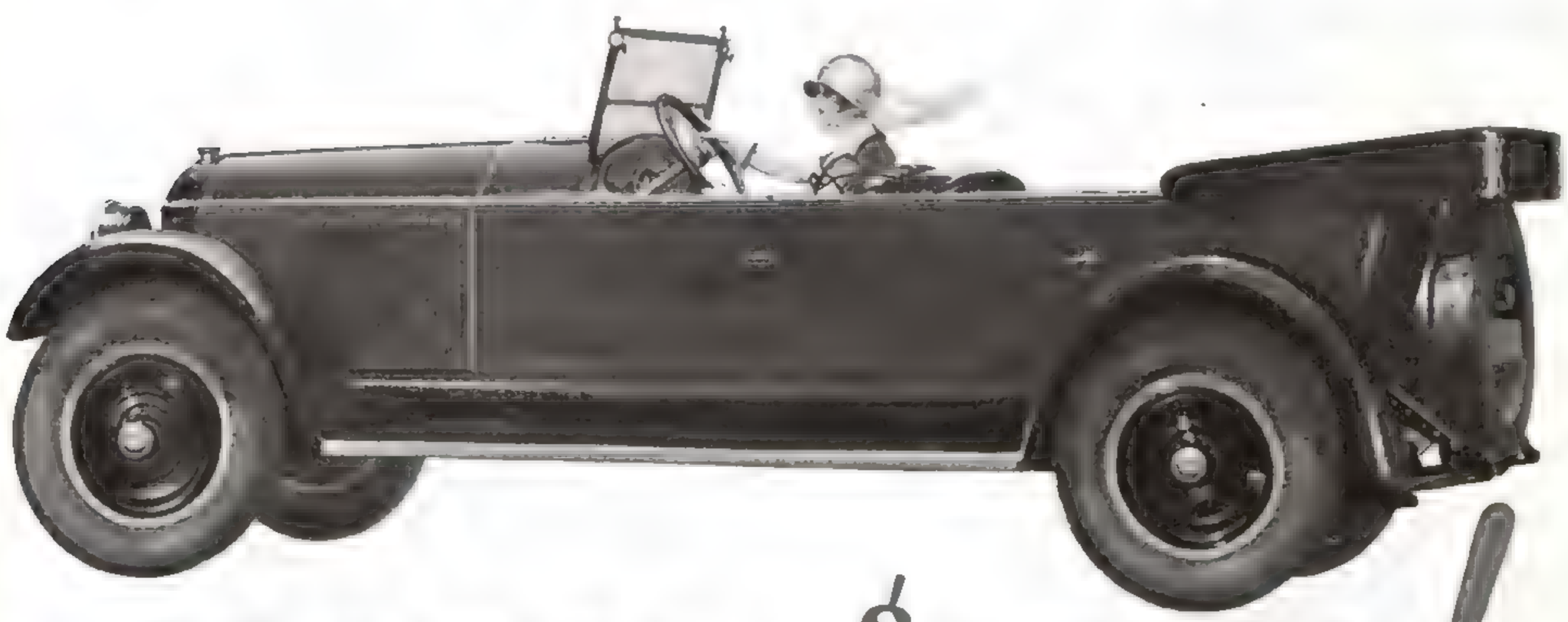
I have digressed because in speaking of customers I happened to think of the stories told at the luncheon a few days ago. It gives you an idea of one of our trials. Going back to the beginnings of Bronson & Barnes, I can only give you what has been told me at one time or another by either of the partners or by some of the older employes.

They began in 1888 with one account, that of Mr. George Pendleton, which we still have. We are as proud of having Mr. Pendleton's account today as an Austrian count is of his ancestry. For four days he was the only customer the firm had and for nearly three weeks he was the only customer who was seen in the office, the other customers preferring to do their business by writing or through Mr. Bronson, to whom they gave their orders in person when he called at their offices.

From the first month Bronson & Barnes did better than break even. Colonel Bronson—I never quite knew when or how he acquired the title, but I think it was in the National Guard—was a hustler and one of the most wonderful mixers I ever saw. He always had had the knack of inspiring confidence in him and in his good will and ability. Mr. Barnes stresses the fact that Sam Bronson is the most thorough man in the entire United States. No matter how many competent persons, including famous experts and his own partners, passed on a business proposition, Colonel Bronson always sat down and went over every phase and detail of it until he had drawn his own conclusions from his own study. He is fond

(Continued on Page 48)

Think! The Fine, Big, Powerful Paige



~NOW $1795!

YOU *know* Paige as a car of finest quality. A well-built car—a product of precise workmanship—for enduring performance, comfort, appearance. Owners prove it every day. Last year's Paige was a value at its price of $2450. Now this $2450 Paige, improved throughout, sells for only $1795!

How exhilarating you'll find the fine car performance of this New Paige Phaeton! The big, smooth, silent 70 h. p. Paige motor delivers power to climb hills in high where others stall or shift. Power to pass most other cars on hills or on the straightaway. And so flexible! Glide quietly along at 2 miles an hour in high—then flash silently and smoothly ahead at top speed Rare the need for gear-shifting!

You'll thrill at your perfect mastery of the New Paige's great power. Easy, quiet gear-shifting. Change from high to second at 30 miles an hour with barely a sound. Ball-bearing steering-spindles give touch guidance. The remarkably gentle engagement of the Paige clutch eliminates jerking and stalling.

Such Riding Ease!

You'll travel in comfort over roads you shunned before—for, remember, the New Paige has 131-inch wheelbase, rear springs more than 5 feet long and snubbers, front and rear. You'll appreciate the ease these bring. There's ample roominess, too, in New Paige Phaetons, both 5 and 7-passenger models.

Your investment in your New Paige is well protected by fine engineering standards Power beyond need means a motor that's never overtaxed. Quality manufacturing methods are followed rigidly.

Only recently have Paiges been manufactured in a large quantity. Capacity is now 100 New Paiges a day. This increase reduces cost That's why the $2450 Paige can now be sold for only $1795 with balloon tires and disc wheels at slight extra cost. Think of it! A big, comfortable, quality car—at the price of an ordinary, smaller car!

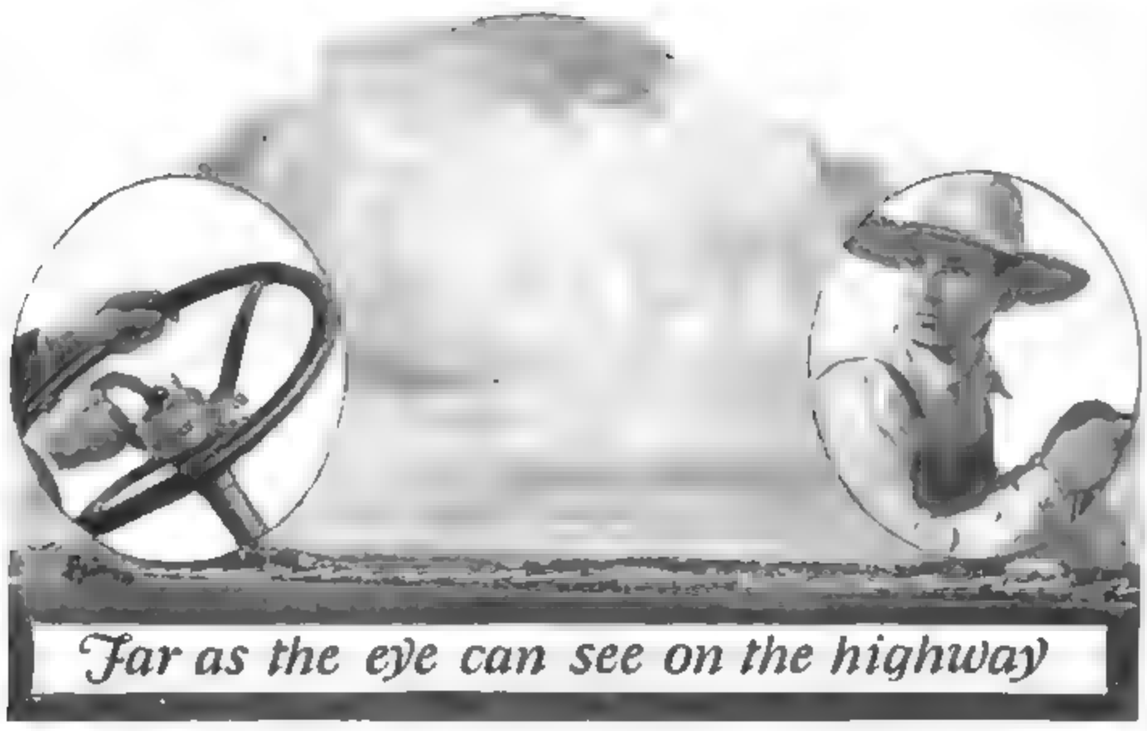
Drive this smart New Paige Phaeton. Test its comfort, appearance, performance. Call the local Paige dealer for a demonstration. [541]

STANDARD MODELS
5-Passenger Phaeton $1795
7-Passenger Phaeton $1850
5-Passenger Brougham $2175
Prices at Detroit Tax Extra

PAIGE

DE LUXE MODELS
5 or 7-Passenger Phaeton $1995
7-Passenger Sedan $2770
7-Pass. Suburban Limousine $2895
Prices at Detroit Tax Extra

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAR IN AMERICA



KLAXON'S Note "Carries On" —and Warns!

Complete Electric Motor

This cut-out view shows Klaxon's electric motor, encased in its weather-proof outer shell. Ball-bearing, self-lubricating, and made of the finest materials obtainable. The Klaxon Company originated the motor-driven horn—now recognized everywhere as the best—and its experience in this field eclipses that of any other manufacturer.

KLAXON-8, $4.95

Other Models:
KLAXON-12A, $10 00
KLAXON-21, $15 00

KLAXON warns in plenty of time! Its powerful, penetrating and unmistakable "saw-tooth" note *carries on*—far ahead of the speeding car!

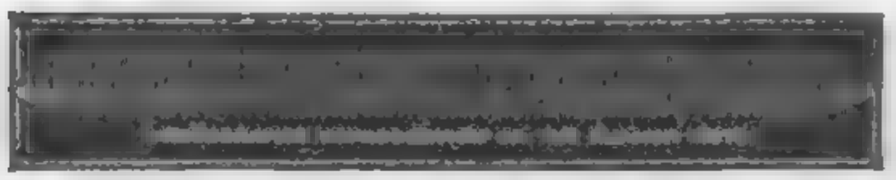
Lumbering teams a half-mile ahead—drivers approaching on side roads—motorists coming toward you around dangerous curves—all these *hear* Klaxon in plenty of time to act.

The Klaxon note is the most penetrating sound ever invented. It cuts through fog, rain or snow. It sounds around corners and over hills. It rises above the noises of heavy traffic. It is *always* heard and *always* obeyed.

Klaxon is the most dependable horn you can buy. Since 1908, Klaxons have been built of the highest quality materials, accurately made and rigidly tested. Don't delay—stop at your dealer's and get *your* Klaxon today.

Prices In Canada: K-8, $6 90; K-12A, $13.75; K-21, $21 50

KLAXON *quality is safety insurance*



Actual vibrations which make up the Klaxon tone The full even wave-lengths explain Klaxon's full even note, and give visible proof of superior quality of the tone produced

KLAXON

WORLD'S LARGEST PRODUCERS OF HORNS

(Continued from Page 46)

of saying that no matter how thorough a man is, if the deal goes wrong it is because the man wasn't thorough enough. He was indefatigable and he studied financial affairs and took care of the books and saw people and went after business and gave service and got customers and kept them.

Mr. Barnes, who had given up going to college because he preferred to help his father, developed into a first-class floor man. He is a quiet man but keenly observant and sure-footed, with truly remarkable arithmetical gifts. It wasn't long before he became known as one of the best brokers on the exchange. He had the sixth sense that a man needs to be a good broker that sure instinct of reading faces or eyes or whatever it is that makes some men guess to the dot what the other man is planning to do. It is invaluable to a broker, and I am inclined to think that really good brokers are born and not made. One of the ablest men I ever knew, a learned economist and a wonderful judge of values, a profound student of every phase of finance and, to boot, a man of almost lethargic leisureliness of movement and the possessor of a habitually impassive countenance when in his private office that should have been the best poker face on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, was a member there for less than a year. He had probably the best mind in the board room; certainly the best informed. Well, he had to give up his seat, transferred it to one of his young clerks—a boy with a common-school education who knew nothing about finances or securities—because the learned economist and shrewd judge of values couldn't go into a crowd to execute an order without showing it on his face which ceased to be impassive when inscrutability was needed. Why, the keen-eyed room traders got so that they could guess the size of his order within a hundred shares and the price limit within half a point. They used to cut the market from under him. In justice to his customers he left the floor and ever thereafter stayed in the office. There, his poker face returned to him, when it wasn't needed.

Well, Mr. Barnes was the opposite. He did the guessing about the others. They tried time and again to fool him. They went to a lot of trouble to put up jobs on him, but they never caught him. He had the curious intuition or psychic sense or mind-reading power or whatever you choose to call it that enabled him to know their real intentions. Of course there is at times something about executing orders on the Stock Exchange that reminds you of poker playing. There is bound to be a lot of guessing, and naturally all sorts of inducements are held out to the other fellow to guess wrong. Take the inevitable bluffing, for instance. If a man has an order to sell a block of stock at the market, which means at the best price that can in his judgment be obtained at the moment, he naturally does not wish that fact known.

The Rise of Pat Molloy

Now Mr. Barnes is a particularly straightforward man—extremely so—and also very intelligent. He has never bluffed and never will. If he had an important order to execute he was so anxious to do so properly that he couldn't help worrying about the execution, and he permitted himself the luxury of looking as he felt. Seeing the worried look the watching brokers wisely attributed it to his fear of being discovered; and they were ready for him. If he had a buying order he started to buy the stock, but they naturally thought that was a maneuver designed to throw them off the track, so they sold him all he wished to buy, thinking that when the real order was executed and he started to sell, they would cut the market from under him and they'd get back their stock at a profit. All they did was to enable him to buy the stock for less than if they had really called his bluff. The other brokers complained that they could never tell if he were bluffing or not. And he never told them that he never bluffed, so he was very successful as long as he was the firm's floor man.

I think I told you that when Bronson & Barnes began business they had but one employe—Patrick Molloy, chief office boy, head errand runner, general factotum and sole help. At the end of six months Pat was still the dean of the office force and its head, but the force had increased by two, who relieved Pat of some of his errand running and office boy work, so that Pat was able to help Colonel Bronson with the books. He had the same feeling for Bronson & Barnes that young Bob Barnes had for Barnes & Allison, the same devotion and the same wish to help with all his might.

He was not only industrious and ambitious but very bright and quick, and it was not long before another firm offered him a better position. The pay was greater, but more important than the increased salary was the fact that he would not have to work Saturday afternoons. It was a rich firm with an abundance of liberally paid help. At Bronson & Barnes' office he had to stay until late, and Pat was a red-hot baseball fan. If he accepted the other firm's offer he would be able to see his beloved nine play when they happened to be home. Nevertheless, the office boy refused the offer. His reason was that he liked his two bosses and he was sure they were square. He figured out that as the dean of the office force he was first in line for promotion and he thought two such men as Colonel Bronson and Mr. Barnes were bound to be unusually successful. Ten years later, when the firm had become one of the best known in Boston, young Pat Molloy was taken in as a partner. Today he is a millionaire, and a power in Boston in more ways than one.

They worked very hard, the two partners and their chief and only clerk and the two office boys. Colonel Bronson kept the books as well as got business, and Mr. Barnes executed the orders on the exchange and after the market closed helped Colonel Bronson with the books. Mr. Barnes told me once that he often used to feel grave misgivings about his business capacity and that though he admired his partner immensely he now and then had his doubts about the firm's success. All about them he saw other brokers who went home every afternoon shortly after the close of the market, particularly in summer, when they would play golf or motor or sail.

Getting the Business Established

"Sam," he said to Colonel Bronson, "I guess we are not very smart and I am getting to believe we might do better in some other line of business more suited to our capacity. Everybody else seems to have plenty of time to loaf, and you and I don't seem to be able to leave the office at four. The fault must be with our brains. Perhaps we were not intended to be stock-brokers."

"Well, Bob," said Colonel Bronson, seeing that his partner was more than half in earnest, "you come and talk to me ten years from now and I'll tell you then how stupid we were to stick to a business that kept us in the office so late every day."

Well, ten years later they were both comfortably off, and ten years after that they were millionaires, and ten years after that the name of the firm was known the country over. Their force of Pat and two lesser office boys had grown to nearly six hundred in their various offices and branches. In those days they were glad if their business did not fall below two hundred shares a day. Today Bronson & Barnes must do forty thousand shares a day to break even, so much has the cost of their doing business increased with the growth of their organization. In active markets the firm has done from one hundred and fifty thousand to one hundred and ninety thousand shares a day during entire weeks at a time. No golf and no sailing and no motoring of summer afternoons in the early 90's, and today a nation-wide business so organized that any partner could go away and play a year or two and no damage done.

Mr. Barnes, who since Colonel Bronson's retirement from active business has been my senior partner, has taught me much more than the brokerage business. He loves to recall the early days before I joined, and I love to hear him. He is a modest man and he dwells upon Colonel Bronson's abilities and upon the willingness of everybody in the office to work hard at all times. There is no mystery in his mind about the firm's success, and on the other hand the story of that same success is not the tale of one brilliant exploit after another.

One day he told me about the time he wondered whether it might not be better for them to go into a more lucrative business. He said, "A man who goes into a new business, Jack, is bound to have periods of doubt as to his eventual success. The doubt is usually about himself, whether he possesses

(Continued on Page 50)

DODGE BROTHERS
COMMERCIAL CAR

This Commercial Car has made an enviable name for itself in more than 400 different lines of business.

Merchants, in particular, find it an ideal vehicle for delivery service.

The original investment is moderate, the operating cost is low, repairs are seldom called for, and with reasonable care it serves its owners faithfully for years.

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
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Smooth out your roads with Bosch Shock Absorbers. Improve the riding comfort of your car and reduce your repair bills. The Bosch Shock Absorber is a proven scientific device which controls the car springs perfectly and is adjustable to any road condition or car weight. Built by the makers of the Bosch Magneto. Insist on Bosch—sent C.O.D. if your dealer can't supply you. Send name and year of car.

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SHOCK ABSORBER

(Continued from Page 48)

the right equipment for that particular job. The doubt becomes uncomfortably insistent when the profits are not what they ought to be, particularly when, try as he will, he cannot see exactly where he is not doing the right thing. Even after we were doing a good deal better than breaking even I used to wonder if it wouldn't be better for me to go into some other business, because when I considered how much capital was required in ours and how hard we both worked and the many worries that vexed us, it looked to me as if the financial rewards were inadequate. But I decided it was absurd to think of scrapping my real capital, which was my knowledge of a business which it had taken me ten busy years to acquire. To throw away that asset seemed unwise to me. But it took patience to keep on working so hard for such disproportionately little profit.

"Sam did not have any doubts. He saw more clearly because he has a clearer vision, and, moreover, he had in abundance what I lacked—and that was self-confidence. But however assured of our eventual success Sam Bronson may have felt, I really think that we were not headed the right way, because so long as I did not feel confident of the confidence of others in us I was not conscious of making progress in the direction of success, and without the sense of direction and the consciousness of progress the going is bound to prove difficult.

"What Sam could not do—give me that desirable feeling of confidence that he had—an ungracious subordinate of our principal bank did for me. The way it came about was simple—like all real crises in our lives.

"One of our best customers was Mr. William Smith, who was the president of the Northeastern and Atlantic Railroad. He had known my father while he was still a railroad man, and we not only had secured his account but we also acted for the railroad whenever they needed such services as our firm could render.

"Well, we were carrying a big block of Northeastern and Atlantic stock for old Mr. Smith and we were borrowing a half million of money from the bank we did the most business with. Mr. Smith had gone abroad, to Karlsbad, I think; but we had his instructions and we knew what to do. We were to hold on to that stock and buy more if it went below a certain price. You see, Mr. Smith had received an offer from a connecting road—I think they were willing to pay him 125 for his holdings, because that would give them the 51 per cent they needed to be in absolute control. Mr. Smith had refused because he would not sell his stock unless all the other stockholders had a chance to sell out at the same figure that he did. In those days the minority stockholder was of less importance than the corner bootblack so far as the management went, but Smith did not wish his friends to be left in the lurch. The railroad refused to include the minority holdings in the offer, and negotiations were suspended."

Weakness in N. & A.

"When the railroad made the offer to Mr. Smith the stock had been selling between 80 and 90 for years. It was conservatively managed and Smith, who was absolute czar of its destinies, always discouraged rampant speculation in the stock. Now, however, in order to make sure that the control by actual majority holdings did not pass from him, he ordered us to buy enough more stock to make his position impregnable. Our purchases had put up the price of the stock up to 110, I think, but still much below what Mr. Smith was offered for it.

"One day, when the market had developed some weakness, but nothing at all serious, we received a notice asking us to take up our loan. Sam naturally went over to the bank to explain that we did not wish that loan disturbed. Our margin was ample and there was no reason why we should be forced to seek accommodation elsewhere.

"The president of the bank was Mr. Wilson Howes, who was famous in Boston for his peppery temper. In business circles all over New England you always heard anecdotes about his irascibility, and personal interviews with him were avoided by borrowers. For that reason neither Sam nor I had ever talked business with him personally. We, or rather Sam, always dealt with a man named Millard, a subordinate officer of the bank. You know the type, the kind that, clothed with a little brief authority, so behaves as to make everyone within hearing marvel at the man's continued existence.

"Well, this man Millard told Sam he wanted the loan paid off. Sam asked him why, and was informed that in Mr. Millard's opinion the stock was selling at an artificially established price that was much too high for safety, and that he had heard that we had put it up there in furtherance of a highly speculative operation by a clique in our office. Where he got his information the Lord knows, but he was cocksure about it.

"Sam did not get angry over being read a lecture by that Millard person. He denied the accusations and said that the price was not too high and that, moreover, the bank was amply protected, as we were margined down to a level which the stock was not likely to reach. We had as a matter of fact given the bank more collateral than was customary because we did not wish the loan disturbed. Of course Sam couldn't tell Millard that Mr. Smith had an offer for his holdings from one of the richest railroads in the country, over 15 points above the prevailing quotations.

"Sam is a pretty persuasive chap and he convinced Millard that somebody who wanted to pick up some cheap stock had tried to make Mr. Millard an unconscious accomplice by means of deliberate lies about ourselves and our customers, and Millard in the end agreed not only not to call the loan then but not to call it at all, unless something unusual happened, in which event he would give us ample time in which to seek accommodation with some other bank. So Sam went back to the office feeling more comfortable."

Forced Into a Corner

"The next afternoon just about a half hour before the clearing time we got a peremptory notice from Millard to take up that loan at once. If we didn't he'd sell us out.

"That was a bombshell. We were not one of the old established firms and our capital was not exactly colossal. In those days it wasn't so easy in Boston to borrow half a million at one fell swoop from a bank. Usually we would have to borrow it in lots of fifty or one hundred thousand dollars from several banks.

"I was quite perturbed when I heard the news, because I couldn't see how or where we could raise the money in the half hour we had to do it in. I couldn't help Sam because I had to stay on the floor. Somebody appeared to have an inkling of impending trouble, for the stock began to be offered for sale more freely than in some weeks and I couldn't go away, but stayed on and bought on a scale in accordance with Mr. Smith's instructions. But I tell you my doubts as to the wisdom of our continuing in the brokerage business returned, reenforced by the fresh vexations.

"But Sam was angry clear through. I don't think I ever saw him really angry excepting on that one occasion. After Millard's promise, to do such a thing at the last minute was too raw for him to swallow meekly. So he went out and did the tallest hustling he ever did in his life and borrowed the money we needed in driblets from other banks. Just before we sent over to Millard's bank to take up our loan we received a tip—I don't remember now from whom or how it came to us—to ignore Millard and see Wilson Howes, the crusty old president himself. But Sam said Wilson Howes and Millard and the bank could all go to the devil before he'd do business with people that were guilty of such a thing as Millard had done. So we paid off the loan, aided by the willingness of a half dozen other banks to help us.

"I firmly believe, Jack, that one thing did more to make us a successful brokerage firm than anything else I can think of. For one thing, it gave us confidence in our ability to handle a problem that at first thought seemed utterly beyond our power to solve. Then, the banks knew all about it and so did other brokerage houses, and after that everybody was willing to trust us to make good on our obligations at any and all times. We established our credit firmly. We had, after that, what we had never been sure that we had.

"It's always that way, Jack. The obstacle looms so big that it is apt to frighten or discourage you. But you shouldn't let it. By the way, a few days later Sam ran

Continued on Page 52

Leading tire makers and car builders recommend that Gabriel Snubbers be used on all balloon-equipped cars.

Balloon tires, because of their greater resiliency, produce a softer and smoother riding quality on small bumps, which are absorbed by the tire.

But on larger bumps, this added resiliency causes more up-throw, which must be controlled if full comfort is to be had.

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A few minutes time spent in putting on his WEED CHAINS would have saved him weeks of suffering

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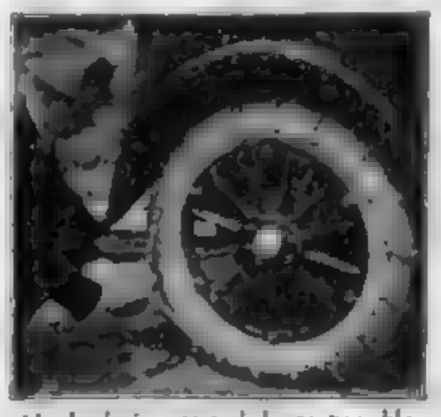
Wet pavement—a sharp turn—a wicked skid—unyielding curb — splintered glass — twisted, broken wheels, a badly injured driver — gathering crowds—clanging ambulance and the doctor's verdict.

There is your picture of an accident that WEED CHAINS would have prevented.

Thousands of such accidents occur daily. A few minutes spent in putting on your WEED CHAINS may mean the difference between life and death to you—and others too.

Lay chains over wheel with hooks toward rear, and tuck slack under front part of wheel.

Start car forward just enough to run over slack ends.



Hook chains as tightly as possible by hand.

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DISTRICT SALES OFFICES

Boston New York San Francisco Philadelphia Chicago Pittsburgh

World's largest manufacturers of Welded and Weldless Chains for all purposes

(Continued from Page 50)

across old Wilson Howes, the irascible president of the institution of which Millard was a detested employe.

"'What's that I heard about that loan of yours?' he asked Sam, looking as though Sam had just picked his pocket.

"Sam was still smarting under the rank unfairness of it, and he talked to old Wilson Howes like a Dutch uncle. He had made up his mind he would never do business again with that bank. But instead of getting angrier, old Howes maintained his grouch at the normal point.

"'Serves you damn right, Bronson,' he said. 'Why didn't you come to me? You should have known I wouldn't countenance such doings. Certainly not; bad business! But I can't abide such imbecility as yours, not to take the matter up with me. Bad business! Hope you've learned your lesson, Bronson. If you haven't, get out of business, and stay out. Understand? Understand?' He walked away, shaking his head irritably before Sam could tell him there wasn't going to be any next time. It is just as well he didn't because not long after that Sam went to see him about a time loan, and old Howes was as nice as pie to him. In due time we became rather large stockholders of that bank and Sam is now one of the directors.

"And the lesson we learned from Millard—we were young enough to make plenty of mistakes and old enough not to be ashamed to learn them—was that it is unwise to do business with a subordinate who has the swelled head. The thing to do in that case is to go to the highest in authority. You may not be aware of it, but one of the things I have always looked for carefully has been signs of an expanding cranium among our own boys. I like to see them ambitious and efficient, but they must stop this side of the imperial purple. With the best intentions in the world a youngster with the swelled head can do a lot of damage."

Some Costly Blunders

A wise and good man, my senior partner. He was much more than a broker on the floor and he looked ahead much further than you would imagine, to hear him talk of his early struggle. The first money he was able to lay by he devoted to education. He spent it in travel. He went West to study his own country, to know what the railroads represented so that he would get a truer view of their value and of their possibilities. He did that while he was only a young clerk in a broker's office. He spent a part of his vacation in Chicago studying the mills and factories.

He has a remarkable aptitude for figures. When we discuss a proposition involving the financing of a big block of stock or a bond issue, he studies the accountant's reports, for he says he can get a much more accurate picture of a corporation from figures than from bricks and mortar or the acreage of factory buildings or the description of the machinery.

With an energetic business getter like Bronson in the office, an unusually competent broker like Barnes on the floor, and careful attention to all details of the business by everybody in the office, it was natural that the firm's business should grow steadily. The partners studied stocks and bonds and deals and general conditions, and gave not only good service but good advice. As they became known as brokers with a good clientele more and more financing propositions were brought in, and when they approved they recommended investment in them.

Mr. Bronson once told me that at the very outset they were threatened with a danger of which they were not aware.

"You see," he told me while in one of his reminiscential moods, "we were unlucky enough to be particularly successful in our first two ventures in financing companies. It was not so much that our initial successes made us careless, but it would have been better for us if the success had not been achieved so easily. Our third deal was the purchase of a block of bonds of a lumber company down South. The bonds certainly looked good. They had ample security behind them in the way of thousands of acres of fine timberlands, and the company's profits for a number of years back made interest payments seem as safe as anything could be. We had a timber expert go over the property, estimate the amount of timber and its value, and our accountants went over the books from the beginning to date, and we had our own lawyers in Boston pass on the legality of the issue, while a reputable local firm passed on the titles. Everything was satisfactory and we bought the bonds and sold them to our customers. After we had placed them we discovered that the Southern lawyer had been careless in the matter of titles. Fortunately only fifty thousand dollars was involved. We recalled the bonds and pocketed the loss ourselves. It was a big loss for us in those days and was harder to bear than a million would be today. But it was our fault in a way, even if in another way it wasn't. It taught us to check up for ourselves each and every step of every examination. We took more pains to make sure. I developed my habit of going over every detail of every proposition that was submitted to us.

"Our next big blunder came when we went into a mining deal that promised millions. We had never before gone into mines, but Boston always was a good market for mining stocks -much better than New York. The Boston public was better educated in that respect. It knew what big profits were made by the original investors in Calumet & Hecla and other copper properties which Boston capital developed. And also, it whined less about losses. Well, our experts' reports were excellent and everything looked most promising, and we went into it and got our customers to go in with us. You know what happened. I imagine everybody in New England at one time or another has said of Bronson & Barnes, 'Oh, yes! Didn't they bring out the Monolith Silver Mine?' We found ourselves and our customers in this thing to the tune of some hundreds of thousands of dollars. Well, it looked as if careful nursing in the shape of extra good management might keep Monolith from being a total loss, so we assumed complete business control. We sent Bainbridge, one of our partners, out to the mines and he supervised everything. It meant a devil of a lot of bother, but we felt we owed it to ourselves and to those of our customers who stuck with us, knowing that we were the heaviest losers of all, in actual cash, without counting the loss in prestige. Well, today the Monolith Company is paying dividends, and those of our customers who held on have made a little money. But it took years, and the eventual success did not greatly mitigate the hurt of early failure or the selling out at a loss by those who got out quick. That was Lesson Number Two, and it taught us not to go into things of which we knew nothing. It was out of our line and we had no business to advise our customers to go into it."

A Long Pull

"A third dismal failure was the Wire Weaving Machinery Company We were approached by some friends to buy a large block of the treasury stock of a newly organized company, the proceeds of which were to be used in erecting a model plant. The machine itself was ingenious and there was no doubt in anybody's mind that the product could be easily sold at a substantial profit. The saving in labor costs was nothing short of incredible, and one-fifth of the savings would mean 20 per cent dividends on the stock. Altogether it looked as if it would prove to be a second Mergenthaler Linotype.

"Well, we checked up everything and we bought the stock and promptly marketed it. And after the plant was built and began to turn out goods we found that the sales were neither so easy nor so large as we had so confidently expected. It seems that before our goods could be used the consumers had to make certain changes in the frames, and that entailed expenses they did not feel like incurring, though we proved to them that they would cut their production cost about 10 per cent. This would pay for the new fixtures in one year. But the inevitable happened. Instead of carrying on a selling campaign that should have meant big dividends within a year or two, we had to conduct a campaign of education, on which we hadn't figured. That meant disappointment, and that led to selling of the stock and a slump in the price of it and another black eye to the prestige of Bronson & Barnes, whose business was to make money for customers who followed their advice as to investments.

"The stock was sold to the public at 95, and after it was seen the dividends were a long way off the price dropped to around

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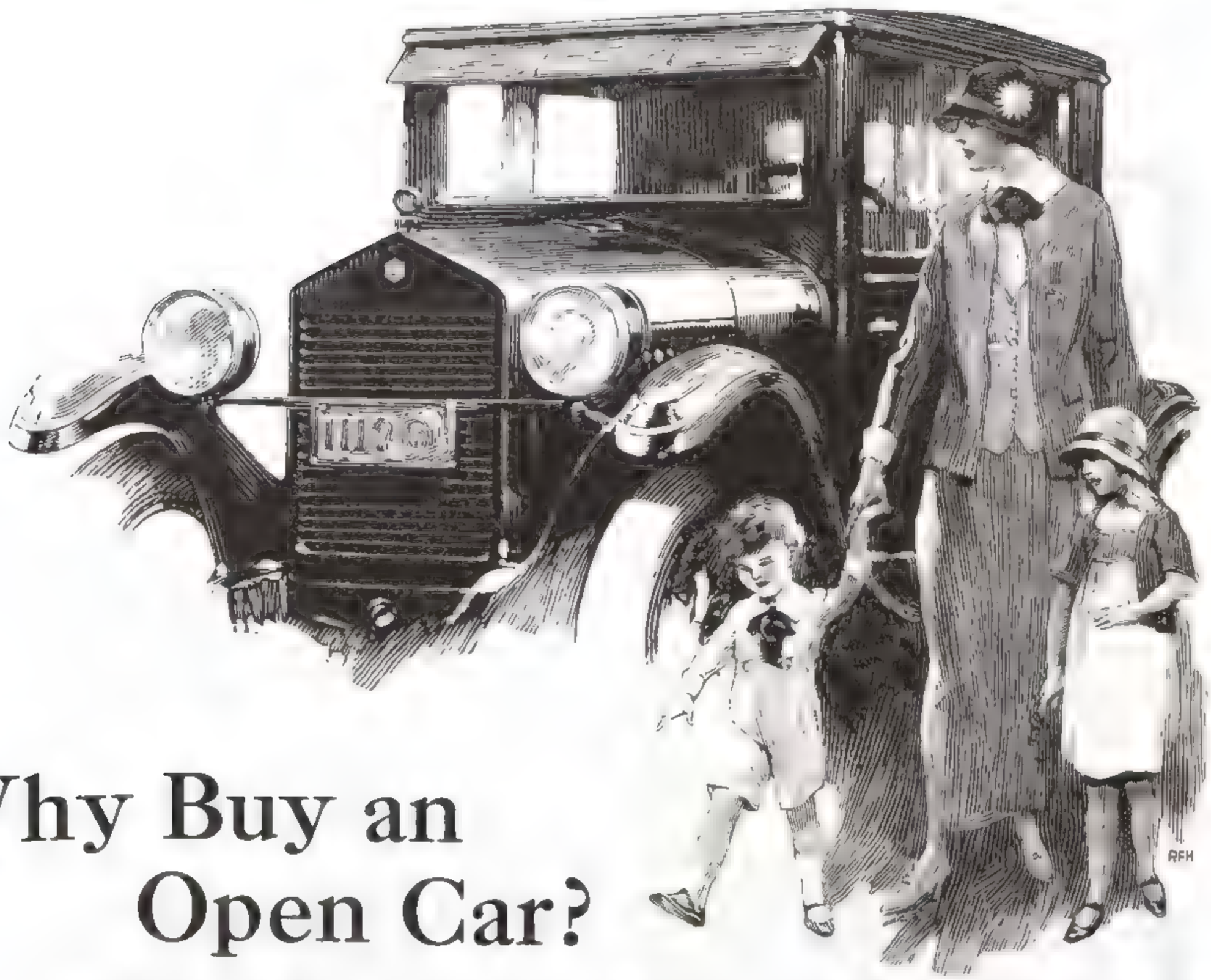

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You Pay No More for All Closed Car Comforts in the Coach

The buying choice of the year is "Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost". The Coach created this issue. It is exclusive to Hudson and Essex. No other type and no other car shares its advantages. Mark well what that means.

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All buyers must consider how this trend to closed cars affects resale values. For all admit the closed car will soon be the only acceptable type. The Coach, as the wanted type, maintains a high resale value against the waning desirability of the open car.

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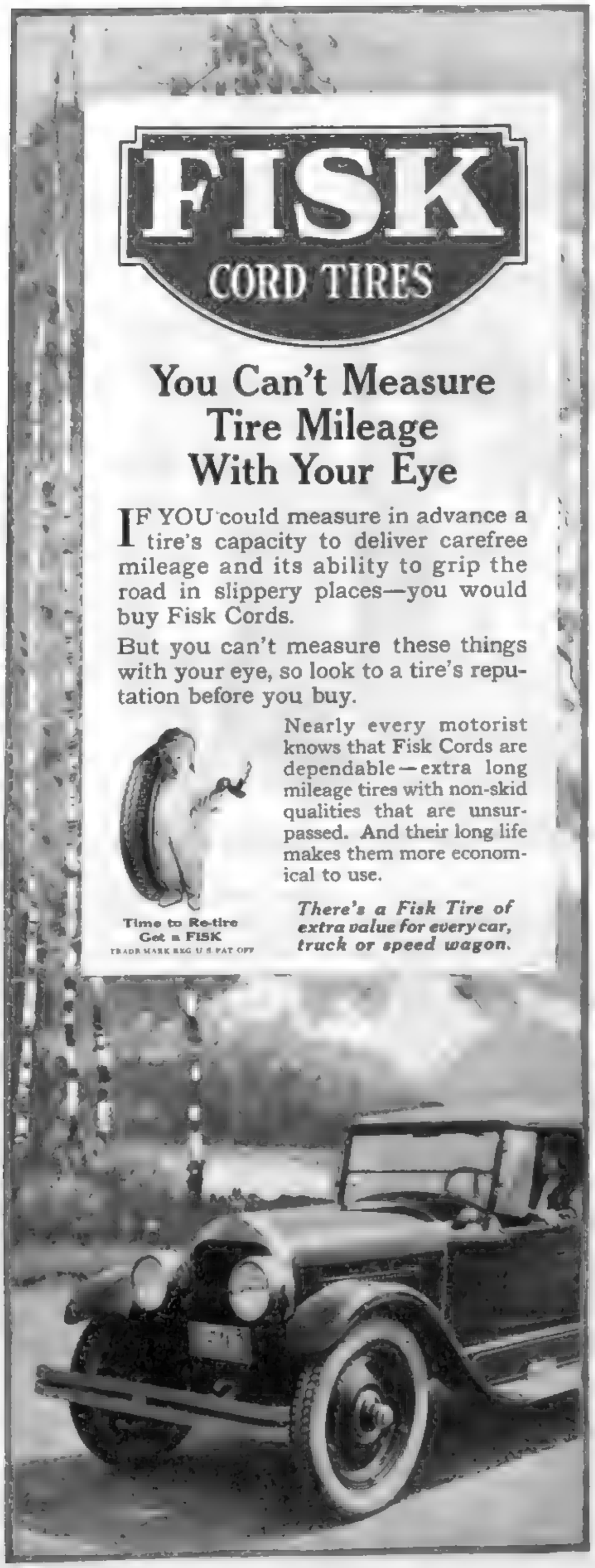
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You Can't Measure Tire Mileage With Your Eye
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Time to Re-tire Get a FISK
TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFF

(Continued from Page 52)

20. But we stuck. Today the stock is selling around par and paying 6 per cent, but it was a bad mistake, for all that, and cost us dearly. And from Lesson Number Three we learned that we must never associate ourselves with a green and untried enterprise. We must have a background of figures, a financial history expressed in terms of statistics of production and sales and profits for a number of years. Bob Barnes is right when he insists upon seeing the figures of what has been done rather than estimates of what is to be done. When we sell a stock to a customer we are doing more than sell a scrap of paper. We sell our judgment, our experience, and we can't be too careful, for if the customer loses faith in our judgment we can't sell him anything. We represent that piece of paper to be a first-class article when we ask him to exchange his money for it. We can't be too careful about the quality of our service. We could not stay in business long if we made mistake after mistake, for as a matter of fact one miss offsets at least six bull's-eyes."

That story of some of the firm's mistakes I have given because it shows you how serious mistakes can be made by the most careful business man. A doctor makes mistakes, but he buries them. A merchant makes them, but he divides the burden among thousands of customers, not all of whom are regular clients. A lawyer loses a case, but the blame can be distributed among the judges, the jury and luck. But the broker can't pass the buck because it is futile. His customers won't have it because it does not help the loss to learn the exact place and time when the broker's judgment went wrong.

The firm from the start had the luck to get the business of a number of railroad men who had known and admired Mr. Barnes' father. Among them was the president of the great Peninsula and Midland Railroad, who had his headquarters in Boston. He had been a cherished friend of the elder Barnes and was glad to help the son's firm.

In time Bronson & Barnes by reason of this connection became generally credited with being inside brokers for the Peninsula and Midland. As such they satisfactorily executed some large orders in the stock and they exercised a sort of discretionary supervision over its market destinies. It was in those days one of the most popular investments in New England. Boston money had built the road and Boston holders of the stock received their 8 per cent per annum regularly. The New York market was secondary to Boston.

A Risky Situation

The annual meeting of the stockholders, however, as required by law, was held not where 85 per cent of the stockholders resided but in the state which had given its charter to the railroad company. The legal headquarters were in Ishpeming, Michigan.

It was in '93 and there was the premonition of the panic that was to play havoc later on. On an afternoon when a general selling movement developed and the entire list began to go down, Peninsula & Midland proved no exception, but Mr. Barnes was on the spot. The impression generally prevailed that if the insiders thought the stock ought to be supported he would be the man to do it.

The need of an open and orderly market is obvious. A firm belief in the value of a stock and the desire to prevent bear raiders from precipitating declines more abrupt and more extensive than basic conditions justify are enough to warrant supporting a stock. It is not so much the break itself as the quality or character of the break that breeds fear among the holders of stocks. And when everybody starts to sell at the same time, look out, for no capitalist in the world is strong enough to sneer at Jay Gould's favorite maxim that everybody is bigger than anybody.

Protecting stocks at certain times also serves to correct the impression that the wise insiders are unwilling to buy their own stock, and as Larry Livingston once remarked—if the people who ought to want a stock don't want it, why should the poor ignorant outsiders want it?

To support a stock is therefore to buy it in order to keep the decline from degenerating into an unsettling slump. It is not chiefly or even primarily designed to help stock-gambling insiders. It is no more than a sort of brake applied to the wheels of a wagon loaded with crockery on its way downhill.

When Mr. Weston, the president of the P. & M. Railroad Company, went to Michigan to attend the annual meeting of the stockholders, he left without giving any specific instructions to Bronson & Barnes about supporting the stock. Their understanding had been that whenever anything happened calculated to upset the market, they should get in communication with Mr. Weston's office as quickly as possible. Mr. Weston would then decide what should be done. Usually they received supporting orders.

When the general selling movement began on this particular day in '93, Mr. Barnes knowing what Mr. Weston usually did, took it upon himself to buy a few hundred shares. But the selling pressure continued and without categoric instructions from his client it became necessary for Mr. Barnes to decide on what should be done. Were Bronson & Barnes to use their judgment and buy the stock for Mr. Weston's account or were they to play safe and do nothing?

If they bought and the stock continued to go down the purchases might well show a loss of many thousands of dollars and Mr. Weston would be well within his legal rights in refusing to accept stock which he had not ordered bought. It might also be that Mr. Weston had reasons for not wishing to support the stock just then. Supporting a high-priced stock like Peninsula & Midland was no trifle for two young brokers whose capital was modest. They had been in business less than five years and were beginning to feel that they would make good. A false step now might endanger their future. Against the risk of losing thousands of dollars Mr. Barnes weighed the desirability of doing the right thing. Business was business, but safeguarding a customer's interests was the best business of all. Mr. Weston had been a good friend and valued client, whose account had been profitable. Mr. Barnes decided to do what he in Mr. Weston's place would have wished his broker to do.

Bold Strategy

What is called unusual business ability is often no more than the ability to decide quickly in an emergency and then to have the courage to back your own play—that is, to act on your decision. Whether or not Mr. Weston eventually approved, condemned or repudiated the brokers' operations was of no immediate consequence to Mr. Barnes. The problem was to act at once or not at all. The selling was becoming more aggressive and the price was yielding. Then some of the room traders began to hammer the stock and that brought on others, vulturelike, to the P. & M. post. Possibly they guessed that with President Weston in Michigan they might sell the stock with impunity and as it was a high-priced stock—selling above 200—it ought to be a profitable short sale, with the rest of the market going down. The situation at large, in Washington as in the commercial centers, was not any too cheerful.

The professionals therefore blithely sold P. & M., and with every eighth's decline became more aggressive. But young Mr. Barnes calmly bought on a scale down, perhaps not so heavily as he would have liked, but steadily, methodically, as though he were carefully following precise orders from Mr. Weston. That his buying might throw the firm into insolvency was the last thing the sellers of P. & M. dreamed. Time and again the professionals, out on a bear jamboree, tried to smash the stock so as to force liquidation, but Barnes, uninstructed but on the job, prevented them.

That day at two he sent a telegram to Ishpeming explaining the situation and adding that until word to the contrary was received he would continue to buy Peninsula & Midland stock on a scale for account of Mr. Weston. One hour he stood there taking the offerings and bluffing the vulturine professionals into not selling more. It was a relief when three o'clock came and the market closed. President Weston would be back in Boston at one o'clock the next day. The delivery hour was two o'clock. The stock bought by Mr. Barnes for Mr. Weston's account would be delivered to Bronson & Barnes, who had until two P.M. to pay. It involved considerable money, because Mr. Barnes had bought nearly ten thousand shares of a stock that sold above two hundred dollars a share. Fortunately Mr. Weston would

(Continued on Page 56)

Imagine a radiator that would dwarf the Woolworth Building! Yet a single month's output of Harrison Radiators rolled into one would do it.

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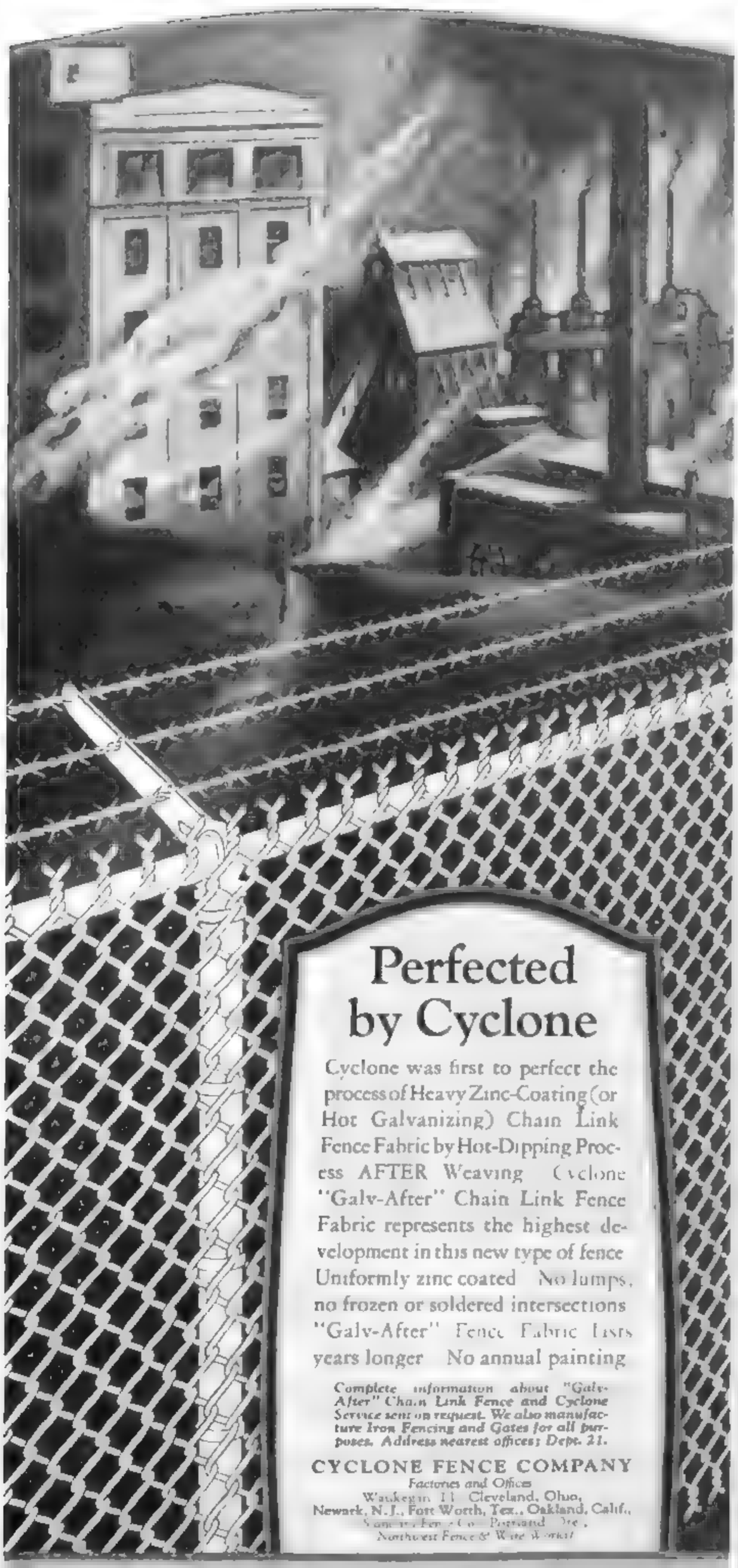
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FENCE FABRIC
PROPERTY PROTECTION PAYS

(Continued from Page 54)

be back in Boston before that, and his check would be in Bronson & Barnes' office in time. But Mr. Weston's train, of course, failed to arrive as scheduled, and Mr. Weston did not come to the rescue because he wasn't there.

You can imagine the excitement in Bronson & Barnes' office when it was learned that Mr. Weston would not arrive in time. It was up to the firm to pay for the stock they had purchased, something like one and a half millions of dollars.

But the fates were in a kindly mood. At about 1:30 P.M. the first big block of P. & M. stock was brought in. It came from Lewis & Wyeth, leading investment bankers.

The stock clerk, who had been dreading this moment because he hated to accept the stock, scrutinized it with hopeful carefulness. He was rewarded.

"I say, Lewis & Wyeth," he asked, "where did you get these certificates?"

"Where do you suppose?" answered Lewis & Wyeth's man.

"It isn't my business to suppose. Who gave you these certificates to bring here?" The stock clerk's voice discouraged persiflage.

"Why, I got them at our office."

"What office?"

"Lewis & Wyeth's, of course," answered their man.

"Do you mean to say that a firm like Lewis & Wyeth gave you these certificates to bring here?"

"Yes. What's wrong?"

"Well, you go back and tell them that they ought to hire somebody to teach the rest of the office their business. If they had done that yesterday they would have been told that certificates standing in the name of an estate, without a copy of the will or administration papers attached, cannot be received as good delivery by any house in the Street."

The messenger from Lewis & Wyeth gathered up his certificates and went away. There was no possibility of his being back that day, because the delivery hour was at two o'clock. Payment went over to the next day. And of course Mr. Weston was back that afternoon, and not only approved but thanked Barnes for using his discretion.

That apparently reckless deed helped to strengthen the good opinion that other important interests entertained for Bronson & Barnes, and their business increased materially. Of course the belief on the floor was that the firm did work for the P. & M. The calm and confident way in which Barnes took the offerings the day before had prevented a bad break.

I cite this case not because it is picturesque or thrilling, but to show you that what counts in any business is to know what to do and to have the courage to do it.

The Height of the Panic

At the time of the Northern Pacific panic I was margin clerk in Reade's office. You remember it came at the tag end of a stock boom. The loans were enormous and the public was in the market up to the neck. Altogether prices were due for one of those old-fashioned smashes that wipe out so many customers that the slaughter is remembered for years. On April 30, 1901, the total transactions were 3,281,200 shares. That still stands as the record for a single day's sales on the New York Stock Exchange. It should have warned everybody that the public was not loaded up but overloaded. All that was needed to bring on a panic was some untoward incident calculated to frighten the more timid holders. Once the selling began it would be like an Alpine avalanche.

The push that was needed came in the shape of a contest for the control of the Northern Pacific between J. P. Morgan and J. J. Hill on the one side and E. H. Harriman and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. on the other. On the evening of May eighth, everybody knew that Northern Pacific common was cornered and that when the market opened the next morning there would be the dickens to pay. The commission houses prepared as well as they could, but that wasn't much, as it takes the tape to sound the real alarm.

It happened as expected. On the morning of May ninth, everybody in the United States wanted to sell and apparently nobody wanted to buy stocks. Mr. Barnes was on the floor with his pockets full of selling orders in all kinds of stocks from all kinds of people. There were so many that he couldn't execute them and he couldn't get any other brokers to help him because they were in the same plight. The two-dollar brokers were trying to keep themselves from being pulled to pieces by the vehemence of the demand for their services.

Nobody in Bronson & Barnes' office had any interest in Northern Pacific, but when Mr. Barnes heard somebody in the Northern Pacific shout "Seven hundred!" he knew it was time to do something for his firm and for his customers. He instantly tore up every unexecuted selling order in his possession. Then he rushed to the telephone and informed his office that he refused absolutely to accept any more orders to sell stocks in that market. Then he hung up and looked on. He argued that no man would pay such a price for Northern Pacific, even if it carried control with it. The corner must end and prices of other stocks must rally when the frenzied brokers who had paid one thousand dollars a share for the stock some customer was short of recovered their senses.

Hazardous Hours

Of course the panic was not over when Barnes decided not to execute any more selling orders at the market. The public was carrying too many stocks and the break was much too severe for the market to calm down by magic. Orders to sell poured in and some of the best stocks slumped badly. Delaware & Hudson dropped from 165 to 105, Union Pacific from 113 to 76, Atchison from 78 to 43, Southern Pacific from 49 to 29, United States Steel from 47 to 24. Call money touched 76 per cent. With such stocks selling at such figures it looked as if there would not be one solvent brokerage house in the Street. But the contestants for control arrived at an armistice and it was announced that the Northern Pacific shorts would be allowed to settle instead of being squeezed to death. The announcement of the terms was the signal for the inevitable rally. On the resumption of the upward swing the selling orders that had not been executed could be, and were, filled calmly, without appalling losses to the sellers. Northern Pacific closed at 190, after its mad advance of 830 points from the opening sale at 170.

Mr. Barnes was a weary man when he returned to the office after the close of the market that afternoon. He found that Mr. Bronson had tried to make their customers realize that the time to sell was not during the panic. Of course the slump carried prices way below the margins of most of the customers, but that was a risk Bronson & Barnes cheerfully ran. How Mr. Bronson kept his panic-stricken clients from mobbing him was a mystery.

When Mr. Barnes arrived at the office after the close, Mr. Bronson observed ironically, "Pretty busy all day, weren't you, Bob?" and he smiled on the man who had refused to accept selling orders.

"For a while," answered Barnes.

"What were you doing the rest of the time?" asked Bronson.

"I was wondering," answered Barnes grimly, "what you would say if a settlement wasn't reached by the bankers. We would have gone under. Then what?"

"Well," answered Bronson slowly, "I also thought about it for a little while; but I decided that on the morning of the day after our failure was announced I'd come down town as usual and ——"

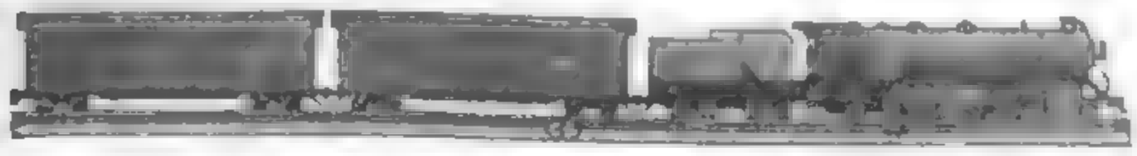
He paused. His partner prompted him curiously.

"And what?"

"And start another firm and begin all over again. What else was there for us to do?"

That is the kind of men who made up the firm of Bronson & Barnes. I have told you these anecdotes that you may decide whether luck or accident had much to do with their eventual success.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.



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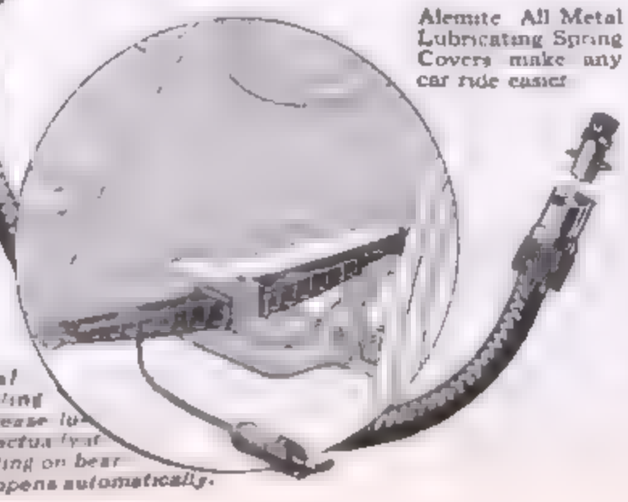

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A MAN OF VIOLENCE

(Continued from Page 17)

She sorrowed to hear that her boy had fallen foul of the law; she abhorred the sin, but she loved the sinner, and she lied for him nobly. But Gennert met him at last in the street.

"Where was you?" asked Gennert.

"I was wanted," said Sharkey, dovetailing his fictions neatly. "Say, you ain't got any more to touch off, have you?"

"No, the war is over," said Gennert regretfully. "But listen, there's a pants makers' war down on the East Side and they're taking on gorillas. Ten a day! That's good money in a pants makers' war. I thought I'd come around and get you. What do you say, kid?"

"Any shooting?"

"You ain't got to shoot pants makers. Just put the boots to them. Come ahead!"

They went down to lower Broadway and to a loft building tenanted by the needle trades, and were taken on at once as operatives of a private detective agency. Sharkey was given a badge and a limber blackjack, and was put on guard duty. He dawdled in the hall of the building with four other wizened and dead-eyed gangsters. The people whom they were there to overawe were mostly Russian and Polish immigrants still smelling of the ship, spiritless men for the most part, and the guards had nothing to do but stand around and look forbidding; that was easy. And they collected their sixty dollars a week. They were used to easy money, and they were nattily dressed; from the necks down, they looked like bank clerks.

They were hardly more than boys. Gennert was the oldest, and he was now a captain. He came in to them after one of his frequent absences.

"Say," he said, "a couple of you guys go on out and put the blocks to them pickets. They're picketing out there, and the people upstairs think we're laying down on them. Here, Tib"—he handed Sharkey a brass finger ring with a brass knob on it—"put that on your mitt and go out and wallop them."

"Where are they?" blustered Sharkey, turning pale and trying to keep behind his fellows. He managed to pull two of them along with him, and the trio followed Gennert. He led them out into Broadway and down to the Subway station. Here, lounging against the kiosk, was a large and hairy Russian smoking an Egyptian cigarette.

"That's him," said Gennert. "I seen him collaring pants makers as they come out of the Subway. He's picketing. Give it to him, Tib?"

"Stay with me," said Sharkey.

"We're right with you."

"I'll—I'll throw a good scare into him, hey?"

"No, knock him dead!"

"Hey!" thundered Sharkey at the Russian. Then he stepped back quickly and said to his friends, "Remember, you're with me."

"Go on and put a slug on him. Look at him, he's scared stiff!"

"Is he?" said Sharkey gladly, scrutinizing the Russian.

He was heartened at once, and he stalked stiffly toward his intended victim. But he was watching him. Unless the Russian was very fleet and vengeful, he would have had no chance at all to hit Sharkey. But the Russian was not combative; he slumped down and whined as Sharkey neared him. At once the courage of a lion rushed into Sharkey; he leaped at his man and struck him in the face. The Russian fell; he was falling in any event; and Sharkey's two comrades sprang at the fallen man and went to kicking him.

"'At'll do," called Gennert when he saw that the man on the pavement was losing consciousness. "Don't give him the whole works! And remember, he hit us first. Let him lay there."

The obnoxious picketing was broken up. For several days the war went much against the striking garment makers. Sharkey and his fellow guards swelled around, looking for trouble. They encountered an obstacle on the fourth day. They had chased a little Polish man down into an areaway and were about to beat him joyfully when they were hailed from the street above.

"Lay off!" said a voice. They looked around and saw a slight youth descending the stairway.

"What do you mean—lay off?" stormed Sharkey.

"I mean—lay off," said the youth, giving an ugly twist to his mouth. "You got me, fellow."

"Where do you get off to tell us to lay off?" But the three drew back from the cowering Polish man. They filed by the youth, giving him deadly look for deadly look, and went to lay a complaint with Gennert.

"I heard," said Gennert. "The pants makers have got Dippy Rosevale's gang to cover them. But that'll be all right; we'll trade with them."

"Trade punches?" quavered Sharkey.

"Trade jobs," said Gennert. "We'll let them beat up one of our boys and they'll let us beat up one of theirs—and like that, see? So we both can make a good showing. I thought there was something doing when I seen Dippy over in the Merchants Café this morning. So just lay off until I can fix things with Dippy."

Gennert's plan of campaign was bizarre, considered in the light of accepted military science; but it would undoubtedly have brought mutual war weariness and a conciliatory spirit to these factions in the needle trade. But an unfortunate mistake robbed Gennert of the prestige he had earned. Sharkey espied a stout little foreign-looking man buttonholing garment workers by the Subway kiosk one noontide, and seeing none of Dippy Rosevale's warriors about, Sharkey concluded that here was an unfortunate wretch betrayed to them. He led his mercenaries to the attack. They sprang on their prey, and the little man emitted one loud wail of terror and collapsed without being hit. They beat him and kicked him to their hearts' content, and until they were sure that he was unconscious. Gennert ran up to them.

"Who you got, boys?" he asked.

"One of them pants makers."

"Hell, no!" he said, starting up from beside the bleeding man. "Do you know who this is? This is the man that hired us—this is Moe Beeman, the owner of the shop!"

"Sure, it's Mr. Beeman," said a loyal garment worker, coming up. "What do you beat Mr. Beeman for, you loafers? Police! Pinched, you'll be, you rowdy bums! Po-lice!"

"The man's right," said Gennert sourly. "Beeman'll be so mad he'll send us up. We better go while the going is good. Let's lam, Tib!" They ran down into the Subway, jumped aboard the first train that roared into the station and were whisked away. "Good thing we collected this morning," said Gennert consolingly.

"I'm going to lay up home," said Sharkey.

"They'll go get you. We better go out of town for a few days. Say, I got something that will be just the ticket. How would you like to see the world, Tib? It had ought to be nice in the country these days. There's a war going on out West somewheres, and we can sign up—free transportation, free eats and sleeps, and fifteen a day!"

"Fifteen a day? Get away!"

"Fifteen a day. Dippy Rosevale told me about it last night. Somewheres out West. That's real jack, ain't it? Say, it will be pretty soft to take a nice vacation in the country and come back with a roll."

"Say, them cowboys are bad babies, what I hear. They can shoot faster'n flies on a coffee cake, what I hear."

"What you hear—you don't hear nothing. There ain't no cowboys out West. I know a bloke once was out West, and he says that talk about cowboys is all apple sauce. He said it's just a big city like New York. They got houses and everything. He was working on one—inside electrical worker—six stories high."

"Six stories high—out West? Get away! What I hear, it ain't nothing but vacant property out West. Everywhere you go, just property! Fellow told me he got up a tree and looked, and he didn't see nothing. Nothing, nowhere. Just property."

"All right; it ain't nothing but property. I'm not going to argue with you, Tib, because you never been nowhere and you never seen nothing. Will you go out West for fifteen a day, eats, flops and transportation two ways?"

"Ask me—ask me!"

"Then we want to get off at Chambers Street," said Gennert, jumping up.

(Continued on Page 60)

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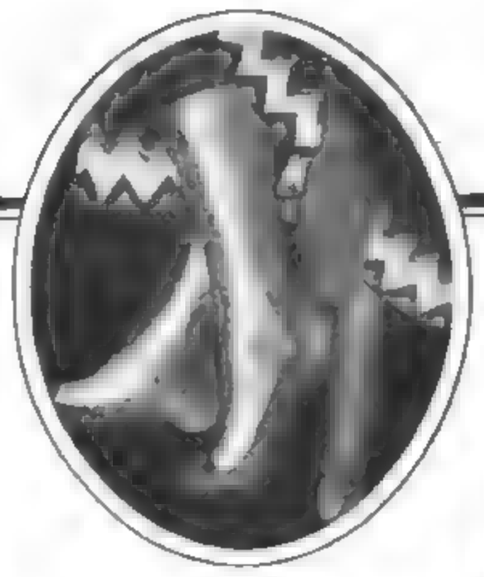

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New York *Chicago*

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(Continued from Page 58)

They went to Tony Scaparelli's detective agency in Church Street. Tony had led the River Street gang in Hoboken and had been tried twice for murder, and given six months for carrying a pistol, and had been finally convinced that there was nothing in the rough stuff; he was American-born and intelligent.

"Don't know what is coming off here," said Tony, "but they want real hard-boiled guys. Your friend all right?"

"Him?" said Gennert, touching Sharkey. "Say, Tony, this kid is the egg the cook forgot. Go on, Tib, and tell Tony what you done to them Austrians at Belgrad. Go on, Tony's all right. He got a knife with knuckles on it and he killed a whole row of them Austrians. They give him a medal. Go on, Tib, and show Tony your medal."

"Medal, hey?" said Tony, surprised. "Well, that is a new one on me—giving medals. Didn't even have to take a collar, hey, kid? Give him a medal, did they? Well, well! Well, maybe they will give him another medal out West. Lookat, there's the knife." Tony examined expertly the trench knife which Sharkey handed him and which Sharkey had bought for thirty cents at a sale of surplus army stores. "Ain't it the truth? There it is—look at!"

"Machine gunner, I was," said Sharkey.

"You was? Say, kid, you named it. 'At's just what we want here—a couple of guys can shoot a machine gun. We got two of them. We can get lots of hard-boiled guys, but there ain't one of them ever lamped a machine gun. So that's your racket, is it? Maybe you was acrost, was you, kid? Get out! Acrost, was you? 'At's one thing we can't get, is men that's been acrost. Say, kid, go outside and tie yourself hand and foot till we come and get you."

Sharkey went home and said good-by to his mother. He said good-by to his cat, but then he lost heart at the prospect of facing alone the terrors of the West, and he cut holes in the sides of his dollar-ninety-eight suitcase and put the cat into the case to bear him company. He would leave the cat with the janitor out West in the daytime. It did not occur to him that there would be no janitor in a land where one could climb a tree and see nothing but vacant property; nothing ever occurred to Sharkey as the result of ratiocination. He went down to the Pennsylvania Station and attached himself to a silent group of men which was duly shepherded on board of a train.

The party grew gay as the train rolled along; there was whisky going, and there was something stronger than whisky. The majority of the sixteen men were drug addicts; the man sitting beside Sharkey shook white powder on the back of his thumb, snuffled it and tendered the vial silently to Sharkey. Sharkey declined it, pleading a physical defect in explanation of his unnatural abstinence; he was a mouth breather.

"Never use it; nose is no good. See?"

"Needle?"

"No, nothing." Sharkey lowered his eyes ashamedly and twisted his hands. Then he got out a harmonica and commenced to blow it and to thump it.

"The kid's there! Say, can you play The Chairs in the Parlor All Miss You?"

"How's it go? Like this?"

"That's it. The kid's there! Say, that's music, what I mean."

"What I like is A Boy's Best Friend is His Mother. That's music now, ask me!"

"Hey, kid, can you play this? Da-da-da-da, da-da-da-da-da—that's it! Now you're getting it." The man threw back his seared face, looked up at the ceiling of the coach and struck into a song beginning, "It's a long way back to my mother's knee, but I wish that I was there." He sang the ballad through to a rapt audience. A man with a rather sweet tenor voice then gave Sharkey the key and launched into a song that reeked with the filth of the gutter, and his offering was received with equal appreciation and was recompensed with applause. They made close harmony on another song that told of country dells and green lanes in apple-blossom time; they liked that, too, though not a man of them had ever seen an apple tree in bloom. Toward ten o'clock in the evening a companion produced a pair of dice and the majority of them trooped back to the baggage coach and squatted around on the floor.

Sharkey went to bed, fearing that he would lose his cat if he gambled. One of the men had said that cats were unlucky and had advised Sharkey to throw it out of the window, or he would. And Sharkey, who had never been more than ten miles from New York in his life, had never seen a bed on a train and was eager to try this incredible luxury. He jumped down from the upper berth in the gray light of morning, hoping to be first at the door of the dining car, but he was one of a crowd.

"Who took the money?"

"Jackson. Cleaned up. Hey, Jackson! Where's Jackson?"

"Ain't seen him since he broke up the game. Must have took nine hundred, Jackson did. Hey, who seen Jackson? I seen him going out on the back platform for air, with Bert and Dutch.

"You're a liar."

"What do you mean—I'm a liar? I see him going out on the back platform with you and Dutch. And I didn't see him come back neither, if you want to know. Don't call me a liar!"

"Guess they gave him the air, all right."

"Well, that's all right, too, and I ain't saying nothing about that; but where does he get off to call me a liar, what I want to know."

"Where's Jackson?" demanded Gennert, bustling up. "Can't find him."

"He'll be along any time now. He got off to walk."

"The hell with Jackson! My argument is, where does Bert get off to call me a liar?"

"Ah, dry up. I'll call you a liar too. What do you know about that?"

"Well, that's all right too," mumbled the insulted man, subsiding. And that ended Jackson; and now the company was fifteen.

The passing landscape awed Sharkey. He crouched at the window, looking out with dazed wonderment at the incredible spectacle. For solid hours the train raced through an unbroken woods; again, it crossed vast barrens aching with loneliness, where there wasn't even a tree to climb with hope.

"Ain't it the truth?" he murmured. "Ain't it the truth?" And he turned from the window to gaze relievedly on the familiar faces of his companions. Central Park was nothing to this, nothing. He'd tell them when he got back. They could laugh, the fatheads. It was twice as big as Central Park, and then some. It was too! He held up his cat to see the sights. "Give a look, Joey. There's something you wouldn't see if you lived ten years on old Tent' Avenue."

The sight of street cars and of big buildings and of pavements and of general urban grime cheered Sharkey at the place where they left the train; but the company was herded at once into a large motorbus, which rolled swiftly through the city streets and out onto a country road. At the end of an hour they came to their destination—a small mining settlement. They passed through a dirty and straggling village of small cottages.

"Where's all the people?"

"Most of the boys are gone hunting," said the driver. He had had very little to say, contenting himself with oblique glances at his passengers. "Most generally they go hunting when the mine is shut down."

"Hunt what?"

"Oh, everything. Deer and ——"

"Deers? Running loose?"

"'Course they're loose."

"Who do they belong to?"

"Why, they don't belong to anybody."

"Can anybody catch them?"

"I suppose so."

"What do you know! Hey, boys, there's deers running loose around here, and anybody can catch them. This bloke says so. Ask him!"

"They ain't his, what he means, and he don't care."

"Aw, come off! Deers in a place like this? Don't tell me. I seen deers—lots of them. You got to have a fence around them or they'll run like ——"

"Say, fellow, what do they do with them deers?"

"Eat them."

"Eat them! Eat deers? Holy smoke, where are we? Eat deers, they do. Well, they're not going to make me eat no deer, and I'm declaring myself. Soon eat a cat. Maybe they eat cats too. Hey, kid, watch your alley rabbit!"

"Mine shut down, fellow, is it?"

"It was. The new owner broke the agreement and cut the wages and ——" The driver hesitated. "That's what you fellows are doing here, I guess. The new owner is scabbing it."

"They got good booze in this country?"

"Beer, for the miners."

"I don't want no beer. I'm declaring myself. I want my booze and you can go tell them. Beer, hey? That's a nice note."

"There's the mine now," said the driver. "Mr. Gerber—that's the new owner brought in a lot of Bohunks that can't even talk English, and he's going to fight the union." He ruminated, and then burst into angry speech. "What I say is that it ain't right! The owners and the men had an agreement in all this territory, a two-year agreement, and everybody agreed to it, and all the other owners are keeping it and paying the wages and the check-off—only Mr. Gerber. What I say is, an agreement is a bargain, and it ain't right." He pulled himself up sharply.

"Ain't it the truth?"

"That's right; he ought to keep his bargain."

"The man's right."

"I thought you men didn't know what was what around here," said the driver relievedly. "Then I guess you won't go to work for him, will you? Don't tell him I said anything, only it ain't right. You won't go to work, hey?"

"Well, fellow, that's something else again. The men may be right and the boss may be right, but so long as we're getting our little old fifteen berries a day we're dead sure that we're right! Work for him? You bet!"

"I'll say! What are you getting at?"

"Give him a tune, kid, so he can sing it."

The driver had no more to say as he piloted the bus through the gateway in the high wooden fence that surrounded the buildings at the mine head.

Headquarters for the guards was established in a small brick building beside the new bunk house in which were temporarily sheltered the strike-breaking miners. The New York gangsters settled down to a routine of eating, crap shooting, story telling, singing, whisky drinking—a local distiller found them out with unerring instinct—guard mounting and sleeping. No overt action was asked of them; they were intended to be a reservoir of force to be used only in the event of trouble. And the possibility of trouble seemed very remote. Even when they went into the village street they were offered no violence; the idle miners loafing there stared at them earnestly and silently.

"We got them bluffed to a standstill, ain't we?" chuckled Sharkey, trying to put a little more roll and swagger into his gait.

"Bluffed, nothing," said Gennert. "We ain't bluffing and they know it. If they want fireworks they only got to ask for them. We'll show 'em where they get off!"

At the nearest fork of the road that led to the city where the company had detrained there was a refreshment stand. It was a weather-beaten little one-story shack; it was run by a Mrs. Barnfeldt, a large and placid young German girl whose husband had been killed in the mine. The gangsters patronized the place occasionally; she sold hot Frankfurters in rolls, slabs of factory-made pie, sandwiches, lemonade, near-beer, bad cigars and stale cigarettes. The little house stood back from the road under a towering shag-bark hickory; a lush meadow behind it ran down to a brook and mounted suddenly on the other side into a tree-covered hill. Sharkey liked this place and Mrs. Barnfeldt liked his cat. She showed no particular interest in Sharkey, looking at him with phlegm and answering him briefly in her bad English. She was twenty-one or twenty-two, and Sharkey was twenty-four. He did not try to flirt with her; she was too big, too tall, too deep-chested. She was a good looker; but gosh, so is the Statue of Liberty! But he was in her place so often, imperiling his digestion for the sake of his cat, that he began to take a proprietary interest in her. And Joey was very much at home in the sunny window where she bleached her cigars.

"Fresh fellows, those friends from you," she said over her ample shoulder.

"Which one?" inquired Sharkey carefully.

"The redhead. He makes not nice remarks for me—chess."

"Who, him?" barked Sharkey. She meant Flannery, the little runt. "Say, lady, you wait till he comes in and I'll give him the bawling out of his life. Just let him try to come back at me once—just once is all I ask!"

(Continued on Page 63)

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(Continued from Page 60)

"You ain't fresh," she said, turning with a flash of blue eyes and strong white teeth. "What is your name yet, young man?"

"Sharkey. Named after a prize fighter."

"Chess? Prize fighter? Yoost imagine!" Her voice was deep and sweet, and he thrilled to her admiration.

"Oh, well, lady, I'm not no champ, you understand; but I'm not no push-over neither, what I mean. Well, you know it's mostly a proposition of being scientific, see? Brute strength don't get you nothing. No! It's science, see? Now just supposing he comes at me this way, see? He's rushing, trying for a haymaker. Well, I sidestep—like this, see? And I let him go by, and then I uppercut—like this, see? And I hook him right on the old button. Well, what is the result?"

"What is?" she said, frowning attentively.

"Why, he's down for the count," said Sharkey, pulling down his sleeves and reseating himself. "Out!"

"Chess? Yoost imagine! And you done it, young man?"

"I just showed you, didn't I?"

"You was so quick I didn't seen it. *Ach du liebe Zeit*, here comes that redhead. You give him a good prize-fighting, ain't it? But don't hurt him yet too much, young man. This time I watch you good."

"Hello, peaches," said Bert Martell, entering. "Waiting for me, hey? Well, how about that date we were fixing up?"

"Good afternoon, young man," she said austerely, and then she looked significantly at Sharkey. Sharkey tried to foil the look, but she wouldn't have it so. He was distinctly unhappy; he had forgotten that big Bert Martell was red-haired; she hadn't meant Flannery after all. "Ar-rh, ar-rh!" coughed Mrs. Barnfeldt insistently. Sharkey looked into her eyes momentarily and was rashly stimulated.

"Look at here, Bert," he said aggressively, "you lay off this lady. She don't want none of your lip."

"Who says so?" inquired Martell, who had a reputation as a street fighter; and he scowled and sidled toward Sharkey.

"I say so—that's who," said Sharkey, blanching, but trying to put a bold face on it.

And then Martell had struck him, a heavy round-arm blow delivered like a flash. Martell welcomed the chance to show his ability before the fair eyes of the lady. Sharkey fell down; he lay on his side and nursed his cheek in his palm.

"Who says so?" snarled Martell, poising a heavy foot to kick.

"Aw, she ain't nothing to me, Berty," whined Sharkey. "I was just fooling, Berty. Don't hit me again, will you?" And he burst into abject tears.

"Get out and stay out!" said Martell, pointing to the door. Sharkey rose to obey; but then Mrs. Barnfeldt interposed.

"Did you effer!" she exclaimed, and her eyes blazed. "You should put mein customers oudt from mein place, ain't it? No, but you get out, *du Strolch!* Oudt!"

She strode up to him; she was quite as tall as he was, and she looked with level gaze into his eyes.

"Quit your kidding, peaches," he said, smiling and reaching toward her.

She put her large and capable hand behind her as though to lean against the counter, and then the two-burner gas stove on which she cooked her Frankfurters came whirling over her shoulder, clutched in her powerful grip, and fell flat on the gangster's head. And Bert Martell went down and sat blinking at her, trying to collect his wits. She stood behind the counter with compressed lips.

"I wouldn't have no argument with a woman," he mumbled, failing to cow her with a murderous look, and he shuffled out.

"I guess you forgot to side-slip, ain't it?" she said to Sharkey.

"He took me unawares," protested Sharkey. "He took me when I wasn't looking and got in the first blow. Say, it's lucky for him I didn't know he was going to hit me or he wouldn't never have laid a finger on me. Why, say, a fellow boring in like that is just my dish. Wait up, lady, and let me help you with that pie rack; it's too heavy for you."

He was in to see her late the following afternoon. He was puffing from running hard, but he sat down at a table and smoked a cigarette before speaking.

"You got a nice business here, lady," he opened then. "Got jack, ain't you?"

"Excoose, please?"

"Dough. You make good dough here, don't you?"

"*Ach, Geld!* Dough—chess, I make some dough. It is good business; not as good now already as in the summer yet. Lots of peoples go by, and there's the miners. Help I got to have in the summer."

"You got much jack in the house now—right now?"

"*Nein; klein Geld*—change, ain't it? Change I got."

"Then that's all right," said Sharkey satisfiedly. "I jumped in to tell you to bank your jack, because three of the boys is coming around to knock you off tonight. They think you got dough."

"Knock off—what is? Roppers, young man?"

"They can't rob you if you ain't got nothing, lady, can they? I better blow now; they'll be here any time. Remember now, lady, and don't give them any argument. Let them take anything they want."

"*Wie?* Well, I should said not! I give it to them a good push in the face."

"Now listen, lady, do yourself a favor and don't get noisy with this bunch," he said earnestly. "They're hop-heads, and they don't know what they're doing, and they'll kill you. They'll kill you, lady. Every one of them's got records, and they don't care."

"You see what I give them!" she said determinedly.

"All right, lady; it ain't none of my funeral," he said philosophically, and he shrugged his shoulders and walked out. He had given her fair warning and he could now wash his hands of her troubles.

But her affair wouldn't stay settled that way in his mind; he was discontented and uneasy as he walked slowly away. She was a very nice lady, and she'd been good to Joey. She was certainly running her nose into trouble and it would serve her right if he let her take it. He'd be a sucker to butt in when it wasn't any of his funeral. Still —— He stood still in the road with his gaunt face twisted in an ugly scowl. And then he turned about and walked slowly in the opposite direction; he increased his pace as his resolve settled on him, and when he entered the village he was running.

"Hey, where's the police station?" he gasped to the village drunkard, who was sitting on the edge of the platform before the row of stores. "I want to get a cop!"

"Ask in the post office," said the sot mechanically.

Sharkey found the peace officer of the village playing pinochle in the post office. Sharkey called the officer aside and told his message; the constable whistled and told the three other players of the impending robbery. They rose promptly and offered to go with him. This offer astonished Sharkey; he decided that the three citizens must be plain-clothes men; otherwise they would indignantly refuse to do police work. The president of the village, who was also the local blacksmith, entered the post office just then. He was a big old man with a shock of gray hair and strong features accentuated by soot.

"Heard about Sim Leffert?" he called roughly from the doorway as he entered.

"No. What, Lem?" asked the constable.

"Murdered," said the president. "Old Sim Leffert. The people just found the daughter Lottie. Murdered yesterday evening he was. Shot like a dog and left lying there, up on the hill."

"Lottie too?"

"Might as well have been. She ain't worth much now. She seen them do it, and she knows who they are. Some of that gang of New York gunmen at the mine. Yes, sir, shot like a dog for defending his daughter. There you have it. Now, what you going to do about it?"

"We'd ought to get out a warrant, I expect," said the constable.

"We don't need no warrant neither," said one of the group of men that was forming behind the president. "Not for this kind of business. All we want's a rope!"

"That's right!"

"You can't take the law in your own hands, you know," said the constable. "I'll call the sheriff and tell him, and if he wants to get out a posse ——"

"Frank is right, men," said the president. "We must leave them to the law. Only we'll watch and see that the law does the right thing by them."

"Here's one of them now!" said a miner, catching Sharkey by the shoulder. "Get the rope, boys!"

"You leave him be," said the constable, shoving the miner away. "He came in here to tell me about another business these gunmen are planning to do; so he's all right. I want three of you boys to come with me; there ain't no use everybody going and scaring them off; I'm just pining to catch them at their mischief."

"I'll go!"

"I'll go!"

"You know me, Frank. I do aim to go get me one of them New York gunmen."

"You got a gun, boy?"

"Got a gat," said Sharkey, tapping his side under the armpit. He had hesitated a moment in replying. He wasn't sure that his automatic would go off, never having cleaned it, nor even examined it to see if it was loaded.

Three men carrying hunting rifles started out with Sharkey and the constable. They were tall and rangy men, and Sharkey had to break into a run at times to keep pace with their swift stride. The sun was going down behind the hills when they arrived at Mrs. Barnfeldt's crossroads hostelry. The door was sagging from the upper hinge, having evidently been burst open; the noise of a struggle sounded from within the house.

"They're here already!" called Sharkey from the rear. They ran toward the door.

They were within a few paces of it when two of the guards appeared on the threshold—one of them was the man known as Skeets and the other was Little Johnny. Skeets fired point-blank at the approaching group, while Little Johnny took to his heels and pelted away around the corner of the house. Sharkey, running forward, was not aware until afterward that the constable had been shot dead; nor did he notice that the three other men, after firing at Skeets, went off in pursuit of Little Johnny. He saw Skeets collapse and fall; he jumped aside to avoid him and ran on into the eating house.

The German girl was grappling with Bert Martell; the gangster had his knife in his hand. Even at this moment Sharkey could not overcome his terror of that razor-edged blade and of the redoubtable ruffian. He ran forward and caught Martell's arm and tugged on it.

"Ah, Bert!" he pleaded. "Hey, Bert!"

The next instant he was in panicky flight. Martell had slashed him in the shoulder and had then brought the knife up in a sweep that raked Sharkey's poorly covered ribs. Sharkey screamed, leaped back and ran. Martell pursued him more slowly, knowing that he must corner him, since Sharkey had run away from the door. Sharkey ran around behind the counter; Martell was closing in on him.

"Bert!" screamed Sharkey, looking into the man's drugged eyes. And only then did Sharkey remember his automatic. He thrust his hand under his coat, dragged out the weapon and pointed it. "Keep off, Bert! Keep away, I'm telling you!" And then the automatic went off in his clutch and Bert reeled away. Sharkey shot him twice again as he was falling.

He was drooping over Martell, staring at him with wild incredulity, when Mrs. Barnfeldt put her arm around him; he had lurched as if about to fall.

"Ach, such a cuts yet," she sighed. "On the bed you must lay till I run get the doctor. Neffer mind it for the clothes! Lay down, young man. And say, you was an awful nice fellow, Charkey, ain't it?"

The doctor sewed him up with expedition, but it was two weeks before he put a foot to the floor again. Mrs. Barnfeldt insisted on keeping him with her; she stood in the doorway and drove off the ambulance that the physician sent from the county seat. The food she fed him would infallibly have killed him in his weak and feverish stage if it wasn't that he was chronically undernourished and his system took advantage of supplies when it could get them. On the day when he first rose from the bed and tottered to the window to sit in the sunshine beside Joey she broke the news to him; she had reflected long on methods and approaches, not wishing to shock him. She set one of her best meals before him and sat down to help him.

"I forgot to told you, Charkey," she said. "You know your friends, ain't it? Well, they are all *gestorben*—dead!"

"Yeah?" he said slowly. "Passed out, hey? Well, well! Say, pass them cloisters, will you? What do you call these dumplings?"

"Kartoffelklosse," she said. "But they ain't all dead neither. Only five of them!

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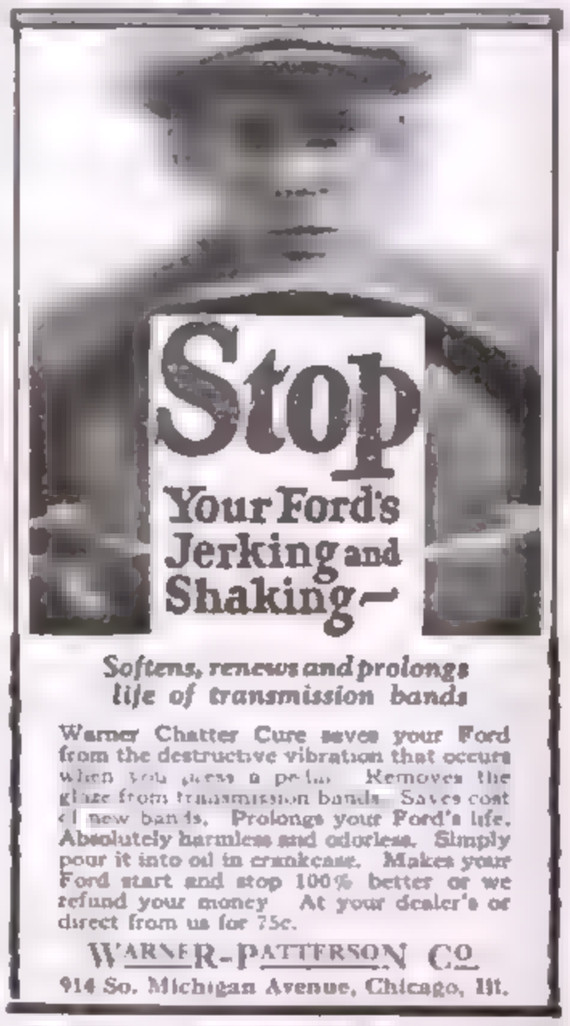

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The others is safe in the chail yet." And she beamed on him enchantingly. "That's goot news, ain't it, Charkey?"

"Five of them, hey? Well, well! Say, how do you make that pot roast? It's certainly a treat."

"Mit *Käse*," she said. "Cheese in it. Holes in the meat you make yet, and you fill up mit cheese. Chess, the cheriff went to arrest your friends, and your friends choot three from our boys. And our boys hang four from your friends with a rope, and the cheriff takes the others to the chail and they don't get hanged. Not until the next three weeks. And now all our boys is working again, and there is not no more trouble."

"Hung four of them, did they? And the other was Bert, hey? Well, him I don't mind so much. Oh, we was good friends, but not very special. Well, we wasn't what you'd call pals, you know what I mean? Just friends, that was all. Say, how do you make those sand tarts? That's what you call them, ain't it? I want to tell my mother. Say, you certainly are a bear for cooking noodles."

As he regained his strength, with an increment, he helped her in her work; there was plenty to do. But his restoration to health imported an element of delicacy into their relation.

"Say, Greta," he said as they sat outside the door one evening watching the shadows flowing down from the hills, "I like it here. It's nice, what I mean. It's nice and quiet, and nice and green, and nice and friendly, and—well, I can't just say it, but you know what I mean, don't you?"

"Sure, Charkey," she said. "You mean it iss nice here, ain't it?"

"'At's it," he said. "'At's it!"

"But you couldn't stay here, Charkey."

"Why couldn't I?"

"Because we are alone too much."

"Alone? Come off! Say, there's people around here all day long. Gee, I wouldn't call this lonely! Say, I know so many people around here I can't remember half of them. Everybody I meet says, 'Hello, hello, hello!' Say, you could bat around all day in New York and you wouldn't meet nobody, and if you said hello to a guy he'd call a cop. And when there's nobody else here, there's you and me, ain't there?"

"It would be different if we was married, Charkey," she said softly. "When peoples are not married they can't be alone; but it would be different if we was married, Charkey."

"Yeah, but then we're not married, don't you see, Greta?" And then a light broke on him, and he turned and caught her hand and said, "Greta, I'll tell you what we can do, and then it will be all right."

"Chess?" she breathed. "What, Charkey? Don't be afraid to said it."

"We could send for my mother!" he said triumphantly. "Say, she is a great worker, and this would be just her dish. She was born in the country, my mother was."

"Send for her," she said rather tartly.

"I see where that young fellow from New York is marrying the widow Barnfeldt down at the crossroads," said one of four men who were playing pinochle in the post office.

"He's getting a darned fine woman. Fine girl. Would make two of him, though."

"Don't be so sure about that. He talks as sweet as pie, but he's deep. He's deep."

"I wouldn't want to rile him. He was one of those gunmen, you know. They say he carries a revolver and can draw and fire in a split of a second. He's a fighter."

"He doesn't carry a pistol. He told me so himself."

"He told you so! Ha-ha, that's rich! Say, that boy is as deep as a well. I thought I'd die the other day when I saw him showing his war medals to a fellow and telling him he bought them in a pawnshop. He never cracked a smile."

"Well, I know he didn't buy any war medals in a pawnshop; it stands to reason. But he don't carry a pistol."

"You don't know. He's deep. Say, get him to tell you sometime about the battles he was in, about the time he fought the whole Austrian army at Belgrad and got a medal.

"He'll pull himself up and tell you afterwards that somebody else told him the story and that he bought the medal, but that just goes to show you how deep he is. He's trying to make a good impression on us and make us forget that he was a gunman. Don't rile him, is all I say!"

"I like Sharkey Tibbets."

"Everybody does. Only I'm saying, there's a man with a past if ever there was one. He's deep!"

MAIN STREET IN EUROPE

(Continued from Page 27)

the wife of a well-to-do citizen of Siena. Many Americans have visited this Italian hill town, celebrated alike for the marvelous preservation of its medieval buildings and for the associations with its most famous resident, Saint Catharine of Siena. They know the old *palazzi*, sumptuous yet grave; they have stood in the cathedral among those great columns which, with their alternate stripes of black and saffron, remind the least imaginative traveler of still, brooding jungle forms; they have admired the perfect campanile and looked with varying degrees of appreciation at the paintings of the Sienese primitives. Comparatively few, however, have had any contact with the people who year in and year out dwell under these shadows of Italy's glorious past.

I owed my own opportunity to a Florentine woman who had supplied me with a letter to Signora Negri. Thanks to this introduction, I sat one spring day in the parlor of a big house which dated from the late Renaissance. Parlors are rapidly dying out in the American home, and when they do persist it is customary to find them furnished with some regard to modern ideas concerning the selection of furniture and pictures, the blending of rugs and wall papers and curtains. I have visited in many American small towns and I have seldom found a woman whose station in life corresponded with that of Signora Negri ignorant of period styles in furniture. Many, indeed, supplement this information with a deal of knowledge of china and bric-a-brac, of pictures and rugs.

That this sort of inquiry had not affected the viewpoint of my hostess was very evident as I glanced at my surroundings. True, this big high-ceilinged parlor was furnished in period style, but—it was the late glacial period. The wall paper was bleak, and so was the carpet. Frosty gilt frames inclosed pictures recommended only by their glaring color. Chairs and sofa rather iceberg in physique, rounded out their Arctic resemblance by gray-white linen covers. Not a book nor a piece of bric-a-brac was there to suggest the room had ever been entered. It was all just as cozy as a refrigerator.

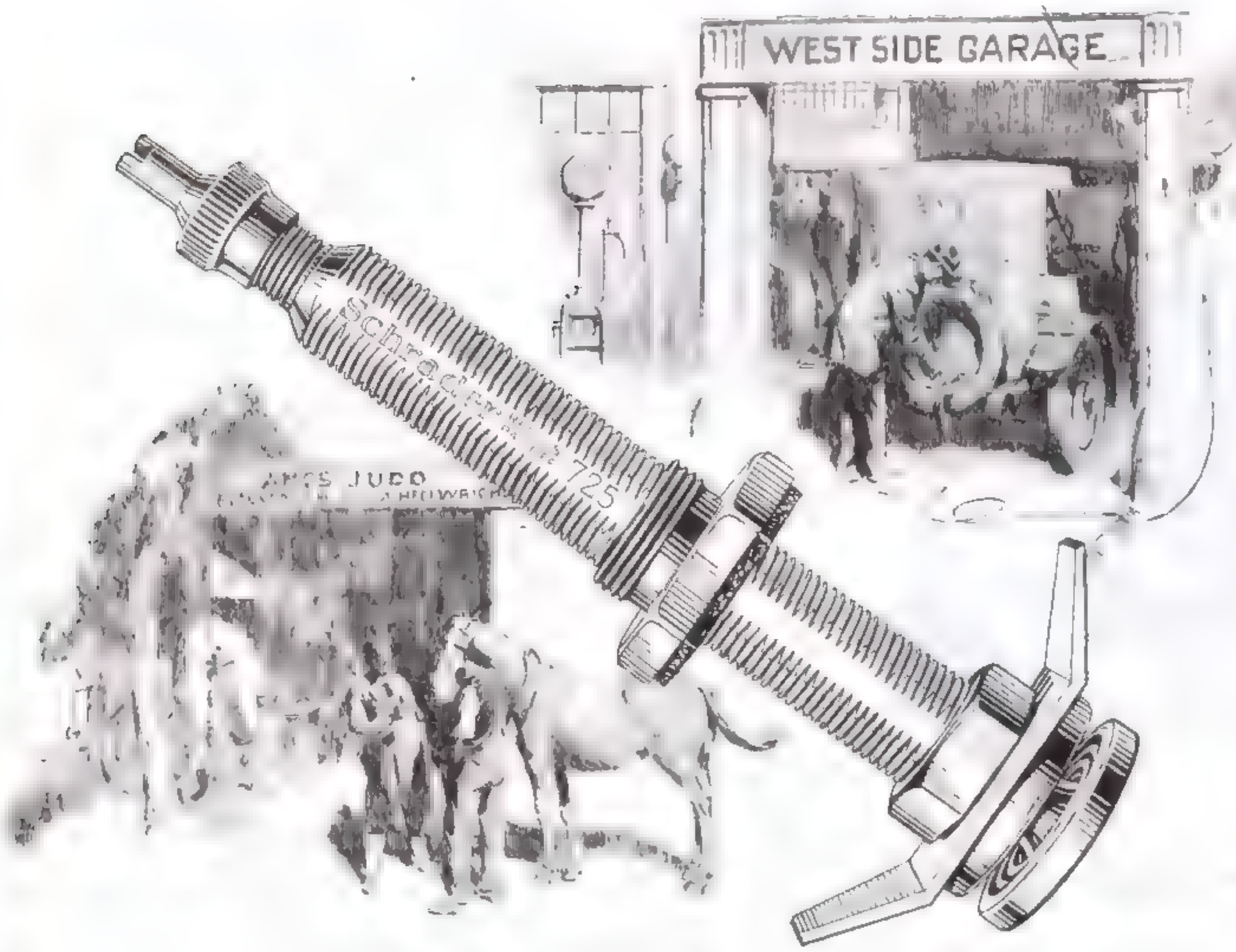
After I had been on ice several minutes the signora entered, and after my flustered first moments of Italian converse I managed to gather some essential news about her appearance. She was an elderly woman, the signora. By this I mean that she must have been thirty-nine or forty. Yet here is no individual reflection upon my Sienese hostess. For it must be remembered that the average Italian woman of mature age never exercises, and never, I am quite sure, consciously reduces. Her attitude seems to be, "Well, I have a hundred things to do before I die. I suppose I'll get old right away and then I'll have only ninety-nine." As a result, people commence to say of her "she must have been" about the time she reaches thirty-three.

My hostess certainly "must have been" beautiful fifteen years before, and of her dress one could speak in terms of the present. It was a very charming reflection of the late French modes. As for her manner, nothing could have been more gracious. There was, in fact, aside from the imperfections of my Italian, only one drawback to perfect social intercourse. The Signora Negri and I could find no topic of mutual interest.

Of course there may be those who would fix the responsibility for this state elsewhere than on Siena. Perhaps, indeed, I was not altogether blameless. Still in the same breath that I admit a certain insularity of viewpoint which has probably ruined many a dazzling opportunity for social advancement, I must claim for myself that on this occasion I was both diligent and alert. I tried the signora on everything from the vestal virgins to bridge.

The conversation began by my references to the beauty and interest of Rome. In assenting to my comments she informed

(Continued on Page 66)



Where once the village smithy stood—

ABOVE the door of the roadside shop once were the words, "Blacksmith and Wheelwright." Inside, the brawny blacksmith fanned the roaring fire on the smithy forge.

Now the sign is down. The fire is out—the blacksmith gone.

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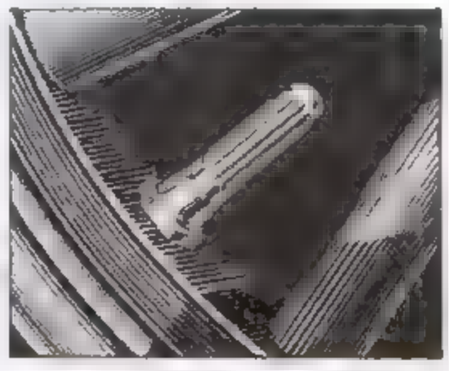

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SCHRADER RIM NUT BUSHING Holds on Dust Cap Centers tire valve and prevents tube from creeping Tighten against wheel with small wrench

SCHRADER VALVE CAP Made with dome shaped rubber washer reinforced by arched metal plate. Prevents dirt from entering mouth of valve. Acts as secondary air-tight seal. Attach or detach by hand.

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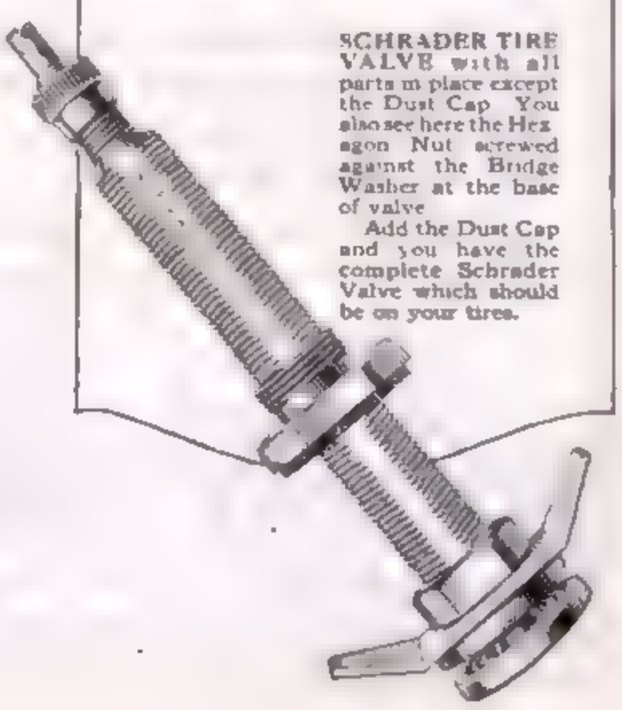

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NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY—MICHIGAN CENTRAL—BIG FOUR—PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

(Continued from Page 64)

me that she had been there only twice in her life. This was surprising enough, but when I heard that she had never seen Venice I began to be prepared. The fact of it was that the signora had hardly ever set foot outside of her native town, and if she had done so she would probably have considered it as so much lost motion.

There are, of course, so many instances of geographical fixity combined with intellectual wanderlust that I tried not to be prejudiced. And I went on as if nothing had happened, to speak of the English poets who had loved the signora's country. Among these I dwelt especially upon Shelley. Before I was through, however, I was conscious that the brown eyes were regarding me with the unillumined benevolence of a cow.

"Shelley?" she finally ventured. "Who was he?"

I paused only long enough for the briefest course on English literature and then with renewed hope I tried to ascertain her taste in the contemporary novels and plays of her own country. Did she follow the works of Marco Praga and the other young Milanese playwrights?

If I had spoken of Mr. D. H. Lawrence or Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, of Anatole France or Selma Lagerlöf, her expression could not have been more groping. I soon recognized, indeed, that Signora Negri's opposition to reading was free from all national bias. She was as profoundly uncurious regarding contemporary literature in her own country as she was in that of England and America, of France and Scandinavia.

At this point I resigned myself to my hostess' viewpoint. She was to all appearances a womanly woman, one determined that the sanctity of feminine interests should not be threatened by any tough-minded topics. Since, then, she had limited herself to home and children, why not try her out on that celebrated countrywoman of hers whose theories have made such a profound impression upon modern life? I could hardly wait until I asked her: "And what do you think of the Montessori method?"

The Signora Negri thought of it exactly what she thought of cuneiform writing. Although she was familiar with Signora Montessori's name, she knew absolutely nothing of her educational system.

Was it any wonder that I felt my old landmarks beginning to dissolve, my old imaginary world of European culture tumbling about my ears? Why, indeed, should it not? For in the usual small community on our continent the Montessori method is almost as familiar as the fireless cooker.

Shaking the Nursemaid Tree

My call left upon me one strong impression: Signora Negri was one of those women whose lives would be a blank without the front window. Beyond the goings and comings of her neighbors, she responded to no outside interest. The fact of it is that in Siena, as in every other Italian town which I have ever visited, the exercise of mere neighborliness is restricted by the absence of any such community centers as those which thrive with us. These Latin towns have no high school, for of free education, as we understand it, the Italian knows nothing, and people of my hostess' class almost always send their children away to some type of pay school. They usually have no circulating library and they have no country club. As for the various organizations through which we Americans strive to improve both ourselves and our surroundings, I tried in vain to picture the signora at one of our inevitable literary or travel or civic clubs. The imaginative flight was as impossible for me as it might have been for the lady herself.

Mention of the travel club recalls very vividly Signora Negri's response to some reference to America. At the words New York she brightened up and, leaning forward in her chair, she showed how thoroughly *en rapport* she was with foreign customs.

"Ah," breathed she in her exquisite Sienese Italian, "and do you still catch your negro servants in the forests?"

It was too beautiful a theory. I really could not bring myself to rob her of it, and I left her firm in the belief that all we had to do over here when we needed a nursemaid was just to shake a near-by tree.

In alluding to this remark I am open to conviction as to the possibility of some small-town Americans making a proportionately bad guess anent Italy. Nevertheless, I am obliged to state that, if there be such, I have not met them. The truth of it is that all of us in this country are beneficiaries of a twofold insurance against such ignorance: The first of these is the motion-picture feature of world-wide news; the second and more important is the existence of numerous magazines.

To be sure, there usually is a cinema or two in the Italian small town, but its standards of selection and of presentment fall very far short of our own. As to periodicals, there exist a few of specialized character. Unknown to the Latin household, however, is that magazine of general interest which has done so much to widen every American's horizon.

Just before I left the glacial parlor I heard the sound of a piano. Someone was playing one of the earlier Beethoven sonatas—playing it with a sort of stormy tenderness. I pricked up my ears at this—the first evidence of culture I had encountered since entering the house.

"It is my eldest daughter," explained the signora, and then with a sigh she added, "I am afraid she is a *decadenta*."

A decadent? In what way? I looked my interrogation of this fond parental classification. The signora hesitated only a moment and then, assuming a confidential air, she bent forward.

"Ah, well," she lamented, "she cares nothing except for music and books. She would like to become a professional pianist."

This from the land with the greatest annual output of tenors and sopranos in the world! It was hard to recover myself sufficiently to remonstrate "Why not? She does seem to have great talent."

The Café as a Social Center

She shrugged and made a gesture with the plump white hands. "Perhaps," she granted. "But my husband and I—we do not desire that sort of life for our daughters. We have affianced her to a charming young man, the son of friends of ours."

"Perhaps," ventured I, "she may not be in love with the young man."

Surprise and a certain hauteur were blended in her tone as she retorted promptly, "Certainly not. She has met him only once or twice. How then can she know what she feels for him?"

This retort was reasonable enough, but a subsequent deepening of my knowledge of Italian customs led me to suspect that the decadent daughter's sentiments would have no vital influence upon the situation. For the majority of marriages both among the aristocracy and among *borghese* families like the Negris are arranged on a basis of parental selection. The father of a girl provides her with a *dota*, or dowry, and then with check book in his vest pocket steps about among friends with eligible sons. It is all a nice neighborly transaction in which neither dowered daughter nor eligible son has much to say.

It was my curiosity to know something of the girl in the Italian small town which led me to pursue my acquaintance with Signora Negri. I asked her and her daughter to tea with me, and so several days later the three of us were seated at one of the outdoor cafés on Siena's Main Street.

Before proceeding further with my personal contacts I feel obligated to say a word regarding cafés. They represent to the Italian burg the same social center created by our soda-water fountains. The only difference between the two consists in the fleeting quality of our American refreshments. Over there the performance is anything but ephemeral. Nothing but a Strasburg goose with a nail through its foot is more firmly established at its task of feasting than is the habitué of the Italian café. Especially is this true of the men. They check in at about ten or eleven in the morning, often linger until the midday meal, and then, at about three or four, again punch the café time clock.

But to go back to the daughter of my acquaintance. The Signorina Negri—she who in America would have been Miss Black—was about eighteen, and worthy of the tradition respecting the beauty of Sienese women. These advantages, however, do not seem to have their customary weight in Latin scales. As the conditions of the signorina's life began to unfold to me I decided, in fact, that I would just as soon be a stone lion in front of a public building as

(Continued on Page 68)

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For Black, White, Tan, Brown and Ox-Blood Shoes

Polishes for all colors and kinds of shoes—for dry shoes—for wet shoes—children's shoes—men's shoes and women's shoes.

(Continued from Page 66)

an Italian girl in her native town. Nothing ever happens to either of them except weather.

It was a typical Italian Main Street which we watched that day over the table set back under its portico. Past the stately *palazzi* and over the rough cobblestones of the narrow, winding thoroughfare dozens of students of the University of Siena walked to and fro. Handsome young *fascisti* with their black shirts tapering into slender waistlines and their fezzes each dropping a long tassel over the wearer's cheek, gave the contrast of uniform to this civilian throng. So, too, did various dashing officers. Nor were the passers-by all Italians. The inevitable tourists constantly fused with the crowd, and although some of them were female, elderly and addicted to Baedeker, there were others to whom none of such reproaches could be directed.

University students, officers, tourists! Imagine what an ideal environment these would constitute for the girl in one of our own towns! But to the Italian signorina the proximity of all these young fellows means no more than a stage-set. For a girl of the well-to-do classes is never permitted to see a man unless in the presence of some member of her family.

There are Americans, of course, who regard with envy a country that has taken out such blanket insurance against flappers. Although I myself believe that the disadvantages of our system are far out-weighed by their advantages, I am not going to meet any arguments of this character. All I wish to bring out is the fact that in Italy there exist few possibilities for sublimating the call of youth to youth. My beautiful young signorina went shopping, she attended mass, and she sometimes, as this afternoon, dropped in at a café; but all these excursions were taken on the maternal or paternal leash. True, she knew some girls of her own set, and with these she played an occasional game of tennis. Of any organized recreational or intellectual or civic stimuli she dreamed, however, just as little as did her mother.

In concluding these remarks upon the woman of the Italian town let me say that neither the signora nor her daughter is an isolated example. The latter is as representative of the aridity of the town girl's life as is her mother of that lack of curiosity concerning art, literature, science or anything else removed from a narrow sphere in a narrow environment which I encountered in contacts with more than twenty small communities.

Men Who Live in the Past

But how about the men of the Via Cavour or the Via Vittorio Emanuele? Are they as lacking in both cultural impulse and social outlets as are their wives? The answer to this is an emphatic no. Although I did not meet the husband of Signora Negri I did talk with many men of a corresponding social class, and I found that between them and their womenfolk rolled a deep gulf of intellectual separation.

All these men had the classical training which is so reverenced in both Italy and France. They could quote pages from the Latin and Greek authors, and they knew Dante by heart. They had a burning pride in those heritages of art bequeathed them by their titanic countrymen, and, as to music, I am sure that it would have been impossible to confuse them between Caro Nome and Celeste Aïda.

Yes, these professional gentlemen of the Italian small towns all wrap themselves fervently in garments of past culture. When it comes, though, to more modern apparel—well, the majority hardly require a valet to look after their wardrobes. They may know something of present-day thought and art in their country, but of the currents going on beyond their own frontiers they are usually almost as innocent as their wives.

I remember, for example, asking a young physician in a small town near Florence what he thought of psychoanalysis.

He regarded me with his big handsome eyes, brown and glossy as horse chestnuts, and then asked, "What is that?"

I wondered at that moment if there were any American physicians, either metropolitan or provincial, who would have been equally puzzled. It hardly seems possible, for even many of the lay minds in our own small towns speak as familiarly of fixations and extraversion as they do of quince jelly or their grandmothers.

In this connection I cannot refrain from interpolating a report even more luminous in its revelation of that reluctance with which the European Main Street absorbs European culture. This report was furnished by a compatriot of mine fresh from a visit in a small Austrian town.

"Listen to this!" cried he. "This is good. One evening I mentioned Freud to a lot of men and their wives, and they nearly all looked absolutely vacant. Finally one wide-awake young fellow piped up, 'Oh, yes; the Viennese psychologist, you mean! I understand you Americans have gone crazy about him. That's strange, you know. Over here we don't think much about him.'"

There you are. If the burgs in Freud's own country have not yet waked up to their dreams, how in the world can anyone expect more remote European localities to show greater interest?

So far as social contacts go, the Italian burgher is much better off than is his wife. In the average small town there exists a man's club called the Circolo, which offers to its members newspapers, beverages and the formal setting for many an argument. The men over there are, however, not badly in need of such an institution, for, as I have said, they all keep regular office hours at the cafés.

"Isn't it wonderful!" breathed an American friend of mine one day as we sat down at a sidewalk café in Perugia. "Here it is, eleven o'clock in the morning, and these men are all taking the time to sit down and talk. Think of the towns and cities at home—how everybody would be grubbing now! Isn't it a marvelous atmosphere of leisure—of spaciousness?"

Iridescent Dreams of Glory

I was just debating the merits of this observation when an excited Latin voice near by smote my ears.

"Why should we not be the dominant country in Europe? Look at our tradition. Look at our past. Now that we have a great leader, there is no reason why again the eagles of Rome should not lift their lordly wings above lands across the seas."

I looked at my friend to see the effect that these words produced upon her. Undoubtedly it was favorable. She was probably thinking, "How wonderful the renascence of the national spirit of Italy!" Yet nobody is more severe in her criticism of such nationalistic sentiment when it goes on at home. An American who had delivered himself of a similar oration would be to her a booster, entitled to all the scorn of the intelligentzia.

As a matter of fact, the Italian towns are just full of boosters. Time and again I have strained my ears to catch the syllables from a near-by table where two or three gentlemen were installed. Have I ever heard any faint reverberations of art or literature? Not at all. These men who knock off three or four hours a day from work are not enriching the world's thought by the leisure thus acquired. If they were, that would be a different thing. Then I should not complain of my friend's eulogy of the spacious atmosphere. But as it is, all that I can see in the café system is a widened margin for spacious gab. This gab centers upon politics—local, national and European. It is not redeemed by any wide outlook on the world's problems. The opinions of each speaker are usually taken from his pet newspaper, and as a result they are quite as partisan as anything we are likely to hear at the Rotary Club.

Perhaps I may be accused of prejudice against the Italian. Any such bias I wish to disclaim by saying that for me Italy has more charm than any other European country. That my observations are shared by some of the Italians themselves is an impression created by talks with representatives of other strata of society. The most forceful of such impressions was left by a young nobleman whom I met at a *pensión* in Rome. His family was poor, but it managed to keep up an old country estate somewhere near Turin. Here, as is the custom, it lived in social aloofness from the near-by townsfolk. When, indeed, I mentioned the Italians of the smaller communities this young *conte* lifted his hands in repudiation.

"They lead the most monotonous lives in the world," said he. "They know nothing outside of their own towns, and furthermore they don't want to know anything."

When I crossed the Italian border into France I did not find a very appreciable

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NAME _____ CITY _____ STATE _____

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relief from this state of mind. Here I visited immediately in the home of a prosperous business man who lived on the outskirts of a small town in one of the central provinces. In this town Main Street was called Rue Grande. This is by no means a generic name, for in the baptism of their chief thoroughfares the French are exceedingly resourceful.

Diversity of term does not, however, affect the character of the street itself. Usually it is the same narrow winding affair with the same inhospitable thread of sidewalk observed in Italy. Just as in this neighboring country, too, one looks in vain for those front lawns which help relieve in American towns long stretches of stone and brick. If somewhere the French are guilty of a yard, they treat it as summarily as a modern woman does her ears. They get it out of sight. Therefore all that one sees is a high wall.

These people whom I visited did have a front yard, but its presence was due entirely to the fact that their home was more than a mile from the town. And one adds in the same breath that this advantage had not suggested to them the further improvement of verandas. The front porch with its rugs and its wicker furniture and all its invitations to comfort—the stranger may search for this modern device throughout Europe with the same assurance of success promised by hunting a flapper in Siena.

More than this. All that charming domestic architecture which in our towns is fast supplanting the mansarded and turreted crimes of the 80's has no equivalent in either France or Italy. The only departure from tradition exists in those bungalows with which some of the more progressive peasants are replacing their old picturesquely unhygienic cottages. For this reason I was quite prepared for the nineteenth-century house of stone which met my eye.

I shall never forget my first introduction to the home life of the French bourgeoisie. When I descended from my room to the dinner table it was like being plunged into a chapter of Genesis. Everybody there had either begot or been begotten by somebody else there. It was all very confusing, and I am afraid I never did get some of the relationships straightened out.

Such tribal groups are typical of both France and Italy. Right here let me say that if any psychiatrist were turned loose on one of these Latin or Gallic communities he would break down in a year from overwork. For in nearly all of them the widely known family complex is present in its most aggravated forms. Thus Signora Negri, as I have related, had practically no life outside her home. When she did go out for a game of cards, she told me that she and her husband sought as a rule the home of her brother and his wife. Similarly my present hostess, whom I shall call Madame Boulanger, confided to me the second day of my visit, "Ah, we have so many relatives in the town that we do not need to seek any society elsewhere."

What They Talked About

It might have been Abraham himself saying that. Though no one respects more the beauty of family relationships than do I, it does seem to me that such limitations of sympathy and interest to one's own tribe are a real spiritual obstacle. They spell an egoism preferable only to the intense narrowness of self-love.

Well, to go back to the dinner party. What did I hear as for nearly two hours I clung to the manes of those whistling French sentences? Was it art or literature, was it the theater or music, borne by those fleet chargers of sound? Not for a second. Fifteen minutes was spent in a discussion of the taxes. Another fifteen was devoted to an arraignment of the English. In between I heard many personalities and many allusions to local business conditions. But there was not one word to dismay the most backward intelligence in the most backward hamlet of America.

In this conversation I was assigned a passive rôle. Everybody displayed a cordial anxiety to have my plate replenished, but all interest in me stopped at this point. Seldom did anyone direct to me either question or remark.

There may be a personal explanation for this, and certainly I responded to it with no personal resentment. The only effect of my obliteration was to make me compare this situation with that of any foreigner who happened to be visiting in a family back in Homesville or Haysburg. Two qualities of the American temperament conspire, in fact, against such effacement of an alien: One is the kindliness which makes us always want to put the outsider at his ease; the other is that vital curiosity respecting other lands and other customs which makes us the most widely traveled people in the world.

That there is none of this curiosity operative in the average provincial Frenchman was demonstrated at almost every encounter I had with this class. Here at the dinner table a revelation of the prevailing lack came through the widow of an advocate. No sooner had one of the men in the party announced that he had gone the winter before to a Swiss resort than her black eyes blazed.

"And why," demanded she, "should you, a Frenchman, go to Switzerland? Have we not here in our own country mountains, rivers, snows, tropics—everything?"

They have, indeed, installed all the modern patents in our famous slogan. With them it is See France First, Last and All the Time. Subsequently I discovered that only four of the fifteen people present had ever crossed the French frontier, and not a single one of this privileged quartet had been to America.

The fact of it is that so far as America is concerned many of these folks in French towns are living in the year 1491. Those who had actual contacts with our soldiers have probably enlarged their basic store of information. All others are in possession of three original, unenriched facts: They know that the dollar is high, that we have a Ku Klux Klan and that *le régime sec*, as they call our dry law, has operated unkindly upon French commerce.

The Overworked Toothpick

It was the dry law which finally lifted my excommunication from table topics. Removing the napkin from the tandem of chins to which it had previously been hitched, the gentleman who had been so offensive as to patronize a Swiss resort tapped on his glass of crème de menthe.

"Ah," cried he, looking over at me with his merry blue eyes, "think of living in a country where you cannot get this!"

I was so gratified at this mark of personal attention that I fear I did not properly resent the reflection upon my country. Released from my long Trappist silence, I fell to telling them all something about our customs. It was when I reached a description of American trains that I got from the advocate's relict of whom I have spoken a reaction so violent and so unexpected that I could hardly believe my ears.

"*Figurez-vous*," cried she, turning to the assembled company with cheeks so swollen with rage that they resembled two red hassocks, "the Americans employ negroes as attendants on their trains! *C'est bien drôle, n'est-ce pas?* For was it not only the other day that I read in a paper something of America being indignant at these reports of us using our negro troops in the Ruhr?"

Even assuming that she knew something of the outrage of the tip, it was a strange analogy. However, I let it pass. For the company had now arrived at the toothpick course, and the advocate's widow was far too preoccupied with this physical strain to undertake any mental one.

Right here let me say that table manners in nearly all Continental countries have not departed from those ideals which we Americans began to desert just about the time of the Chicago fire. One of these ideals is that a napkin should lead a public life. Of course there are some natures in America which are still inspired by the same caution, but the proportion of those wearing their napkins is not nearly so impressive as on the Continent.

As for the toothpick, this implement is used with a degree of conscientious research which I have never seen excelled. No dilettante gesture does for the average Continental townsman. Each of the thirty-two, both upper and lower, gets its own individual ceremony.

But a more spectacular departure from our standard of manners was afforded me the morning after my arrival. I had arisen from a rather troubled night. This was due to the partiality of the Continent for a covering known as the *couvre-pied*, a quilt with a physique like a marshmallow. Plump and square, it has, too, no more genius for fitting into one's anatomy than the candy aforementioned. Even when it is doing its

(Continued on Page 72)

You may walk one hundred thousand miles and more during your lifetime—in stockings. How to achieve that magnificent journey with comfort, elegance and economy, is truly an important matter. And the total hosiery-cost is great. Phoenix has become the *companionable* hosiery of the world, for the very good reason that it furnishes to men, women and children everywhere, record-long miles of friendly elegance and comfort at small cost.

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Of course, you'll like Williams! It is made by shaving soap specialists—a pure, natural-white cream without coloring matter. And the tube has the new Hinge-Cap!

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Williams
Shaving Cream

with the Hinge-Cap that can't get lost

(Continued from Page 70)

duty by you, the *couvre-pied* covers only a chosen section, and you are kept busy thawing out alternately chest and toes. However, the specialty of this "comfort" is slipping, and unless you sit up all night with it you are waked up every half hour by the necessity of groping on the floor after the truant.

My nerves were already somewhat shaken by my night's warfare, and I really think I jumped when at the sound of a pleasant barytone "*Bonjour*," I looked up from my morning coffee to see my host's son taking a place opposite me at the breakfast table. "Surely," thought I, "here is another dream induced by the night's discomfort." Perhaps I even dived involuntarily to the floor after my deserting *couvre-pied*. The sound of a crunched roll, however, convinced me of reality. The young man opposite me was there, and he was there in pajamas! They were not even the musical-comedy kind. They were the homeliest gray flannel pajamas I have ever seen, and they were screened by no kind of jacket or robe.

I had seen in this young man before no symptoms of eccentricity, but I knew that he was an ex-officer, and so I murmured to myself pityingly, "Shell shock!" Shell shock nothing! Or if it was, then this house was a regular sanitarium, for in the course of the next five minutes the two sons-in-law of my host appeared on the scene in the same garb.

Is it good form in France this putting the breakfast jam in pajamas? After two visits in families of the provinces in both of which I encountered the same phenomenon I went with my inquiry to a Parisienne of my acquaintance. She was horrified.

"*Mon dieu, non!*" cried she. "It is anything but *comme il faut* with us not before women guests. But surely you are not going to judge us by the manners of our small towns!"

The breakfast pajamas, the napkin and the toothpick—such evidences of a lack of approved formalism have, of course, no bearing upon either spiritual or cultural development. But as indications of the slow infiltration of metropolitan customs into the French hinterland it seems to me they are profoundly significant. Accustomed as we are to the velocity with which every new style travels from the great city to the small town, one is dumfounded to see how long it takes an idea or a fashion to travel from Paris to the Rue Grande.

Young Men Barred

I stayed with my friends here for nearly a week, and in that time I found much to admire. Never was a family more courteous in all its home relationships. Never was a cuisine more admirable. Never was there such an air of tranquillity and order. One could not set foot in the house without feeling that here were a simple people, conscious of the dignity of being—just simple people. Industrious, temperate, frugal, home-loving, these Boulangers possessed, in fact, all those bourgeois virtues so much deplored by your intellectual.

Ah, yes, but a very different thing from intellectual curiosity, from the struggle against the rut, from spiritual revolt against small local affairs! That first dinner party had discouraged the prospect of finding a marked development of such qualities in the French town, and subsequent contacts served only to deepen this impression. Raise the liberalizing influences of an Italian community some few degrees and you have what the Rue Grande offers its citizens.

Unlike the usual provincial of Latium, the Boulangers had an automobile. So had numerous of their friends. The town itself boasted a tennis club, and the habit of parties seemed much better established than it was beyond the Alps. Yet equally defective in the matter of community centers are both Tuscan and Norman settlement. High school, Y. M. C. A., public library, country club, civic clubs—all those avenues through which the citizens of our small communities at home seek to broaden their experience, are unknown to the Gallic town.

Whatever the tennis court in the Boulangers' home burg meant, it did not represent a love match. Together the girls went out and had their exercise, and the boys were equally exclusive of feminine society. Mademoiselle of France has, in fact, almost as boisterous a life as has her sister, the signorina across the border. She, too, is seldom permitted to talk to a young man unless in the presence of one of her family; and she, too, is married under the system of husband subsidies. Unless her father can afford to give her a *dot* her chances for marriage are tragically narrowed.

Both among the Italian *borghese* and the French *bourgeoisie* the attitude toward exercise is not an attitude, but a shrug. Did I ever see a married man or woman using the tennis courts in a town? Never. One day I asked a cousin of the Boulangers, a prosperous merchant from a town near Tours, why it was that the French never thought of putting a golf course near their communities.

He looked at me in a very superior way and twirled a pair of very superior mustachios. "I will answer you, mademoiselle," said he, "by the answer which Clemenceau made to a reporter who asked him what he thought of golf. Do you perchance know it?"

I shook my head in negation.

"Ah, well," said he, "it sums up so well our opinion of men and women who have nothing better to do than hit and walk. For Clemenceau remarked, mademoiselle, 'A little infantile.'"

The American Writer

No more adult pleasure, according to the Gallic townsman, is represented by swimming, bowling, walking or gymnasium classes. The time which so many American men put in on their muscles he devotes usually to his café. Here, as in Italy, the café constitutes a local political forum, and here you find the French booster in the regular practice of his profession. But it affords more than the setting for a debate. It is a club where the average Frenchman comes to write his letters and read his newspapers. So deeply is it enshrined in his civilization that one often feels that the Frenchman's most tender sentiment is, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like a café."

Now, as to the woman of the Gallic town. I will start out by saying that I had been somewhat prejudiced against Madame Boulanger by an exclamation she had uttered the day after my arrival. I had been saying something about American literature when, looking up quickly from her sewing, she cried, "*Tiens!* Is it that America has any writers?"

Her husband, the graduate of a *lycée*, was much embarrassed by this astonishment.

"*Certainement* America has had a writer," he reproved her. "Have you never heard of Poe?"

Passing rapidly over the fact that this amend was scarcely more soothing than the blow itself, I must say that the average Frenchman is very apt to speak of America's literary performance in terms of the singular. The only American author with whom he seems to be at all familiar is our Edgar Allan.

As I say, I was somewhat irritated at madame for assuming that our authorship was confined entirely to dollars. Afterwards, however, I perceived that no national bias was involved. Like Signora Negri, Madame Boulanger simply did not see the value of reading anything. She looked upon printed matter as being like vaccination—some virus to take at long intervals and then only for the purpose of rendering one immune from any attack of the disease itself. In her youth they had inoculated her with Molière and a few other French classics, and since then apparently she had never come down with a book. As the magazine of general interest is almost as rare there as it is in Italy, madame's only provocation to a literary attack lay in the daily newspaper. Let me add in the same breath, too, that her husband's interest did not progress much farther. Neither of them knew a single name in contemporary French art or literature except by newspaper reference to that name.

But, although madame resembled Signora Negri in her complete freedom from cultural impulse, she far surpassed her in a certain alert intelligence which has nothing to do with books. Of all the good business men I have ever met in my life she was the best. Not only did she manage the affairs of her household but she helped conduct her husband's business. He never took a step, I am sure, without consulting her, and as I heard them talking together I was amazed at her grasp of the commercial situation.

No phenomenon, either—Madame Boulanger! In her capacity for sustaining the double task of home keeper and business partner the Frenchwoman of the small community stands supreme. How different from the presentment of French femininity in the novels! Thanks to literature, we conceive the Gallic wife as a creature of chiffons and of errant emotionalism. She is a bit of seductive meringue. She is the base of the inevitable triangle. I myself was at one time influenced by this bookish conception. Now, after visits to various provinces of France, I keep wondering where these novelists ever got their prototypes. Instead of being an inevitable part of a triangle, the *bourgeoise* is one of the best of parallel lines.

The Boulangers talked a great deal about money. So did another family I visited. So, in fact, do all French people. Often, indeed, as I have listened to conversations in French homes I have been amused to recall the standard European accusation against America. Perhaps, as they think, we do dwell too much upon the dollar. Yet, compared to the French attitude to the franc, our interest in money is only a fitful, amateurish thing. How much does it, did it or will it cost?—here is the central theme of interest in the French small town.

The financial fixation is apparent even in purely social contacts. In the second French family I visited, I went with my hostess to the home of some friends for an evening at cards. Incidentally I may mention that I had assumed cards would mean, not the Gallic heirloom of piquet into which it crystallized, but the modern bridge. In making such assumption I had overlooked, however, the fact that bridge was not played by these people's great-grandfathers. Had I done so I might have been prepared, for underneath all their swiftness of speech and lightness of manner, the French in general are the most stubbornly traditional people in the world. Novelty of experience represents a drawback rather than a temptation to this race which continues to write by hand, even in Paris, the numbers on theater and opera tickets.

Insatiable Curiosity

Well, the piquet was only an episode of the evening. What really focused that occasion on my memory was an encounter with the provincial Frenchwoman's frank curiosity regarding monetary values. Upon entering the room I found myself in immediate conversation with a physician's wife. She was exceedingly pretty, but her clothes, although new, were a far cry from that chic which we Americans associate with every woman born on French soil.

As I sat down beside this woman she gave me one of those adding-machine glances for which the French eye is famous. I knew that not one detail of my appearance had escaped that critical eye.

"*Dites-moi*," said she, picking up a fold of my frock, "how much did you pay for this?"

I stared at her a trifle wildly. Had I really understood? Could she, a perfect stranger, be asking me a question which we Americans hesitate to put to our most intimate friends? Nevertheless, I finally faltered the sum which I had paid in a Paris shop.

She regarded me with evident disapproval. "Too much," she commented. "It is true, the material is sufficiently good, and the mode is well enough, but one must never pay what they ask in these Paris shops. Your shoes now—they are very nice. But tell me, did they rob you there likewise?"

I saw then what I was in for. Before I left that evening the physician's wife had secured a complete set of books on my wardrobe. She had ascertained in addition how much I paid for my room in Paris, what I tipped the servants, and what I expected to give for my passage back home.

In my observations upon Italian life I mentioned the absence of any modern standards of interior decoration. The same thing may be said of France. Here in the homes that I visited, furniture, bric-à-brac, carpets and curtains were neither selected nor assembled with a view to æsthetic results. As to French period furniture, I am convinced that many a woman in a small community of the Middle West knows more about the difference between Louis Quinze and Louis Seize chairs than does the average housekeeper of the Rue Grande.

To England I do not purpose devoting the space given either to the Rue Grande or to the Via Vittorio Emanuele. The reasons for such discrimination are obvious. In the

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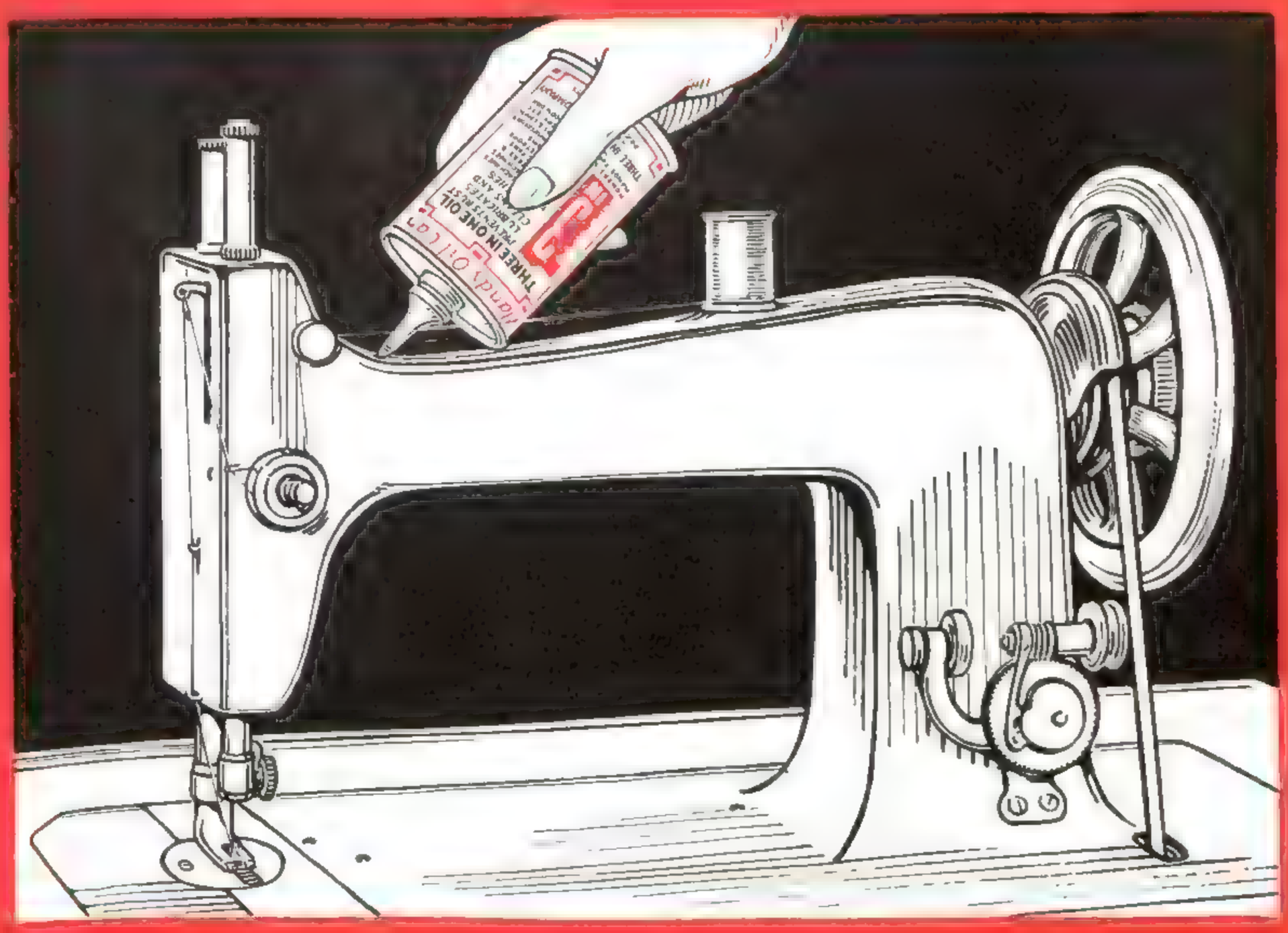

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High as the Alps in Quality

Continued from Page 72

first place, the English community approximates in its devotion to sports and in its absence of strict chaperonage our own town. In the second place, most of us have been rendered familiar, either by literature or by actual contacts, with the characteristic social structure of the British Isles.

Nevertheless, there are differences, and these were brought out immediately after I set foot in the home of a small-town family in Oxfordshire. They lived, this family, in a typical setting. By this I mean that the house was stone and that it had window boxes and that there was a big garden attached to it. This last feature brings me at once to the point of my story. For I am compelled to admit that the one exhilarating event of the summer day in that historic English town was somebody's garden party.

Aside from the facts that the habitual rain usually drives one from the garden to the drawing-room and that a party can never be effected merely by an aggregation of people, this is a fairly accurate term. Dismissing this point as inconsequential, let me hasten to say that all the well-to-do folks in the community were equipped with the makings of this form of entertainment and that nobody neglected his social duty. Every morning my hostess would buoy me up with the assurance, "Ah, today we go to dear Colonel So-and-So's or dear Mrs. Thingumbob's garden party. Now you're going to see the loveliest rhododendrons in the world."

I suppose that most people are more resourceful than I, but I find that my rhododendron adjectives give out awfully soon. Consequently after participating in three such botanical exploits I fled to shelter in a London hotel where the only flowers I was obliged to review were on the wall paper. True, two of these parties had retreated from the rain to the drawing-room, but this only made things worse, for then the Flower Song drifted off into a low chord of loss and defeat. Then from thirty British voices I was obliged to hear the same "Oh, this is lamentable! And now you have missed the hollyhocks! And the lilies too!"

What impression have these three garden parties left upon me? First, one of a gallant race, of a race tragically scarred by the war. Second, one of a uniformity of type which even the ants, those specialists in leveling individual touches, might copy profitably for any of their castes. Here were representatives of the public-school folks, the old county families whose ancestors had for generations ruled Great Britain, and they revealed their common origin inexorably by wearing the same kind of clothes, using the same intonations, making the same sort of comments, and standing by the same stagnant slang, practically unenriched by two generations of British.

Typical Small Talk

Undoubtedly the English spoken in its native haunts is a far better-groomed language than any transplanted specimen. In conceding this, however, it is well to remember that the British voice is not a voice at all, but a syndicate. It is a trust in which all well-bred persons hold equal shares. Not only do the stockholders all pronounce and inflect in exactly the same way but even the quality of voice seems universally fixed. Indeed, after one has heard all afternoon "Have you seen the hollyhocks?"—always, from each of thirty speakers, with the accent on the first word—one begins to long for a less perfect and more varied utterance.

Unlike the average townsman of Italy and France, the English provincial travels. But in view of climatic conditions, this wander spirit must be regarded perhaps as less of a quest for intellectual stimuli than as an escape from physical handicaps. As to what he brings back from his travels I leave the following conversation, taken verbatim from one of my garden parties, to reveal:

"Did you go to Interlaken when you were in Switzerland?"

"Yes, we were there for a fortnight."

"Awfully jolly place, don't you think? I wonder—did you by any chance find that tea room ——"

"Oh, you mean that jolly one near the Regina?"

"Oh, no, no, no! Not that at all. I mean the one not far from the Kurhaus."

"You liked that? How extraordinary! We went there several times and we didn't like the tea at all. As for the sweet cakes, they were really abominable."

Spuring the reader those further brilliant jets of conversation which welled up from the tea springs of Interlaken, and passing rapidly over the fact that the poor old Jungfrau was never once honored by a mention, I shall permit the small-town British conductor to take us through the medieval architecture and the Renaissance art treasures of Florence. Another accurate transcription:

"Did you go to the same *pension* this year?"

"Yes, but it was most unfortunate, you know. The place has gone off most frightfully."

"Oh, really, has it? In what way?"

"Ah, well, for one thing, they never have a sweet nowadays."

"Oh, dear, I was thinking of going back there next winter, but I can't do so if that is true. No sweets! Oh, no, I really couldn't. I should feel simply done in without my sweet."

"But that is not the worst. Would you believe it—they no longer serve tea!"

"Shocking! And what lovely tea one used to get there! Don't you remember how we always tried to get back to the house in time for tea? I wonder what could have come over the place. They did one so well before the war."

Do You Beat Your Cat?

Imagine this sort of travel talk sustained for half an hour and varied only by geographical changes. If you do so, you get the full measure of your small-town Britisher's usual capacity for foreign culture. On the Continent I have talked with hundreds of these provincial pilgrims, and I have yet to hear from them any more searching art criticism than "Ripping" or "Jolly." Although their British conscience prods them on to galleries and churches, their British temperament makes of these trips mere visual excursions. They look on these products of an alien civilization, but in few cases is their imagination really affected by them. And if four o'clock and Leonardo da Vinci should happen together, so much the worse for the Leonardo—unless a tea caddy were installed directly in front of the canvas.

It is to be expected that the average British citizen of the small town knows much more about America than do those townsmen across the Channel. Nevertheless, if I had collected an album of the wild surmises made regarding us by some of our cousins overseas, I should have a very pretentious folio. Typical of the wide-eyed innocence of our mode of life which is occasionally encountered on the British Isles were the inquiries made at one of my three garden parties.

It was on one of the rainy afternoons, and I suddenly found myself at bay in a corner of the drawing-room, which, by the way, provided with its charming chintzes and mahogany an aesthetic relief from the bleak interiors of the Continent. My pursuer was the aged widow of a clergyman—the garden party always offers fertile soil to such—and she was armed with an ear trumpet, to say nothing of infinite questions to go with it.

"Now do tell me," she coaxed, "do you have pets in America?"

"Pets!" murmured I. What could the woman mean?

"What did you say?" she said, sidling up to me so eagerly that her feather boa touched my face.

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean," I called down.

"Pets! Dogs and cats!" she repeated somewhat impatiently.

With great heartiness I assured her that these had been admitted to our civilization. The dear old lady looked relieved, but I could see that there was still one shadow to lift from that eager spirit, and after a moment's pause she revealed her anxiety.

"And now do tell me—I'm so anxious to know—are you good to them?"

What had been haunting that aged person's mind? Had she formed her opinion of America through reading James Fenimore Cooper? I cannot quite decide. All I do know is that the expression with which she greeted my later intelligence encouraged me to suspect that she had formerly conceived of us as pursuing the Pom and the Persian with our Mohican tomahawks.

It goes without saying that this story is the prize trophy of my collection. I always remember, indeed, that it was afforded me by a very old lady—one who had ceased her mental tabulations at the death of the Prince Consort. Yet, after all, did not another British matron in a far less static condition say to me one day, "And I suppose you don't have toast in the States"? And did not a dear old retired officer enlighten me regarding the function of a butler?

These folks whom I met at the garden parties were far less prejudiced against reading than the average townsman of the Continent. Even so, various contacts with the Brahministic element of the English small town have left upon me one very lasting impression. This is that the British do not know their own modern novelists nearly so well as do we in this country. From many evidences of this fact I select a little game of authors which I attempted to play one day with a middle-aged clergyman and his wife.

Prostrated by the long botanical conversation which I had undergone at the hands of this pair, I stopped firmly in front of a bed of phloxes or snapdragons or whatever they were, and determined upon a recess.

"And what, Mr. Brooks-Truffley," asked I abruptly, "do you think of Mr. D. H. Lawrence's work?"

The rector looked troubled, and at this point his wife came to the rescue. "He's a writer, my dear. Surely you have seen his name in the reviews?"

Still no chord of memory was stirred, and somewhat impatiently his wife exclaimed, "Don't you remember—he wrote that jolly little thing—let me see, what was it called?" And here her appealing gaze sought mine.

My own brows furrowed in the vain effort to connect Mr. Lawrence with any jolly little thing. In recalling his work it seemed to me that he was quite blameless in this respect as Æschylus himself. Even as I was wondering what mood of glee I had overlooked I heard those tidy, well-combed English syllables rise in their most triumphant inflection.

"Ah, now I know," cried the clergyman's wife. "It was Conrad in Quest of His Youth!"

This confusion of Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Leonard Merrick—or one just as culpable—might very possibly be encountered in our own country. Yet over there I have witnessed so many similar entanglements that I am commencing to look upon it as a national plight. And it was with absolute credulity that I heard after my course of garden parties a famous English novelist say, "I get the most discriminating letters about my books, not from England, but from the States."

European Backwardness

In making these notes regarding the small towns of other countries I have omitted any mention of the modern conveniences, either domestic or civic. I did not dwell upon the fact that I never saw a street sprinkler or heard a lawn mower all the time that I spent in Italy or France. I have been equally reticent concerning the lack of stationary tubs in both these Continental countries. And not until now do I break my silence concerning the antiquated equipment of every European kitchen into which I penetrated.

The reasons for such restraint are obvious. In the first place, everyone concedes to us an immense superiority in all those mechanical devices which spell sanitation and convenience. In the second, even my appreciation of the value of such endowment could never blind me to the poverty of a civilization which rested solely upon perfected mechanism. Realizing that Plato talked and Michelangelo chiseled in days when electricity and plumbing and labor-saving devices were not, I have preferred to make in other terms my comparison between the small town of Europe and that of the United States.

If, indeed, European backwardness in the adoption of modern conveniences possesses for me any supreme significance it is because I see in that reluctance the same static quality of mind which has resulted in more vital failures. In free schooling, in libraries, in community centers, in periodicals, in motion pictures—in all those agencies by which the American community strives to widen each individual's horizon—the European small town falls as short of our standards as it does in the matter of bathtubs. Why does it do so? Simply because the average European townsman lacks that dynamic curiosity which urges us always, both individually and nationally, toward the thing beyond our immediate grasp.

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The 2000 mile transcontinental unit of the Chicago Milwaukee & St Paul Railway part of a perfectly equipped railroad system of more than 11 000 miles

21-232

HOW I FOUND MYSELF

Continued from Page 5)

became quite fussed and pleased, so that he had to move about and say queer, disjointed things, all intended to show his appreciation. But on paying out money he was glum, no matter how small the check might be. He was one of the funniest men I have ever seen, and the wonder is that he didn't give everyone the impression that his bank was trembling on the brink of insolvency. In spite of these performances, he regarded himself as a person who used all his blandishments to build up the institution.

"He had a remarkable system when it came to lending money to tenant farmers. They would usually make their applications along about the tenth of February. It was understood—or rather dictated by immemorial custom—that the checks or drafts for their cotton would be paid through his bank so that he could deduct at once what was due the institution. The cotton would be sold in September or October. Nevertheless, he charged interest for a full twelve months and deducted this in advance. Also the farmers agreed upon a budget of expenditures—so much for February, so much for March, and thus on down through each crop month. Of course, the heaviest expense would be incurred when laborers were hired to pick the cotton, so nearly all of the borrowers agreed that about half their loans should remain untouched until the cotton picking began. Within thirty to fifty days after the cotton was picked it would be sold; so, in effect, about half these loans were really for only fifty days at most. He was a very interesting character all right. I don't know of any business that operated on a more secure margin of safety than his. But a worrier and pessimist, of course, remains in a state of alarm in spite of all safeguards. I used to watch him with amused interest."

From Practice to Theory

"Fortunately for me I wasn't given to youthful enthusiasms for reform. I knew our methods were nothing to brag about, but neither did I know how they could be greatly improved. Nor was I wasting sympathy upon the tenant farmers. Whatever thought I gave to the subject related to building up our bank to a more important and profitable position in the world of business. I knew very well that most of those tenant farmers needn't have borrowed at all if they had exercised a little more thrift in their good years. My father began as a tenant farmer, so I had some facts to go on.

"But I had become interested in banking; and, as I said, the Old Man's lack of talent for it was proving a more potent force in my education than I realized at the time. I did not know that there was such a thing as a literature of finance; but once having begun to think about the underlying principles, I quite naturally looked for books on the subject and found them everywhere. Most of them, however, were too deep for me. Others were too theoretical. Quite a number of the best I found would have been of immediate practical value except that they dealt with entirely different conditions. In other words, I didn't find anything about cotton or any other crop presenting approximately the same conditions as cotton from the credit point of view.

"But I was into the subject and that is what I want to point out here. My father knew what he was doing when he placed me in the bank. Also, I liked bookkeeping. By that I do not mean to say that the books appeared in the light of an ambition. I didn't want to spend my life over them. But I liked to make totals and then strike averages; for instance, to estimate the average interest on all money outstanding, and that sort of thing. In a little bank like ours a man with a nose and memory for figures could go through the whole business in a few hours' time. I liked the idea of a business one could analyze on paper.

"Well, the financial literature hadn't helped me a great deal, so I began to ask questions when I was with other bankers. Acting as messenger part of the time, I naturally met quite a number of bankers in near-by communities. Visits of the bank examiner were thrilling events to me, because he knew a lot, and I gave him credit for knowing all there was to know. I tracked around after him like a pup. Fortunately this pleased him, and later I learned that he had spoken well of me to other bankers. I was widening my acquaintance in our territory and making a good impression.

"After a few years of this steady search for information I accumulated several ideas that I wanted to put into practice, but the Old Man was a stone wall. And then a new bank opened in our town. A creamery had been established there on a very small scale about the time I began my career, and the enterprise was growing rapidly. The three managers applied to our bank, eventually, for a loan to finance certain progressive farmers in purchasing blooded cattle. It was the very sort of proposition in which a bank should have found its natural field of usefulness. Everyone from Adam Smith on down has recognized cattle as a basic security. Moreover, the creamery was quite plainly a tremendous success.

"In single-crop states, you know, the people very seldom produce more than a fifth of the creamery products they consume, so that a local enterprise of this sort if efficiently and honestly managed is certain to be profitable on account of the heavy advantage it has on transportation charges. Butter shipped 400 or 500 miles—and sometimes even 1000—begins to accumulate extra costs. Butter produced at home can be sold more cheaply. But the Old Man had gone through some sort of experience years before with a pair of promoters who had tried to sell stock in a creamery, and he would have nothing to do with it.

"The net result of all this was a new bank. They offered me a position and I wanted very much to accept. I thought about the matter for a few weeks and finally decided that my destiny would eventually lead elsewhere, so it didn't greatly matter, and I refused. I had now seen credit at work in connection with the production of cotton and I was impatient to see it at work in connection with the assembling of cotton for shipment to New England and foreign countries. That would be something entirely different, I knew, and the amounts involved would be vastly larger. Action in that field is much quicker. The old urge for rapidity was upon me. My friend, the bank examiner, and I had talked about this phase of banking a great deal, and he said he might be able to introduce me in one of the larger cities where the big cotton buyers and export houses made their headquarters.

"Another deciding factor for me was that the new bank didn't purpose doing much business with tenant farmers. Dominated by the creamery interests, it would devote a considerable portion of the attention of its officers to developing and extending that enterprise. Though the creamery business is interesting enough in itself, I wanted to be a banker; and I now knew that I shouldn't really be one in either of these institutions."

Banks That Never Grow

"Banking is a profession; yes, I am tempted to say an art; and certainly it is a science. The principles of credit apply in all directions. I had seen how essential a thing credit is, because no one would have done business with the Old Man if he could have done business without him. He had taught me by his very narrowness—and, I might add, meanness—just what a vital and essential thing a bank is to the community. But after all, a creamery bank wouldn't be a great deal broader than a cotton bank.

"That is one of the great troubles with bankers: they fasten themselves to one little industry and fail to see the science of banking except as it applies to a field in which they know every detail—probably from previous experience in that very field of operations. There are banks scattered over a considerable part of this country that have about the same deposits and resources today that they had twenty-five years ago, although their communities have grown by leaps and bounds. I know of one bank that today has almost to a penny the same deposits it boasted in 1887. At that time it was the greatest bank in its territory. Today there are half a dozen in the same city with four to twenty times its deposits. New industries came, and with them eventually came new groups of bankers who knew how to take care of the new needs. Now from my point of view many so-called bankers are journeymen rather than scientific bankers. But we will let that pass at present, because I will return to the subject and take it up from a different angle later.

"My friend, the examiner, resigned his position not long after I had made my momentous decision, and became vice president of a large growing bank in the biggest city in the state. Very shortly thereafter he sent for me, and I can tell you I was happy. I knew that fellow meant business, and he did. You see, a city bank of that sort has relations with many country banks; at one season of the year it advances them money and at another season it holds money for them, paying interest on it, of course. Both transactions are profitable.

"My new boss, the former examiner, told me that I had more friends than I realized and that he wanted me to do a little scouting about to get new accounts from country bankers. Also, my advice would be sought from time to time about making these connections; for instance, if there were two or more banks in a town we would wish to make a connection with the better one. I'll tell the world I felt important! When I thought the matter over I couldn't help telling myself that the job would be no trick at all, because I knew all those banks; I could have named the best one in any town without a moment's hesitation."

The New Job in the City

"So I accepted and moved away to the big city. My father grinned like a kid who had just done a new card trick. I think I have rarely met a man who could see clear through a boy the way he could. For banking he had a great deal of contempt, and no doubt that sentiment extended to my enthusiasm for the business; but he knew he had placed me where I wanted to be. His coup tickled him. He was a jewel among fathers.

"I found no great difficulty in making good with the larger bank, but my curiosity was again at work. For the first time in my life I encountered foreign exchange. You see, some of the cotton was paid for through English, German, Italian, Japanese and Austrian banks. It was very thrilling, and I felt like a citizen of the world. I saw the papers from shipping corporations and began to learn a little about that business—not much, but enough to realize for the first time that there were other ships besides those sailed by pirates in boys' stories. I think that my sympathy shifted to the merchant ships for the first time. Previously I had always sided with the pirates. Also, I caught an inkling of what foreign consuls did and why they had offices in seaports. Up to that time, as nearly as I can remember, I had supposed their offices were headquarters for foreign spies. It was all very interesting. And the amounts were imposing, let me tell you, after my previous experience with $500 loans to tenant farmers. I had no idea that ships carried so much cargo. The new bank was a regular three-ring circus for me and I was poking into some newly discovered corner of it every day.

"In this institution I made my first acquaintance with one of the darker sides of banking—a side that I was to see on a vastly larger scale when I finally reached New York. The city bank was large enough to prevent its higher officers from knowing all the employes. Nevertheless, the same tradition about the advantages of bank jobs prevailed there as in the smaller towns, and the tradition was not nearly so true. I mean to say that in a little town a boy like myself would eventually become cashier, and that is a very important position. In fact the cashier of a small-town bank with only three or four employes comes pretty near being the whole works. In a city of 100,000 or thereabouts it doesn't necessarily follow that a boy will eventually become anything but a well-paid clerk—that is, well paid for a clerk.

"There is a vast amount of petty detail to be taken care of in a bank, and it doesn't necessarily teach a man banking. In fact, I don't know that it teaches him anything of general value. During the war, fortunately, a great deal of this work was shifted over to young women. Few banks have

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dispensed with them since the war. Matrimony eventually claims the girls and they escape the treadmill.

"Before the war, conditions were very different. I met four bookkeepers who had been in our bank twenty-two years. They started, intending to learn banking, but they landed on the books and there they remained, marooned. It is a dismal picture, and big banks are full of that sort of thing. It is a treacherous game for the young man. He must keep his wits about him. On the whole, a youngster starting as I did in a country bank gets a far better education—if he is looking for one—than the city clerk. The whole picture of rural banking was spread before my eyes on the day I entered; but the city clerk, even in a place no larger than that was, runs the risk of becoming an expert at some little detail and remaining there for the remainder of his life without ever learning banking.

"These facts were realized by the heads of that institution and they conducted a school to train the younger employes for advancement. Many banks still do that either as a private enterprise or in association with other banks. Even at its best, however, I think the schools cannot offer what I got in a dismal little country town with a character out of Dickens for teacher. Somehow it is better to come up from the soil. However, a fellow might be marooned for life in one of the little banks too. I'll drop that subject now. I am always losing sight of the fact that most people don't want anything but a living."

St. Louis and New Orleans Banks

"In my new position I had a broader view of the whole subject of credit—not a complete view by any means, but I could see farther from my own desk there than I had ever been able to see in the small town. I was already in touch with foreign countries—only through cotton, however. My job was to know a lot about country bankers and cotton, but what I was studying all the time was banking—banking in its widest aspects. I wanted to be able to generalize on the subject so completely that I should eventually be able to analyze a proposition in steel manufacturing or coal mining—industries I knew nothing whatever about.

"My new job gave me another big advantage in that I could now attend the frequent conventions; bankers have a lot of them. There is a good excuse for this, because until quite recent years there really wasn't any school—at least not that I know anything about—for training bankers. Bankers were not trained; they simply grew up in the business. That is all very well for those with insatiable curiosity, like myself, but probably many young men never had their eyes opened. I feel sure that thousands of them, after serving for a decade, couldn't have answered the question promptly if you had asked them, 'Why is a bank?' At best they learned the credit needs of only one business—and that because they were thrown in such close touch with it that they couldn't help themselves. Shift the scene a little and they were not bankers, but staring tourists. Most bankers will always be like that, of course, because of inescapable human limitations; but they always seemed to me like menials to other men's enterprises. My first boss finally came to have a position in my mind very much like a tenant farmer's mule—the mule dragged the plow and my boss dragged the credit. Take either of them out of a cotton patch and they'd be lost.

"The conventions were a liberal education to me. Within a short time I knew which men were the bankers and which the accidents. You can't always determine this merely by the size of the institution, because other factors intervene to determine size. Some of the best bankers I have ever known were in little towns; the possibilities for constructive work there are enormous. I could talk on that subject all night; but books on it are plentiful, and I am glad to say that the number of country bankers who realize the fertility of their field of operations is rapidly increasing.

"One day I was called to St. Louis. I had been there several times on business and knew a few men in the larger institutions. This call turned out to be an offer of a job. You see, St. Louis looked at our Southwestern territory just as the city bank looked at the little institution with which I began. The St. Louis people wanted me because of my knowledge of conditions and acquaintance with bankers in my home state. The salary offered me was very much larger than I was getting. Business there is, of course, on a proportionately larger scale. Also, St. Louis institutions take a keen interest in bond issues by municipalities, counties and other political divisions in the Southwest. That was another new phase of the business that was beginning to interest me. I didn't know much about it, but I knew my territory and that was what they wanted.

"I accepted the call and moved up another peg. Again the banking world broadened its horizon several thousand miles in all directions. St. Louis is a marvelous city from a financial point of view. At this point permit me to remark that so is New Orleans. Few persons not acquainted with those centers realize how old and well established many of their financial institutions are. Both cities also have vision. If the time ever comes—and I think it will—when Latin-American trade amounts to what it should, those cities have laid a basis for getting so much of it they'll make New York dizzy. The East has a hard time realizing that St. Louis is old. Why, it's venerable, and it has the solidity upon which great financial institutions can be erected. The Middle West has some great bankers, and I think one reason for it is that the cities are within easy reach of country boys. However, I may be saying that because of a personal bias, so I will move on with the story. I was very happy in St. Louis and caught that confident, forward-looking optimism that is the very heart and soul of the American spirit. Chicago has it, I know; but in St. Louis I was in the middle of it and to me St. Louis is its shrine.

"I shall not bore you with many details about my next step, because they would merely prove a repetition of the last chapter. Eventually I was called to New York, and for about the same reason that I was called to St. Louis. The latter city, however, is not a province of New York in the way that parts of the Southwest are provinces of St. Louis. On the contrary, New York has Southern and Southwestern connections that are to some extent independent of and in other ways competitive with St. Louis. But the New York scale of operations is, of course, larger, and business moves more rapidly. I still had the old craving for action. The Europeans regard this trait as an American disease, but I don't take their diagnosis seriously. You may be astonished, but I think the climate has more to do with it than anything else. We move at a livelier clip because we can't help ourselves. Our people came from Europe and certainly the race didn't change its tempo deliberately. The change just happened."

An Exploded Tradition

"In New York I again saw a great deal more of the dark side of big financial institutions, for here they grow to enormous size, with whole armies under one roof. No man could remember all those faces or even venture to guess what might be wrong when someone slumps. System enters and does the best it can with a card index. Unless a man has outstanding ability he is in grave danger of proceeding up a blind alley. I thank the Lord that I arrived near enough to the top so that I could be identified. The maze below is bewildering.

"But in New York the old tradition about how nice it is to get a job in a bank has long disappeared. The banks are on the defensive here, and know it. I'll say one thing for them, though—they are grappling with the problem intelligently and frankly. They know how the trouble started and they are not trying to kid themselves. It is simply a problem of size. But the difficulty is tremendous.

"For instance, you take our institution, where we start a young man in as a messenger or page just after high school. There was a time, I am told, when these positions were eagerly sought. Now they are not. You ask the young applicant whether he wishes to learn banking and work his way up. Quite naturally he says he does, but that doesn't mean anything. What he wants is the job. So we encourage him to attend a course given by the American Institute of Banking. By the way, if I could have attended such a course wild horses wouldn't have kept me away. But now we watch the report cards and try to get an idea from the grades as to whether the young man really is interested.

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"Eventually he becomes a junior clerk, and there the danger for him begins. In our institution we try very hard to keep a careful watch on him and see whether he likes the work to which he has been assigned. If not, we shift him. We'll transfer him half a dozen times, trying to find something he likes. Suppose it turns out that he likes a certain clerical detail and is efficient in performing that task. He may remain there and eventually become a senior clerk. That will pay somewhere between $3000 and $5000 a year. That's all. It is good pay for the sort of man who wants a steady job, but he is always in danger of never getting anywhere. And he may not learn banking at all in spite of the fact that ours is among the largest institutions of the world.

"I can rattle off the names of departments and special duties in a big New York bank until you'd get tired listening—and probably not know what more than one out of ten of them means. Also keep in mind that I look at these big institutions with a jaundiced eye; coming up from a country bank I can't avoid that. It always seems to me that the place is one vast labyrinth of pitfalls; once a young man drops into one and shuts out the whole scene he is doomed to a senior clerkship. I'll say one thing for the bank clerk, however—he is safer than a commercial clerk. Few banks fail."

What City Clerks Miss

"Theoretically, of course, he isn't in danger of being grooved; and I hope to see the theory demonstrate itself with increasing success in practice.

"Since the war our larger metropolitan institutions are watching their clerks much more closely than ever before. Our businesses are expanding at an amazing rate, because this country is taking its place as a world figure in finance. The demands for men higher up are pressing. Still, we call in quite a number from the interior. I think we shall always do so. These systems of promotion work up to a certain point; the page becomes a junior clerk and then a senior clerk. Thus far all goes well. They are treated justly; careful checks are kept to see that they are not unfairly discharged or mistreated by grouchy superiors with a handful of authority.

"But the great difficulty comes in getting over that hurdle from a clerkship to the higher and more responsible places. You see, New York is really remote from the rest of the country. A young man in a New York bank doesn't have the opportunity to learn what I learned. Let him try as he will, he can't so easily visualize the basic industries with which his institution deals. He sees no coal mined, no steel forged, no hides tanned, wool clipped or crops grown. I'm frankly sorry for the poor devil; and as I said in the first place, I have a bias and a prejudice here, so take my remarks with the customary grain of salt.

"Many of the most remarkable financial minds I have encountered in New York were drafted into banking after they had reached mature years in entirely different fields. For instance, the financial man for a railroad company often develops such an excellent knowledge of the underlying principles of credit that he is worth more to a big bank than to any railroad. Similarly the financial man for some certain industry—especially if it is a growing industry—may be the very man needed by a bank that wishes to handle those accounts. Quite a number of lawyers turn out to be excellent bankers after having spent some years advising their clients on financial matters.

"There are several former newspaper men in very important positions down around Broad and Wall streets, and I know some others in the Middle West whose names are less frequently mentioned in the press dispatches. A newspaper man presents the very sort of person I wish to contrast with the senior clerk in a bank. The newspaper man has a broad understanding of basic conditions and vast general information. Before he would be valuable to a bank he would have learned how to think accurately, sanely, and nationally, at least, if not internationally. His newspaper work would give him that sort of a background, and if he could translate what he knew into terms of finance, then he would be ready for service at the top in a bank. The clerk would know a thousand times more about the inside of the bank, but not enough about the whole country.

"During the war and for a long time afterward bank jobs attracted so little notice that eventually the large institutions began luring men away from one another. It was most unusual, if not unprecedented. Banks have always felt that that was unethical. That each institution should train its own men has always been the theory. And there is good basis in common sense for the feeling, because no two banks have the same system.

"At present the colleges are giving more and more attention to banking. Young men who are taking courses in economics—with a practical as well as theoretical slant—come into the New York banks every year and do work there for which they receive credit toward their diplomas. These young men, I may add, are watched with eager attention by the officers of the banks.

"One New York institution made an interesting experiment a few years ago. Twenty-four college men were selected after careful questioning and given a two years' course of training to fit them for special work. Every one of the men eventually went into the bank in important posts and every one of them made good. That is not far short of the miraculous, so we've all been doing a lot of thinking along that line since."

On the Eve of a New Era

"There was a time when college men would come pouring into the banks as soon as they received their diplomas and ask for jobs selling bonds. One banker told me that 80 per cent of his college-graduate applicants wanted to sell bonds. He gave nearly all of them a trial. I asked him how many failed, and he said 'About 100 per cent.' So you see we have wasted a lot of talent in times past by not giving some attention to finding the right place for it. College graduates nearly always want to sell something, and the percentage of men capable of making good salesmen is quite small—fortunately for the rest of the world.

"Another thing we are all doing nowadays that will help the bank employe quite a bit is to make it possible for him to go up more rapidly. If he shows ability we don't worry about whether he has been with us twenty years we promote him. The need is really pressing. You can scarcely realize what our new place as a creditor nation means in terms of bank employes.

"As a matter of fact, we are on the eve of a new era in the banking world. This applies to the interior as well as the large-city banks. There are going to be more and more branches abroad, with vastly greater business to transact. We have nearly all tried foreigners in our foreign branches and most of us don't like them. I'll give you a concrete example of the way some of them work and then you'll know why we don't like them. In a certain branch bank in France during the war a lot of Swiss were employed. They were experienced bank employes and could speak French. Pretty soon it developed that no book could be understood by anyone except the particular employe who had charge of it. Documents were ornamented with secret notations and there were all sorts of hiding places for important papers. Investigation developed that these men were merely trying to protect their jobs from one another. Apparently every one of them thought that all the other employes were trying to get his job. It was a mess. As soon as Americans who spoke French could be found an entire crew was sent over from the United States.

"In the interior, business is developing at such a rate that profitable credit demands are made in lines of trade and industry that were not worth considering twenty years ago. Moreover, we have the money to finance these larger operations. This country needs bankers and it has got to train them. We are entirely capable of doing that little job, especially in view of the wealth of human material available, and I think the bank clerk of today who applies himself has a decidedly better outlook than ever before in the history of the country.

"Personally, I feel confident of about fifteen more good years, and I'm looking forward to spending the greater part of them learning things. The horizon has been widening ever since I started back there in the cotton patch, and now it reaches all the way round the world. I've got a lot out of banking. If I had it all to do over again I'd be a banker. Yes, I'd like to be about twenty years old now and have about the same start I had at that age—and in the same place. I would study either French or Spanish or both, and I'd give a little more attention to my English, too, than I did back home.

"The banking business is just getting started in this country. We produced some great financiers even before the Civil War, but they didn't have much to work with. We were a province of Europe from a banking point of view. Now we are on our own, with the world before us. It is a great prospect, and the least crowded occupation—at the top—that I know anything about."

WESTERN STUFF

(Continued from Page 21)

"Oh, you mean Bud Detmold," he remarked, adding, "I didn't know Bud had pinned any badges on himself."

Over his shoulder he glanced about him momentarily. A flivver with a box body filled with seed sacks had just rattled up frantically to the platform; and out of this a short, square-built man with a round face and florid complexion was scrambling energetically.

"Hey, Bud!" the gambling man hailed him.

Selma stared. The newcomer was elbowing his way excitedly through the crowd, and her eyes rounded as she saw he was in overalls and wore large, thick-lensed spectacles. Was this the rancher, Minnie Detmold's man? There seemed no doubt of it.

"Hullo, Lonny!" he addressed the card man. "You seen anybody a-lookin' f'r me?"

"Here's the young lady," said the gambler, tipping his straw hat; and when Selma awoke he was gone.

Her eyes wide, she peered at Mr. Detmold. The rancher had removed his hat, a derby; and he was vigorously mopping his forehead with a large blue handkerchief which he had taken from the hat. "Pleased to meet you, miss," he exclaimed; "glad to make your acquaintance." Without giving Selma time to reply he burst hurriedly into talk. "Sorry t' be so late, miss. Things is all gone to H hereabouts, what with that movie outfit here on location, them 'nd all th' other loose, suspicious characters trailin' in along. Yeah, 'nd that's why I was a-late gittin' here," added the rancher; "someone pinched our towering car offn us las' night; 'nd I couldn't git the deliv'ry cranked nohow. Why, y' know ——"

"Where's Minnie?" inquired Selma.

"I was a-comin' to that," said Mr. Detmold. "It was account of the heat rash she couldn't git here. Our third youngest has it."

"Your third youngest!" echoed Selma. "I thought Minnie had only two."

The ranchman's face altered somewhat moodily. "She was a-savin' it f'r a surprise," he replied; adding more moodily, "It was, too, all right—on me." His gloom, however, was only momentary. Awakening briskly, he asked Selma for her trunk check, and having claimed the trunk at the baggage room he heaved it into the flivver, after which he as briskly helped Selma aboard. "We gotta hurry," he announced; "Minnie, she'll have dinner on, time we git there, besides which I gotta stop at the hay-and-feed f'r a load of oyster shells."

"Oyster shells?" inquired Selma.

"Yes'm, and twelve sacks of baby feed," replied the ranchman.

Selma's mind was temporarily in a whirl. She wondered what sort of offspring Minnie was rearing that they fed them baby feed by the sacks. She debated also the equally surprising item of the oyster shells. Mr. Detmold the rancher had cranked the flivver and was now clambering aboard; and as he momentarily stalled the machine's thunderous clatter, Selma inquired, "How far out is the ranch? Far?"

The ranchman waved an indicative hand. "Up Main Street three blocks, then four more to th' left," he said; and Selma's eyes once more widened. Could it be he meant really the ranch, the Detmold range?

He did. "Yes'm," said Mr. Detmold; "I got as good a two-'n'-'alf-acre piece as they is in all Almond; anyways in the new real-estate extension. An' nex' spring," the ranchman confided, "they're puttin' in sidewalk 'nd a sewer."

Selma hardly heard the last. What sort of ranch, anyway, was this of Minnie's husband? On two and a half acres, too, how could anyone run stock? Both questions Mr. Detmold at once answered. "I got nigh to twenty-four hunnerd head, yes'm."

"Cattle?" gasped Selma. "Cows?"

Mr. Detmold glanced at her briefly through his spectacles.

"No'm. White leghorns, ma'am. They're th' best layers."

Selma lapsed into silence.

All the way across the continent she had pictured to herself the ranch and her arrival among its romantic surroundings. The image she'd had was of a low, rambling log structure, the ranch house, set down amid spreading acres of verdant mead, the mead dotted with herds of lowing, long-horned cattle among which lithe riders, mounted on fleet snorting ponies, would be racing daringly, flourishing their quirts and sinuous lariats and singing, as they rode, their wild gay songs of range and round-up. You don't sing to chickens, though; or, if you do, Selma hadn't heard of it. You don't round up hens, either, on pony back. Was something wrong, wrong again? Was the vision she had seen, the godlike two-gun rider on the loping pinto, just a vision, a dream? As the flivver creaked and rattled onward, heading up Main Street to the hay-and-feed establishment, Selma's brow once more grew clouded. Inwardly, too, something stole upon her.

It was almost as the piece in the Third Reader at Fanjoys had it:

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

The ranch she had come all the way across the continent to see was just a chicken ranch, and ——

Selma gave a sudden cry. It was not induced, though, by her momentary thoughts about the ranch. Chancing to glance up the dusty length of the street ahead her eyes all at once popped like gooseberries.

"Oh, look!" she screamed.

A clock struck somewhere—noon. Doors were opening; and out of them knots of wayfarers emerged. Selma gave another cry. Out of the drug store came the two red-shirted, high-booted miners; they were arm in arm; and sauntering along they made toward a near-by building on which was the sign "Waldorf. Meals at All Hours." The trio of war-bonneted, blanketed Indians joined them as they passed, one of the braves saying loudly to the first of the miners, "Say, Izzy, who was the jane, that skirt I seen you buzzing jus' now?" The red-shirted miner replied, grinning, "Some qveen, what? Nu?"

They went on then; and at that instant, too, out of a side street came riding the two-gun god, the cowboy vision Selma had spied from the train. His features were still proud, Grecian, fearless. Over one arm the bridle reins were looped; and as he cantered along astride the pinto pony the young god of the great open spaces was consuming an ice-cream cone. However, it was neither he nor the Shawnee braves and red-shirted denizens of the gold gulches that had so caught and held Selma's leaping eye. Neither was it a large slouch-hatted fur-coated individual with drooping mustaches and a shining silver star on his chest who had just emerged from the gents' furnishing goods across the way. "Sheriff" was engraved on the star; and at his heels was a lean, handsome, sinister-looking man in a silk hat, high, tight boots reaching to above his knees, and his face adorned with

(Continued on Page 85)

Tone and mellow sunlight with soft-hued window shades

by Helen Richmond

IMAGINE a home without lamp shades! Doesn't it almost make your eyes ache to think of exposed electric bulbs—how their glare would simply kill the soft colorings in rugs and upholstery and fill the room with ugly contrasts of hard light and sharp shadow? No wonder lights are shaded!

And since well-chosen lamp shades endow rooms with an atmosphere of quiet beauty and restfulness, isn't it obvious that a similar atmosphere can be evoked by toning and mellowing sunlight? Modern decorators are agreed that beautiful window shades are as essential to a lovely decorative scheme as beautiful lamp shades.

Sunlight beating through unshaded windows is intolerable. Nor is the old-fashioned method of *excluding* light with blinds and shutters any more pleasing. But to *control* the light—to tone and mellow it with soft-hued window shades—there you have the perfect solution.

Instead of blazing glare, or cave-like gloom, a feeling of colorful animation pervades the room. An enchanting play of warm light and shadow caresses the furnishings—exquisite nuances of color-harmony are evoked, even the modestly furnished room is invested with something akin to luxury.

When you consider that you can bring about this transformation with a comparatively small expenditure, it is easy to understand why so many women are losing no time in beautifying their homes with toned sunlight.

Used Everywhere in Beautiful Homes

There is hardly anything you can buy for your home that will improve its appearance as much as new window shades. And whether you pay 75c or $2.00 for a Columbia shade, you will find beautiful tone-colors that cast a lovely mellow glow throughout the room.

Just count the windows in any room and see how little it costs to completely transform its appearance. And when you order the shades be sure you get the genuine Columbia tone-colors mounted on Columbia Rollers. A good lower can [illegible] them, or will order them for you.

You'll be just as delighted with Elsie Sloan Farley's new book, "Beautiful Windows," as Mrs. A. T. G., who wrote us, "*The ideas and illustrations are wonderful. They helped me change commonplace rooms into a delightful home.*" Send 10c for *your* copy to Columbia Mills, Inc., 225 Fifth Ave., New York.

Chamois—No. 295
Persian Gold—No. 311
Strained Honey—No. 348
Circassian Brown—No. 354
Etruscan Ivory—No. 290
Plaza Gray—No. 313

Some colors great decorators advise

IT is easy to see why you should have warm colors like Chamois, Persian Gold, Strained Honey, or Circassian Brown at windows facing north. Their basic tones of red and gold infuse the cold northern light with vibrant color and richness. Deeper and mellower tones are brought out in the hangings, upholstery, and walls. The room which once seemed cheerless now breathes an atmosphere of luminous warmth.

But in rooms which receive the full rays of the sun you'll find that window shades of Plaza Gray, or Etruscan Ivory are the most desirable. They tone and temper the light. A sumptuous glow sweeps from the windows, drenching the room in radiance that betrays not the slightest edge of glare.

Of course you want your window shades to appear uniform from the exterior of your home. To obtain this uniformity and at the same time have different colors to suit the needs of each room decorators advise Columbia Two-Tone Shades (a different color on each side). From a variety of combinations you will find just the shades to harmonize with both interior and exterior color-schemes.

GUARANTEED

Columbia WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

PALM

"Your future is your own making"

How a simple rule of daily care is bringing freshness, charm, and prolonging youthful appearance for millions

SPARKLE and life, admiration and romance!—these every woman wishes most to come true. But merely wishing will not bring them. You must help nature to attain them. A skin fresh, buoyant and alluring—you can have it if you try!

Begin today by giving your skin the care it needs. If you are in your teens, proper attention now will prolong its youthful freshness. If you've passed the danger line of 25 it is even more urgent that you heed this advice—now followed by millions.

The secret is simple. Not costly beauty treatments, just the daily use of palm and olive oils as embodied in Palmolive.

Never let a single day pass without doing this. See what one week alone will do!

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly. Then repeat both washing and rinsing. Apply a touch of cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Thus, in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty and charm.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and Nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be your problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.

And it costs but 10c the cake!—so little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), 360 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

D L I V E

Note carefully the name and wrapper. Palmolive Soap is never sold unwrapped.

Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap.

Volume and efficiency produce 25c quality for only

10c

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The makers of OAKLAND *cars now advertise that every 1924* OAKLAND *is Duco-finished. In addition, the following manufacturers are prepared to finish their cars with Duco on request:* CADILLAC, CLEVELAND SIX, FRANKLIN, LEXINGTON, MARMON, MOON. *A dozen more are arranging to do so as the result of conclusive service tests*

A FINISH OF ENDURING BEAUTY

For Wood and Metal Products

WITH the perfection of Duco Finish by du Pont Chemical Engineers, the finishing art has made a new advance—one of the most important in its history.

You may know Duco principally through its use on automobiles and furniture. But today, manufacturers in twenty-one different wood and metal industries have already found that Duco sets an entirely new standard in beauty and durability.

For here is provided a surface of extraordinary hardness and smoothness, with a rich, satin-like lustre, which, by all the tests devised to simulate time and wear, has practically indefinite life.

In these twenty-one industries, startling results have been achieved—attended with economies even more startling—results which definitely establish the future of Duco. In at least 70 other industries, where products are made, requiring a finish of lasting beauty, Duco will give equally sensational results. For the basic principle that underlies its manufacture insures qualities not otherwise attainable: fast colors without baking; resistance to all the elements, heat and cold, bumps and scratches; a surface that will not crack, craze, chip or print, and a deep, rich lustre *that improves with age.*

Our technical laboratories will welcome the opportunity to co-operate with any manufacturer interested in Duco.

Duco is not a household product. It cannot be hand brushed. Refinishing Stations for automobiles are being established as rapidly as possible.

VISCOLAC

The transparent finish, without color, for use on furniture and other wooden articles where a natural finish of superior durability is desired. More than 30 furniture manufacturers are now using VISCOLAC.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
Chemical Products Division
PARLIN, N. J.

DUCO

(Continued from Page 80)

waxed mustaches and a goatee. His eyes gleaming out from his mocking, regular features were cruel, malignant; and in his shirt bosom was a diamond as large as a hickory nut. In fact, if he was not that familiar, evil figure well known to every Western town, the gentleman gambler, Selma would have felt herself grossly misled. She hardly gave him a glance, however.

Up the street a black automobile, another flivver, had just drawn up to the curb in front of the bank. Out of it alighted three men, one of them a fat man in a linen duster, the two others being dressed in pepper-and-salt sack suits. The three sauntered into the bank. An instant after, the street burst into wild uproar.

The first flash of it was what had caught Selma. It was precipitated by the man in the linen duster. He backed out of the bank's door, a pair of large automatic pistols in his hands; and as he reached the street he began to shoot. Bang! Bang!

"Oh, look!" screamed Selma. "A holdup!"

Back at Fanjoys she often had wondered what she'd do when she got caught in one. To be sure, she had not dreamed it would happen so soon, much less that it would be in a town. Nearly always it was on a wild mountain road and always while you were riding in the mail coach. She was not frightened, though; not much, anyway. Road agents were always polite to women, invariably treating the fair sex to courtesy; and it was only the men that suffered. Mr. Detmold, though, did not seem concerned.

"Bunk," he said as the shots rang out. Grinning then, the ranchman added, "It's that there movin'-pitcher outfit. They're a-filmin' Deadwood Fanny, featurin' Gwendoline Bibb, the star; and —— Say!" said Mr. Detmold abruptly.

Bending forward he peered sharply through the windshield. "Hunh?" inquired Mr. Detmold, starting violently.

Selma did not see him start. "A moving picture?" she exclaimed. "Not a holdup?"

It would not be true, though, to say it made much difference in her excitement. This was the West; the West, naturally, was the home of the moving picture; and she gasped again with the thrill of it. She must not miss a single detail of the experience.

She was a bit puzzled, however, as she looked on excitedly to see how the participants in the thrilling episode bore themselves.

At the first shot from the dustered bandit in front of the bank the pinto pony, astride of which was the young god of range and round-up, reared, then wheeled. As it did so the god himself went over the pony's tail, guns, chaps, spurs, ice-cream cone and all. Now on his hands and knees the Greek-like rider was crawling to shelter behind an ash barrel. The action of the sheriff, the steel-nerved gentlemanly gambler, the Shawnee war braves and the red-shirted miners was equally surprising. The sheriff seemed to be trying to flatten himself out on the sidewalk behind a packing case. The gambler, retreating hastily into the doorway out of which he had come, took with him as he retreated half the glass out of the door itself. The three Shawnees, after a single loud exclamation, were now as one Shawnee, humping themselves up the street, their war bonnets and blankets streaming on the air behind them. As for the two miners, one was trying to eliminate himself behind a near-by telegraph pole; while his mate, doing a sudden leap-frog down an adjacent cellarway, had disappeared entirely.

Bang, bang! barked the guns in front of the bank. Bang, bang! "Mercy, how exciting!" exclaimed Selma, her face rapt. She wished she could see the cameraman and the director. Neither was to be seen, however. "I wonder where they are," she remarked to Mr. Detmold excitedly, perking her head at the same time to look.

There was no reply. Wriggling out from behind the steering wheel, Mr. Detmold had just hurled himself into space over the edge of the auto. A heavy thump alongside told that he had not gone far, however, and as he struck, Mr. Detmold raised his voice. "Jump!" he shouted. "Jump for your life. It's bank robbers!"

Selma supposed it was. She had, in fact, supposed almost from the first that this was the topic of the picture; and though the event, it's true, differed somewhat in detail from her expectation, she wondered at Mr. Detmold's curious agitation.

Edging into the seat just vacated by the rancher she peered over the edge of the car. "What say?" she inquired.

Mr. Detmold was just disappearing beneath the running board. Only his legs were to be seen, but his voice was still vociferous.

"Jump, I tell you!" he screamed. "They're shooting!"

"Yes, of course," responded Selma.

As it was a Western feature they were filming, naturally there would be shooting in every scene. True, she was somewhat confused by her inability yet to locate either the cameraman or the director, in addition to which she wondered at the continued absence from the scene of Miss Bibb, the heroine. At any moment now, however, the girl star of True Life Studios, Inc., could be counted on to dash up astride her famous cream-white mustang, her pearl-handled revolvers spitting fire; and ——

Blam! It was the loud clang of something hitting the engine hood that awoke Selma. At the impact the flivver resounded like a tomato can accompanying a hurried dog. Blam! There it was again. This time it was the windshield that was struck, the glass flying into fragments while something like an angry hornet buzzed past Selma's ear. In turn, she gave a gasp, a cry.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed.

The street was all at once strangely deserted, it seemed. The Shawnee braves had briskly turned a near-by corner; the red-shirted miner and the sheriff had obliterated themselves behind their respective telegraph pole and packing box; even that heroic, Greek-limned figure, the two-gun rider of the range, apparently had dissolved. Up the street, true, his piebald mount, the pinto, was still visible, the fiery steed having paused momentarily in the middle distance to crop a tuft of grass sprouting in the gutter. Now the only human visible was the dustered fat man outside the bank. Having discharged his two automatics, he hastily had reloaded them; and they had now begun to bark again. Blam, blam!

As the truth burst upon her Selma gave another loud cry.

"Heavens! Why, he really is shooting!"

And so he was.

A bullet struck the plate-glass window of the gents' furnishing, and the window fell in with a crash. A loud cry, a yell as of fear, came from behind the packing case as another bullet whammed through that. Just at that instant into Selma's horrified vision crept another image. It was preceded by the momentary glimpse of a flat straw hat; and the hat edging out of a doorway cautiously was seen to be that of the young, smooth-faced desperado from the train, the card gambler wearing the gray worsted sack suit.

Reality burst on Selma as she saw him. This was no moving-picture stunt. Bandits were, in truth, holding up the bank; and this sinister blackguard in the straw hat was the leader, the master mind!

He, too, leveled a revolver from the doorway; and as he began to shoot the street swam dizzily before Selma's eyes.

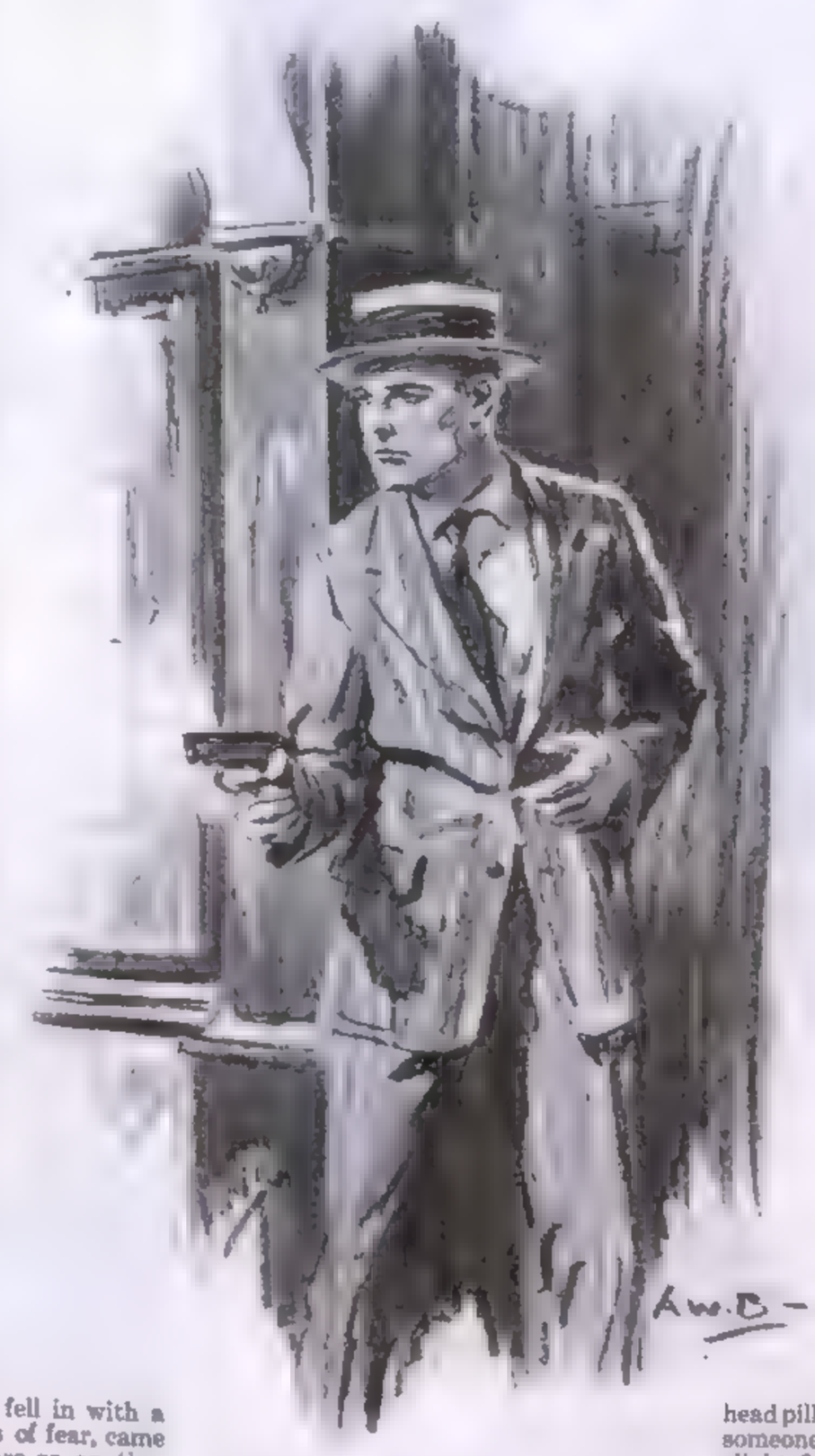
What happened then, or how, in fact, it occurred, in after life Selma never would be able to explain. It's unlikely, to be frank, that she knew. In his abrupt, emphatic exit from the car, however, Mr. Detmold had neglected to shut off the flivver's engine, it was still buzzing loudly; and as Selma shrank down behind the steering wheel, seeking to find shelter beneath the dash, her knees and feet did something or other to the lever and the pedals. At once the car moved ahead.

A wild yell succeeded by a jolt told instantly the car had run over something—Mr. Detmold probably. It was followed by still another yell. This came from the doorway occupied by the desperado in the straw hat, the gang's master mind.

"Stop!" he shouted, waving at her wildly.

Had her life, however, depended on it, as indeed at the moment it seemed it did, Selma could not have stopped the car. Gathering headway, the flivver dashed on up the street.

The bank and the dustered bandit were just ahead. As Selma knew now, the bandit was not one of the sort she'd pictured, the noble kind that spare women tenderly. Never mind! Just ahead was also the bandits' car; and as Selma's flivver neared it the gunman in the duster gave a yell. Over the dash she got a



This Was No Moving-Picture Stunt. Bandits Were, in Truth, Holding Up the Bank; and This Sinister Blackguard in the Straw Hat Was the Leader, the Master Mind!

horrified glimpse of him. His mouth was open; for the moment he was forgetting to shoot. At his yell, however, the two other bandits inside the bank burst forth hurriedly. Both were also flourishing pistols; and as they saw Selma and the oncoming flivver, they, too, let out a yell. That was all, though, that Selma saw or knew.

The next instant, with a crash her leaping flivver hit the bandits' car; and at the crash blank darkness fell upon her.

III

DARKNESS. Mingled with it were murmuring sounds. The sounds, as of far distant music, grew. Hours passed—or it may have been days, years, eternities. Time, in that profundity of black gloom, nothingness, seemed, in fact, to have neither length nor actuality. Meanwhile the sound as of music drew near, then nearer. Its note was like that of a deep-tongued organ harping on the bass, a mighty diapason. Then a light flashed, a gleam bursting into a sudden, stabbing radiance, a flame as of fireworks. Amid it a vast Saint Catharine's wheel all at once began to whirl and whiz, hot sparks coruscating from its periphery. Paling presently, it exploded in a thunderous burst; and caught up softly as if on mighty wings the soul felt itself borne endlessly through vast empyrean realms of space. Ethereally light and buoyant it swam on, ever up, higher, higher. Then, after an instant's sickening pause, it fell. Down, down.

Crash! Selma struck.

The sensation was, in itself, queer. As she awoke hazily a hum of voices caught her ear. It was as if she were surrounded by a crowd, a number of persons; but their voices were neither astral nor in the least bit mystical. "It's just a bump on the bean," one voice said; another adding, "Yeah; the hat, I guess, stopped it."

Selma wondered drowsily.

Her feeling was exactly one she'd experienced recently at Fanjoys; and she wanted to ask, "Is it out, doctor?" The words failed to come, however; and she relapsed dreamily. More noises then, sounds like shouts, resounded dully in her ears. They somehow seemed to utter Selma's own name. Then succeeded other shouts, "Three more for Lonny now!" But Selma hardly heard them. She was very dizzy, vague. A delicious infolding dreaminess crept through her; and she made no effort to move. Content, she was passively drifting off again when with a roar, then a shattering succession of crashes, the ground beneath her shook and pounded as if the world had been rent asunder by a last violent cataclysm. Then she knew.

She was in a flivver, not in a dentist's chair. Someone had started the engine; and as the flivver rocked onward, clattering, Selma came to.

Instantly she gave a terrified cry.

"Help!"

The cry, however, was hardly audible. Terror choked it in her throat. Selma had just remembered.

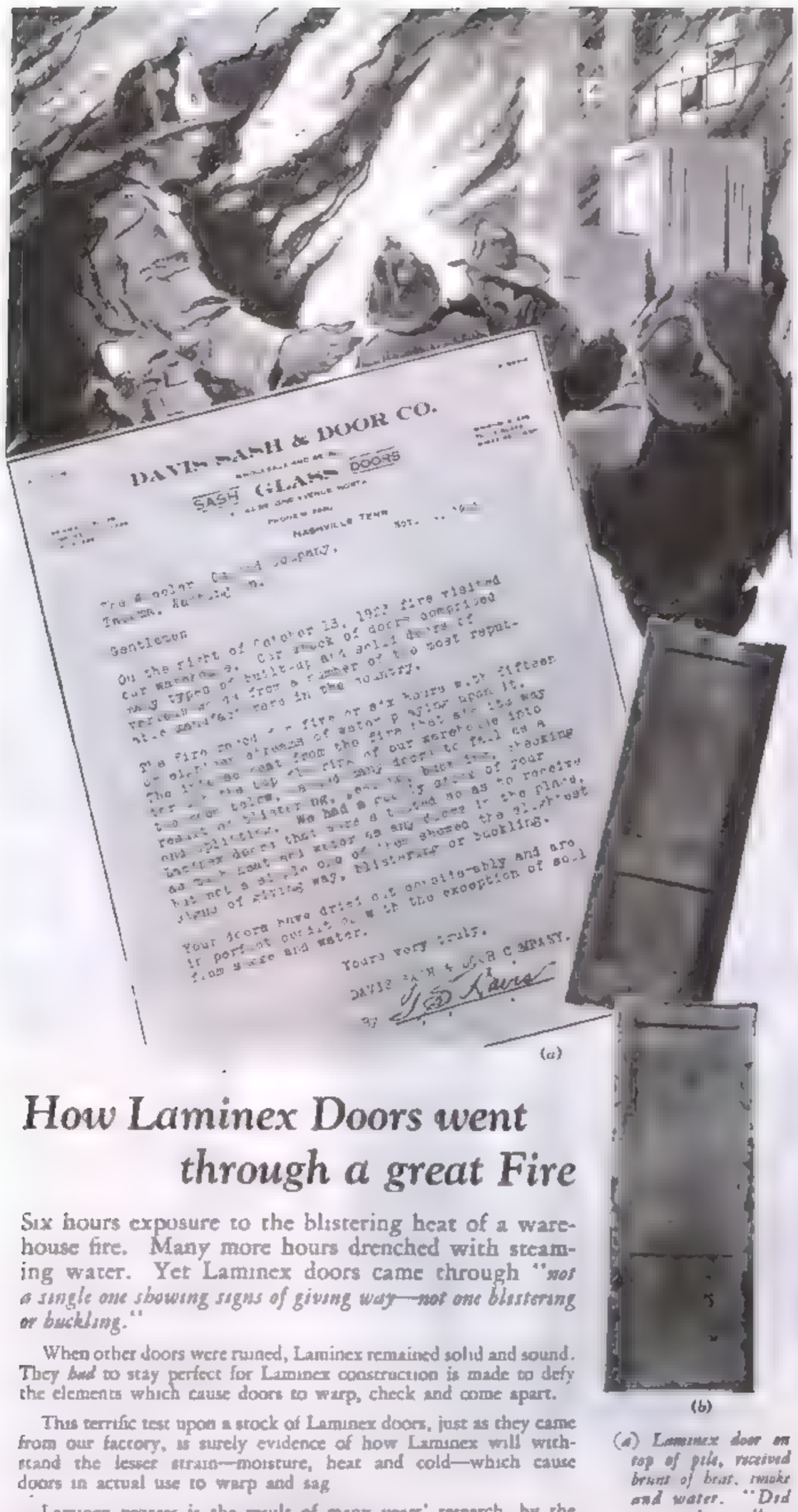
The scene, that street with the two gunmen shooting up and down it, sprang back into her mind. She recalled the way, too, the bullets had whanged into the auto and buzzed about her ears. The peril, though, menacing as it had been, was hardly worth recalling now. A chill froze her to the marrow as her eyes flew open. She was half reclining on the flivver's seat, her head pillowed against something soft. It was someone's shoulder; a man's! Around her slight figure something else was wound; a man's arm! The shock of this, though, was as nothing to the next staggering revelation.

The man who held her was clad in a gray worsted sacksuit! On his head was a flat straw hat!

"Hush!" he warned sharply as she stiffened rigidly.

She did not faint. She did not even scream. She dared not stir, lest the scoundrel might guess she was feigning unconsciousness. The discovery she had made, however, was enough to have rocked any young girl's reason. As Selma knew, she was in the gunmen's hands! Her captor was the gang's leader, the master mind! They were on a deserted road, and ahead were the high, snow-capped peaks. They were bearing Selma to the mountains!

The shock of that it would be difficult to depict. It's said that men in the grip of death grow numbed indifferent to its imminence. It's said, too, that in the instant of dissolution life flashes back, its varied events unrolled as if on a lighted scroll. Selma, at any rate, recalled at least one vivid image of the past. It was of herself seated breathlessly in the Fanjoy Lyceum, the hall over Timlake's hardware, while, thrilled, she beheld upon the screen some frail young creature, a young girl like herself, strive against death or worse! She



(a)

(b)

(a) *Laminex door on top of pile, received brunt of heat, smoke and water. "Did not crack, swell or buckle . . . showed no signs of warping or twisting."*

(b) *Near bottom of pile, still perfect though was for sixty days.*

How Laminex Doors went through a great Fire

Six hours exposure to the blistering heat of a warehouse fire. Many more hours drenched with steaming water. Yet Laminex doors came through "*not a single one showing signs of giving way—not one blistering or buckling.*"

When other doors were ruined, Laminex remained solid and sound. They *had* to stay perfect for Laminex construction is made to defy the elements which cause doors to warp, check and come apart.

This terrific test upon a stock of Laminex doors, just as they came from our factory, is surely evidence of how Laminex will withstand the lesser strain—moisture, heat and cold—which cause doors in actual use to warp and sag.

Laminex process is the result of many years' research, by the world's largest door manufacturer. Wood as it grows contains *tracheids* or cells. When cut into lumber, these cells remain constant in length but expand and contract in width with changes in moisture content. By the Laminex process, the grain of the wood is so "crossed" that expansion and contraction are equalized.

Look for the Laminex trade-mark and gold label replacement guarantee on every door. "The Door is Important," a valuable booklet, sent upon request. Also special monograph for architects.

THE WHEELER, OSGOOD COMPANY
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"*The Lumber Capital of America*"

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LAMINEX DOORS

Will not shrink, swell or warp

had not failed. Death she had not feared, it was the other; and though Selma never had quite made out just what the other was, never mind that now. As always it was pointed out, Mr. Thatcher having picked the weekly feature, a girl must be true to herself; and though Selma, again, never was certain just what being true really was, never mind that either. As she glanced from beneath her lowered lids she could have gasped again. It was at the sight she beheld within the flivver.

The car's floor was strewn with bills of every denomination. There were one-dollar bills, tens, twenties and even fifties. They emerged from a dress-suit case which seemed to have broken open; and the man in the straw hat had his Oxford tans on them. That was but a part of it, though. Lying among the bills was a large blue-steel pistol, an automatic; and though never in her life had Selma held a pistol in her hand, her eyes leaped as she beheld it.

It was as if the weapon had been set there by Providence or—had this not been life, true life—a movie director. She started so that the gangman seemed to see it.

"Feeling better, dearie?" he inquired, leering.

Instantly she again feigned unconsciousness. She must be brave. She must make no false step now. All depended on her courage. Gathering herself together she prepared for the final test. It was herself matched against these men—two, it appeared, as there was one driving, while the other held her captive; but, steeled now, Selma's first terrified fright was gone. Her nerves like wire, she thrilled momentarily.

It was just at this instant that the racing flivver, slackening speed, turned with a jolt and clatter into what was evidently a side road. Her head being pillowed on the gangman's breast, Selma could not see. It was only for an instant, though. The gangster at the wheel raised his voice. "Hi!" he shouted.

The shout, as if a signal, was answered from beyond. A voice, a woman's voice, shouted something back; though Selma gave no heed to that. There was always some woman in these gangs—a wrinkled, sinister harridan, a harpy; her voice, too, was echoed strangely by another strangely clamorous outburst, a wild cackling chorus of something familiar yet discordantly out of key, of place. Selma thought, too, she heard her name called out; and at once the man at the wheel raised his voice.

"Yeah; we got her here," he shrilled. "Hurry!"

Selma hesitated no longer. Flinging from her shoulders the encircling arm, she stooped and snatched up the automatic.

"Hands up!" she cried.

The man in the straw hat recoiled from her, his eyes starting. The man at the wheel turned with a muffled cry. As he did so Selma gave another startled gasp; and the pistol wavered in her grasp. Instantly the gang leader plucked it from her hand.

The man at the wheel was Mr. Detmold the rancher, Minnie's husband. Also, at that instant another figure emerged into view beside the car. It was a woman of capacious size, her face flustered, wondering; and the woman was Cousin Minnie. Against the background of a low bungalow and several large wire-screened pens in which several thousand hens appeared to be clucking and strutting, Minnie stood expansively with rounded eyes and open mouth.

"For th' love o' Mike, Selma Canby!" she ejaculated. "Are you bug or anything?"

Selma didn't answer. Selma at that instant was fainting into the arms of the young man in the straw hat.

Again darkness. Once more immeasurable lapses of time. Anew, Selma wandered out of the limitless void to the sound of thunderous music, then fireworks. As before, too, her ear caught as she came back to earth the simple sound of voices. One, in particular, she heard and comprehended. It was Cousin Minnie Detmold's voice; and like Selma's recent flaming hallucination, Cousin Minnie's voice had in it the explosive character of fireworks. "You don't say! Well, I never! For the land's sake! Nervy, did you say, Lonny?"

"I'll tell the world!" was the instant hearty response; and somehow interested, Selma briefly opened an eyelid and took a look. It was the young man in the straw hat who was speaking. He had the hat in his lap now, and he was seated on the edge of a chair as if visiting. "You never saw such nerve, Min!" he said, adding: "Darned if she didn't start the fliv, and bunt right into that auto they had waiting. That's how I got the drop on them. They was all so flabbergasted when she wrecked their fliv they couldn't do a thing but holler."

"Was they the James brothers or anything, those bandits?" she inquired, her poise breathless.

The young man in the straw hat laughed.

"They were a couple of soda-water clerks from Los," he replied; "them and a milkman. He was the fat boob in the linen duster; and he and the two sizz-fountain clerks had been looking at the movies so much, they thought holding up a bank was easy!"

Selma sat up abruptly. She was weak and dizzy; and as both Minnie and the young man in the straw hat leaped toward her, she swayed.

"Where am I?" she asked.

"Goodness! Why, you're right here!" exclaimed Cousin Minnie. She stuck the smelling salts under Selma's nose. "Smell that, dearie, you'll feel better," she soothed.

Selma didn't want to smell it; she pushed the salts away. Going to the window, Minnie threw it open; and as she did so there came through the opening a clamorous burst of noise, the sound of hens. At the sound, a sickly throb went through Selma's slender frame. So it was all fake, the West she had come so far to see. The ranch was a fake, a mere chicken ranch; Minnie's ranchman, like it, was nothing but a chicken man. Even the bandits, those gunmen, were bogus—nothing but soda clerks and a milkman, their heads turned by the movies.

"Oh, well," murmured Selma weakly.

She opened her eyes again, to see Cousin Minnie, her face alight, her capacious figure quivering as if with eagerness and a suddenly inspired thought. She glanced momentarily in this mood at Selma; then she jerked her thumb toward the young man in the straw hat.

"Meet Mr. Lonny Doak, Selma," directed Cousin Minnie. "He's a bach, our neighbor; and it was him that caught th' bandits, those holduppers; 'nd brung you here. Lonny's our sheriff, you know!" added Minnie.

"Him?" inquired Selma. She meant to be polite, though her accent was rising. Mr. Doak, the sheriff, did not appear to notice it, however.

"Yes'm," he said.

"'N, yes," added Cousin Minnie; "besides ownin' th' hay-and-feed here in Almond he's got a ranch t'other side Arroyos Creek. A reg'lar ranch!"

"Hens?" murmured Selma.

"Cows, ma'am," corrected Mr. Doak. "Eighty-two of them."

Selma drew a breath. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Doak."

It might be fake, it might be like all the rest. About it all, however, was one thing real, as Selma was to learn. One evening two weeks later or thereabouts, a pair of ponies, one white and the other a pinto, came loping over the crest of a foothill near to Arroyos Creek. Astride the pinto was a young, good-looking fellow in a sombrero, woolly chaps, jangling spurs and, knotted carelessly about his throat, a flaming scarlet kerchief. With him was a young girl wearing a sombrero, a tricky sport skirt and buckskin blouse, while around her young throat, too, was knotted the scarlet kerchief that all daring riders of the ranges wear.

The girl was Selma, the young man was Sheriff Lonny Doak; and as they cantered swiftly along, Lonny Doak was saying, "Yeah, these here hair pants I never wore before, but when you said how you liked to see a fellow wearin' 'em I sent right off to a Chicago catalogue house for a pair." Then he added, "Do you like me nice in 'em, Selma?"

"Oh, Lonny!" said Selma.

It seemed to satisfy Mr. Doak. He said "Whoa!" abruptly to the pinto; and as it stopped, the rider leaned over as abruptly toward Selma's pony. There was then a slight sound that made the ponies start; but saying "Whoa!" again, the young man made the sound once more.

"Oh, Lonny!" said Selma.

Her eyes were transfigured as they rode. All the Western world seemed to sing to her, its voice the voice of the great open places. The snow-capped peaks, too, seemed to dance.

"Oh, Lonny!"

Lonny's kiss, at any rate, was real.

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At first the use of enameled utensils and furniture was confined to hospitals because they were far too expensive to make to enable manufacturers to offer them to the general public.

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ARMCO TRADE MARK **INGOT IRON**
For Enameled Products

THE PYRAMID OF LEAD

(Continued from Page 34)

arise in my sleep and start out to explore the garden, kindly bite me before I can leave the tent. Good night, carnivore."

In two minutes he was asleep.

VI

LONG before the gray mist veils of dawn had begun to steal away from the hot eye of the rising sun, the airy and whimsical Mr. Fair had been down to a lake he had noticed away to the west of the woods, taken a quick and chillsome plunge, returned to his camp, and, working with the neat deftness of a practiced sleeper-out, had saturated the atmosphere surrounding the tent with a truly thrilling odor of frizzling bacon, frying bread and hot coffee. He was in high spirits.

"The ability to arise, prepare and devour a plain but plentiful four A.M. feed is a gift direct from high Providence, O Plutus mine," he prattled. "Mark that well! You have that great, that glorious gift—so, too, have I. Let us take care to cherish it, for it is more to be desired than gold or jewels. Pardon me, friend, will you kindly remove your face from out of the biscuit box? Thank you, thank you. Consider the kings of the earth, Plutus. Probably every man jack of them is frowsting in his royal bed at this moment, when, with a little enterprise, he could be frying bacon in the woods—six—no, call it eight—streaky slices of it, as I do now. Take warning from that, Plutus. Do not be a king. Strive to remain ever a four A.M. bacon fryer, thus balancing on the summit of human bliss."

He carefully spilled a tin of beans into the frying pan.

"Take beans again. Deep down within me, Plutus, I am secretly aware of a respect, a veneration, for that benefactor of the human race who perfected the art of capturing and canning the bean, which is greater than my respect for the sage who discovered the force of gravity; for mankind can still manage to survive without being intimately wise concerning the force of gravity; but where would he be without beans and bacon and hot coffee? Philosophy by Fair. . . . Ready! Breakfast is ready! The grandest, most solemn and thrilling words on the human tongue!"

The gay, effervescent prattling gave way to more serious sounds and was not renewed when, after the bacon and beans had fulfilled their destiny, and an inch or two of tobacco had been burned, Prosper swiftly put his abode in order, and inviting the small dog to accompany him—with a warning to preserve reasonable silence—went quietly through the thinning mists to the sunken garden. He was anxious to see in daylight the spot at which the Iron-Gray Man had died; and now he studied it, and a considerable area about it on both sides of the yew hedge, for some time with extreme minuteness. It was clear that the killer must have picked up the body of his victim and carried it away.

The sun was still low when Prosper came silently back along his private pathway to the tent. But clearly the art of early rising was nobody's monopoly, for sitting on a box at the closed entrance of the tent was Raymond Barisford, a brier pipe between his teeth, a towel round his neck, staring thoughtfully at the pair of golf shoes, which, admirably polished, were standing on a small roughly erected bench near the tent. He looked up, smiling, as Prosper appeared.

"I've never had them so well polished since I bought them," he said. "You are a good man to lend things to, Mr. Fair, though I hadn't the shoes in mind when I decided to call so early—on my way to a dip in the lake."

Prosper laughed, eying the shoes.

"You are right. But I claim no credit, for from my youth up I have been a very fine shoe polisher. I say it without vanity the gods bestowed the gift upon me at birth," he stated gayly. "Have you breakfasted?"

"Thanks, yes."

"You managed all right without the shoes last night, I hope?"

"Oh, quite, thanks. Miss Merlehurst's home is quite close."

"It is rather a pity that so charming a girl should be subject to somnambulism."

Barisford nodded.

"It is just the last flicker of an old trait—an old complaint—to which, I believe, she was very prone during childhood. But nowadays it happens to her more and more rarely. It is six months since she startled all her friends by just such another nocturnal ramble as she took last night, and it may be a year before it happens again. Perhaps never. At least that is what Benson—our local doctor, a good man says."

"I am so glad to hear it," said Prosper. "Beautiful as it is, I imagine that the sunken garden is not a good place for a girl to visit at night."

Barisford agreed very readily.

"That's true, by Jove; and that's really why I looked in on you so early. Some very curious and unpleasant things have taken place in the garden during the past year, and it occurred to me that when you decided to pitch your tent here you probably knew nothing about those things."

He tapped out his pipe, watching Prosper with a very friendly smile.

"Let me explain that better. You see, Fair, you were extremely kind and tactful last night, and you did a great service to Miss Merlehurst and myself. I add 'myself' because I hope some day to marry her. It seemed to me that the least I could do was—not necessarily to warn you, but certainly to satisfy myself that, before settling down in this place, you are fully informed about the peculiar risk, the yes, I think I can reasonably call it danger that seems to lurk about the place. I'm afraid that sounds a bit like something out of a novelette; but, even so, it is true. There have been some confoundedly queer doings in the sunken garden of Kern and no one seems able to get at the cause of them or the reason for them."

"Oh, yes, I know something of all that. I—collided with yesterday's inquest and a couple of worthy gossips who readily gave me a history of the happenings you speak of—the deaths of Mr. Calhoun and the unknown lady who was the subject of yesterday's inquiry. They had something to say about the eccentric owner, Lord Kern, too—gossip, probably."

"Possibly; but he was certainly eccentric, as witness that extraordinary pyramid."

"If one were quick-witted enough to be a good amateur detective—or slow-witted enough to imagine oneself a Sherlock Holmes—it might be interesting to devote oneself to trying to solve the thing," suggested Prosper. "But, personally, I have no time for the art of amateur detection. My whole interest is occupied with the art of comparatively amateur painting. Besides, judging by the little I know, I should be inclined to say that the death of the strange lady was simply a direct consequence of the death of Calhoun."

Barisford nodded slowly.

"Yes. Why?"

Prosper waved an airy hand.

"Well, assume that Calhoun committed suicide ——"

Barisford broke in to agree.

"I believe he did. The chap had been having appalling bad luck with his horses."

"That might help to account for the suicide," agreed Prosper; "and it is not straining things to picture the nameless lady arriving here—at Kern village—expecting to see Calhoun alive and well and finding instead that he was dead. There may have been a love affair. In any case it is a permissible guess that she went to the place where Calhoun killed himself and there committed suicide. That is just a theory—a wandering artist's theory—but it seems feasible," concluded Prosper.

"More than feasible. It is probably the truth. There is a Scotland Yard man investigating here. You will run across him, I expect. He's not a bad sort, but I think he will finally come to the conclusion that it was a double suicide, though nobody has yet discovered exactly what killed them. That's rather a—a stumbling-block to the suicide theory." He rose. "I am glad you know the facts, since you intend camping here. Let me thank you for what you did for Miss Merlehurst and remind you that if I can be of any service to you while you are here I shall be glad to do what I can. I live just outside the village—near the golf course. Yes, we've golf even in this remote place—only nine holes, but they're good. Any time you care for a match I shall be glad to play you."

He moved off in the direction of the lake, and Prosper, glancing at his watch, settled down inside the tent with his notebook. But before he had filled in more than a couple of lines he lapsed into his accustomed low-voiced self-communion.

"A man of the world, Barisford. He hopes to marry Marjorie, does he? Probably a good many men about here would like to do that. Marjorie is very sweet and she may be rich."

His thoughts moved on from the lovely little somnambulist.

"It was evident that Barisford has not heard about last night's tragedy, or of the arrest of Oxton. I might have discussed those things with him. He's a pretty keen hand." He stared thoughtfully at the small dog. "But there is no real reason why we need hurry to share our private discoveries with anyone yet, Plutus; no reason at all. A still tongue in a cool head—that is the combination which we need.

"We are at present merely a vagabond artist and his trusty hound. Let us remain so. We will now proceed to action, beginning with a visit to the racing stable of which Mr. Fred Oxton is—or was—a partner. Yes, you may come; and when we get onto the public highway there is no reason why you should not relieve your system of the vast volume of bottled-up barking with which you are clearly surcharged."

He laced the tent flap tightly and strolled away toward the village. It was something after seven o'clock. As soon as he reached the village, Prosper, hatless, easy, gray-flanneled, quietly strolling, perceived at once that the news of Oxton's arrest was already public. Small knots of people were standing about discussing it, and as Prosper passed the small cottage which was the village police station, a motor, driven by a uniformed constable, with the county police superintendent and a sergeant at the back, stopped outside the cottage.

The Scotland Yard man, Inspector Garrishe, met the superintendent at the gate. They went into the house and a few moments later reappeared with a lean, brown, bow-legged little man, very neat, with that tight and dapper neatness of most men who have lived their life from childhood with horses, walking between them, talking furiously.

Prosper, moving slowly past, heard him tensely conveying his crisp opinion of all police and all detectives to the unmoved men on each side of him.

"I tell you, I was at York and Newmarket," he was snapping at them. "Almost anybody but a countrified cop and a fat-headed detective, a stranger to the place, would know enough to look it up for themselves."

Then Prosper passed out of earshot, and a second later the car slid away, returning to the county town some nine miles away.

"The argument of Mr. Oxton appears to me to be weighty and reasonable, O Plutus," murmured Mr. Fair, as he turned into the narrow road leading to Druid's Hollow, the racing establishment of the late Mr. Calhoun—a lonely place, some two miles across the downs.

Once, in the old days of prosperous farming, Druid's Hollow had been a famous racing stable and had belonged to the Kern estate. The grandfather of the present Lord Kern had run it on the grand scale, and had bred and trained there some great winners.

But, as Prosper realized with his first glance at it, the hands of ruin and decay now lay heavy upon this place too. Most of the buildings obviously had not been used for many years, and the rectangle of stabling inclosing the big yard was irretrievably dilapidated. Except at one corner, most of the stables were broken-roofed; in one place the whole roof had fallen in. Save for a sharp fang of broken glass still clinging to a gapped frame here and there, the windows were unglazed, and the doors hung drunkenly at all angles. The paint had long since flaked off the woodwork, and the ironwork was rusting to red dust. The dwelling house, set a short distance away, was in little better condition. Just a corner of it was in use, no more.

Nothing stirred there save for a few listless fowls, scratching aimlessly in a wire run set upon what had once been a lawn. Even in the sunshine, the place, set on the big, level expanse of plain untilled, save here and there for a field of shallow soil, won painfully from the chalk a few inches below the surface—looked bleak and desolate and lonely, and Prosper's face clouded unconsciously as he stopped at the crest of the hill to look down at it.

"Once upon a time, O Plutus mine, this was a—a tiny town, busy with fine horses, brisk with men. Wagons came and went; there was a sound of maids in the dairy; and cocks crowed. That poor wretch down there looks as if he had never crowed in his life. Certainly he has nothing to crow about. Where are they all, Plutus—or their descendants? Living in dreadful jerry-built little hutches on the skirts of some great town—in various capacities swelling the vast army of civil servants. There's something wrong with our English countryside, Plutus. We see too many places falling to ruin or half ruin nowadays. The countryside is not what it was." He shrugged, then laughed. "But then it never is—nothing ever is what it was. That's a joke, Plutus. One laughs at it—with both sides of one's mouth. In a few years' time they will still be laughing at that fine crusted old joke—on the wrong side of their mouths, Plutus. Meantime, what have we here?"

A couple of horses had swept up over a slight rise on the plain beyond the house, coming on with the beautiful, springy, bounding movements of Thoroughbreds—a small black and a light chestnut. A woman was riding the chestnut, and a tiny boy, a mere scrap of humanity, was crouching in the saddle of the black. Prosper pressed on down the hill as the horses were pulled up at the stable yard and the riders dismounted.

VII

A MINUTE or so later Prosper looked in at the door of the stable. On the hard surface of the yard his rubber soles had made no sound, and it was evident that neither of the two in the stable was expecting visitors.

At first glance it seemed to Prosper that the boy was very little taller than the knees of the black race horse; but that must have been an illusion, for the child, stripped to his shirt, breeches and minute leggings, was grooming the horse with almost furious energy—far too intent on his work to notice anything else.

The woman, too, was or had been engaged in cleaning the chestnut, but had broken off. The brush still in her hand, she was resting her bare arm—the sleeves of the flannel shirt she was wearing were rolled up like a man's—against the shoulder of the chestnut and her head was resting on her arm. Prosper saw that she was crying quietly. The boy, hissing and working in the adjoining stall, spoke without turning, as Prosper looked in.

"I shan't be more'n a minute or two, missus, then I'll slip in and put on the kettle and make a drop of tea for us," he piped. "And don't you worry y'rself about Mr. Oxton, missus, for he'll be all right, mark my words, and back home in a day or two. And we can keep things movin' till then, you mark my words. Yes'm, they ain't going to keep Mr. Oxton in no jail very long, you mark my words. . . . Stand still, hoss."

Prosper repressed a smile at the sheer elderliness of the scrap, and coughed. The head of the woman was up in a flash. Prosper, saluting her, saw that she was a thinnish, hawk-faced girl of perhaps twenty-two, with big dark eyes that even the tears could not dim, and as her brown hand dropped from the horse's withers he caught the gleam of a wedding ring. She stiffened, staring at him.

"Yes? What is it?" she said crisply, with a faint American accent. "Are you looking for someone?"

"For Mrs. Fred Oxton," explained Prosper.

"I'm Mrs. Oxton. What do you want?"

Her tone was suspicious, defensive. The small boy was scowling openly at the intruder.

"I chanced to learn of the difficulty of the absurd mistake that was made down at the village concerning your husband, and it occurred to me that possibly I could be of some service to you. So I have called to ask;" explained Prosper, smiling.

For a moment she did not answer, but stood, thinking, her eyes fixed on his. Slowly the suspicion died out of her gaze as she measured him, and the hardness left her face. Women usually trusted Prosper very

(Continued on Page 93)

This Ford oil gives 8 definite economies

because it is made to lubricate the Ford exclusively

PERHAPS you have never read the simple explanation of how your Ford is lubricated. This is something that you should know about—because it reveals an important fact that has caused many thousands of Ford owners to change their habits of buying oil.

This tells you why you can secure the best results and the greatest economy in operation, only by using an oil made to lubricate the Ford exclusively.

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The lubrication system of the Ford is different from that of any other passenger automobile. One oil must lubricate both the engine and transmission, which are combined in one housing.

This oil must resist the deadly heat and friction developed in all automobile engines. In addition, it must eliminate jerky chatter when you start, stop and reverse your Ford. This chatter is peculiar to the Ford car, and is caused by faulty transmission lubrication.

Engine oil, such as is used to lubricate the motors of other makes of cars, does not and cannot stop Ford chatter. On the other hand, unnumbered Ford owners have learned that special "non-chatter" oils do not lubricate the Ford engine properly under all conditions. *Only an oil made to lubricate the Ford exclusively can do both jobs.*

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1—10 to 25% saving in gasoline—Hundreds of tests having demonstrated that Veedol Fordol conservatively saves 10% on gasoline consumption. 25% to 33% savings have been developed repeatedly.

2—Eliminates costly chatter—Veedol Fordol lengthens the life of Ford brake and transmission bands by properly lubricating them. Chatter, a result of faulty lubricants, is entirely eliminated.

3—10 to 25% saving in oil—The savings in oil consumption run from 10% to 25%. The exact savings depend upon the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used.

4—10 to 25% less carbon—Veedol Fordol forms on an average from 10% to 25% less carbon in the Ford engine cylinders. The exact savings depend on the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used. Less carbon means more power with fewer repairs.

5—Resists heat and friction—Veedol Fordol possesses the famous characteristic of all Veedol oils to resist heat and friction.

6—Increased ability to coast—With average lubrication, a Ford will only coast down steep hills. With Veedol Fordol coasting is possible down the slightest grades.

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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

(Continued from Page 88)

quickly, as did most children and almost all dogs.

"Who are you?" she asked presently.

"My name is Fair. I am just an artist on a walking tour. I am camping near Kern, and as luck would have it, I happened to be close by when your husband was arrested."

"He was arrested at midnight in the garden at Kern Castle. Were you there?" she asked swiftly.

Prosper saw that she was quick.

"Yes, I was there," he said gently. "And I saw him going away—to Carisbury—this morning."

She thought for a moment, her fine black eyes very steady on his.

"What were you doing in the garden at that time of night?" she asked; but she did not wait for a reply. "You saw him this morning, you say. How were they treating him?"

"Properly," said Prosper, slowly, seriously. "He was telling them—what he thought of them."

She smiled faintly.

"Fred would," she said.

The speck of humanity attending the black horse stepped forward. He was uncannily small, but his little pinched pale face was set in a sort of chill, sharp courage.

"Sorry, 'm, but don't you talk too much, 'm, to no strangers, mark my words. Mr. Oxton, 'm, always said hisself to keep your mouth shut, 'm. This gentleman might be a detective, 'm, and, mark my words, you might be sorry you ever talked to 'im, 'm."

He glared at Prosper like an infuriated baby terrier. The girl turned to him.

"That's enough, Mark."

"Yessum!"

Mark continued to reach as high on the black as his length would let him, hissing furiously. Mrs. Oxton faced Prosper again. Her eyes were weary now.

"Mr. Fair, I've got to the stage where I've just got to trust somebody," she said. "I'm tired—tired. I ought to be resting right now. I don't understand the folk down at Kern village; they don't understand me. I've lived here a year with Fred, and I haven't got a friend—except perhaps one—in the place. They seem to me to belong to a ring—a ring that's a thousand years old—you can't get next to them. Fred says that sometime I will, but I'm beginning to ask myself. They're civil enough; but after they've been civil, I guess I feel there's about as much friendliness between us as there would be between a bunch of stone statues and me after a formal introduction. . . . Well, Fred's arrested. The village policeman walked out here early this morning to say so—told me I couldn't see him until he has appeared at Carisbury Court. I suppose they all believe he did it—killed Larry Calhoun and the strange lady. Well, we shall see about that. We were just carrying on before Fred was arrested, and that leaves it up to me to carry on now—with Mark. I guess we'll manage. The boy and I have been out since dawn with the horses; and if you can help at all, why, Mr. Fair, I'll be glad to have any help you can spare—as long as it's help for Fred."

She stopped suddenly, very pale. Prosper stepped into the stable quickly. He had seen women go pale like that before. He took charge, and for a wandering, vagabond artist, he did so with some efficiency.

"I understand, Mrs. Oxton," he said. "There seems to be a lot of things to explain. They shall be explained—later."

He took the brush from the girl's hand.

"Mark," he said, "get across to the house and put that kettle on just as fast as you can hammer your feet to the ground. I'll finish the horses. Your mistress will be across, ready for a cup of tea and some breakfast, in a minute."

The diminutive Mark turned, hesitated, then went without a word. There was something in the voice of the hatless stranger which conveyed to Mark that obedience might reasonably be rendered unto him.

Prosper beamed at the girl. She was trembling a little.

"Nobody can work miracles, Mrs. Oxton. You probably sat up all night waiting for your husband, and instead of seeing him return saw that village policeman clumping stolidly up here—and he would be as tactful as an overloaded motortruck running downhill out of control, if I know anything of the lesser village policeman. Then, after worrying for an hour or so, you went out to give the horses their gallop because that was necessary—all without breakfast, all in a torment of worry. Of course you feel all in—tired. You are tired. But we'll see if we can't take it a little more quietly—talk it over after breakfast—calmly, slowly. England is a slow old country, a conservative sort of place, full of slow people; but by not hurrying they save themselves sometimes from making mistakes. I assure you now that your husband is all right. He's probably worrying more about you than himself. We'll go and see him presently, if you like."

She stiffened like a steel spring.

"Can you fix that, Mr. Fair?"

Prosper waved an airy hand

"Why, naturally."

"That's a promise?"

"Absolutely—on condition that you go across to the house and eat your breakfast and make yourself comfortable and bright—for your husband—and, oh, yes, and save a big cup of tea for me."

They both laughed. She looked doubtfully at the horses.

"But can you I mean, do you understand horses? The chestnut's a bit queer tempered."

Prosper smiled gravely.

"Oh, yes, I understand horses," he assured her.

So she went across the yard, slim, graceful, looking like a boy in her well-worn riding kit.

An hour later Prosper had won back for her all her accustomed confidence. It had all been as simple as he thought.

Larry Calhoun had been killed—or killed himself—within twenty-four hours of eleven o'clock on August thirtieth of the previous year. Fred Oxton was traveling to the York race meeting with horses on August twenty-eighth, had stayed there till August thirty-first and traveled back on September first. Thus he could prove that he was hundreds of miles away on the day or night Calhoun died. The nameless lady was killed on July twenty-eighth, but Oxton was at Newmarket from July twenty-seventh to July thirtieth. His wife and Prosper had looked up diaries, notes and old hotel bills proving this.

Halfway down the chalky hill road to the village they met a boy carrying a note for Mrs. Oxton. It proved to be from Marjorie Merlehurst—that only friend of whom the dark-eyed girl had spoken. Marjorie wrote to say how sorry she was for what she knew was a ridiculous mistake of the police, and to explain that she was not well and so could not come herself, but that her mother had arranged for a motor and would call soon to fetch Mrs. Oxton and take her over to Carisbury to see her husband and to arrange about lawyers for him. Her eyes brightened as the boy was sent back ahead with a suitable message.

"I knew she was white," said Mrs. Oxton. Prosper smiled.

A little farther on they met a curate—a small, weak man, rather red in the face and a little out of breath because of the hill. He explained that he was coming to see Mrs. Oxton with a message from the vicar bidding her be of good cheer and to be sure that her husband would not be without support. He, too, was returned with a suitable answer, as were several others whom they met on their way into the village. Mrs. Oxton was thrilled with a new discovery.

"Why, they are white folk, after all!" she exclaimed.

"White, yes; but slow—very slow," explained Prosper.

"You have to be in trouble in England before you discover you've got any friends," said Mrs. Oxton very thoughtfully.

So they came to a small, charming house, set in a perfect garden, just on the edge of the village nearest the castle, where they found a hired car waiting outside the front gate. A tall, slender, rather fragile-looking woman came down the flower-bordered pathway to meet them—Mrs. Merlehurst, Marjorie's mother. Though no longer young, she still retained much of what once must have been a rare and striking beauty. Her clear, dark-blue eyes, her fine, delicate features and her still-perfect complexion were almost those of youth. But her eyes were sad and her manner gentle with that quiet gentleness which only comes to those who have themselves suffered.

"We only heard of that absurd detective's blunder an hour ago, Nora," she said. "Of course everyone knows how ridiculous it is to think that your husband had anything to do with those tragedies. Marjorie wanted to go to Druid's Hollow at once and see if everything was well with you; but she, too, had an adventure last night and was so tired that I made her stay in bed."

She turned to Prosper.

"You will be able to guess whether Marjorie and Mr. Barisford told me of you, Mr. Fair, when I say that I recognized you at once when I saw you and Mrs. Oxton coming up the path. I am so grateful to you for what you did for Marjorie in that dreadful garden last night."

"It's a hobby of Mr. Fair's to go about helping people, I think," said Mrs. Oxton eagerly.

Prosper laughed.

"I'm afraid that I can't claim to be more than an ordinary, everyday sort of person," he demurred; "say, the sort of person who when he sees a bird caught in a trap just stoops down and releases it. And almost anybody in the world would do that. I—just happened to be close by."

"Yes, after a two-mile walk you were quite close to Druid's Hollow," said Mrs. Oxton.

"And having taken all sorts of risks, you just chanced to be able to help Marjorie," added Mrs. Merlehurst with gentle irony.

Prosper laughed again.

"Some day I shall hope to debate the point with you both," he said. "Meantime, if I may use your telephone, I think it would be a good plan to ring up the police station at Carisbury. I have to arrange for an interview."

That was obviously a good idea. Within a few seconds Prosper found himself at the telephone, in a long, low, delightful room, facing the garden.

The police-station number was engaged, and while he waited he looked about him. He moved to the mantelpiece to see whether the photographs on it included one of Marjorie. But he looked only at one of the photographs—a large, well-taken, carefully finished portrait of a man's head and shoulders.

A curious chill vibration thrilled him as he looked closely at the photograph. He knew that man—he had met him quite recently, in very unusual circumstances. It was a photograph of the Iron-Gray Man.

Even as he stared at it, taking it in his hand to assure himself that he was not mistaken, he heard a soft step behind him, and the gentle, rather faint voice of Mrs. Merlehurst.

"Ah, that is a photograph of my husband. I wonder if you and he ever chanced to meet."

There was a far-off wistfulness in her voice—and her eyes.

Prosper shook his head doubtfully.

"He is a man of striking appearance, and if I had met him I don't think I should be likely to forget him."

He replaced the photograph, and the bell of the telephone saved him from saying anything more.

VIII

IT WAS eleven o'clock when Prosper and Mrs. Oxton reached Carisbury. At the police station they were inclined to make difficulties about seeing Oxton. It chanced to be a day on which the local magistrates were sitting, an inspector pointed out, and very soon now Oxton would appear before them, be formally charged and formally remanded. After that they could see him. But Prosper gently pressed his point. The officer would not yield, but he sent an underling to an inner office and Detective-Inspector Garrishe appeared, quiet, still-faced, with hard, questing eyes.

"Why is it so urgent that you must see the prisoner before he appears at the court—a purely formal appearance?" demanded the detective.

His tone was not pleasant, perhaps because he was feeling none too sure of himself, and the smile faded from Prosper's gay, steady eyes.

"Because I am anxious that Mr. and Mrs. Oxton should be spared the unnecessary humiliation of an appearance at all," he said.

The detective bristled a little.

"That's impossible," he said curtly.

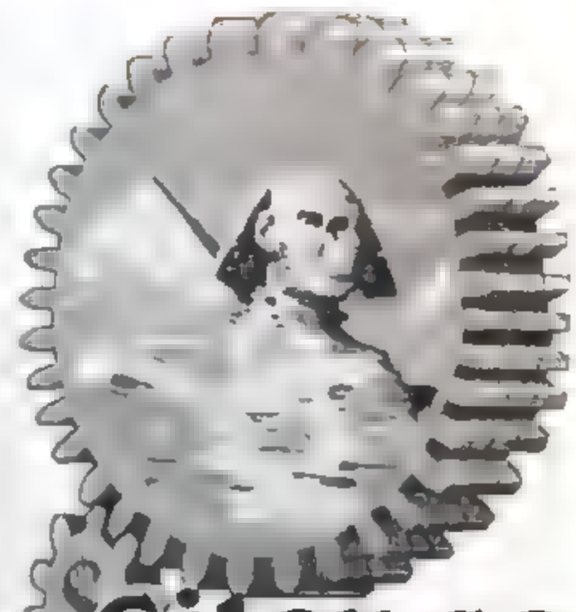
"Pardon me, I think not."

"Oh, you do! And who may you be?" asked the detective levelly.

Before Prosper could reply there was a slight stir in the outer office, a quick step at the door and a stiff salute from the inspector by the desk. Prosper turned to see the chief constable, that peppery ex-colonel who had supervised so peremptorily the visit of the jury to the sunken garden.

"What's this? What's this?" he snapped.

"This gentleman desires the immediate release of Mr. Oxton, who has been detained



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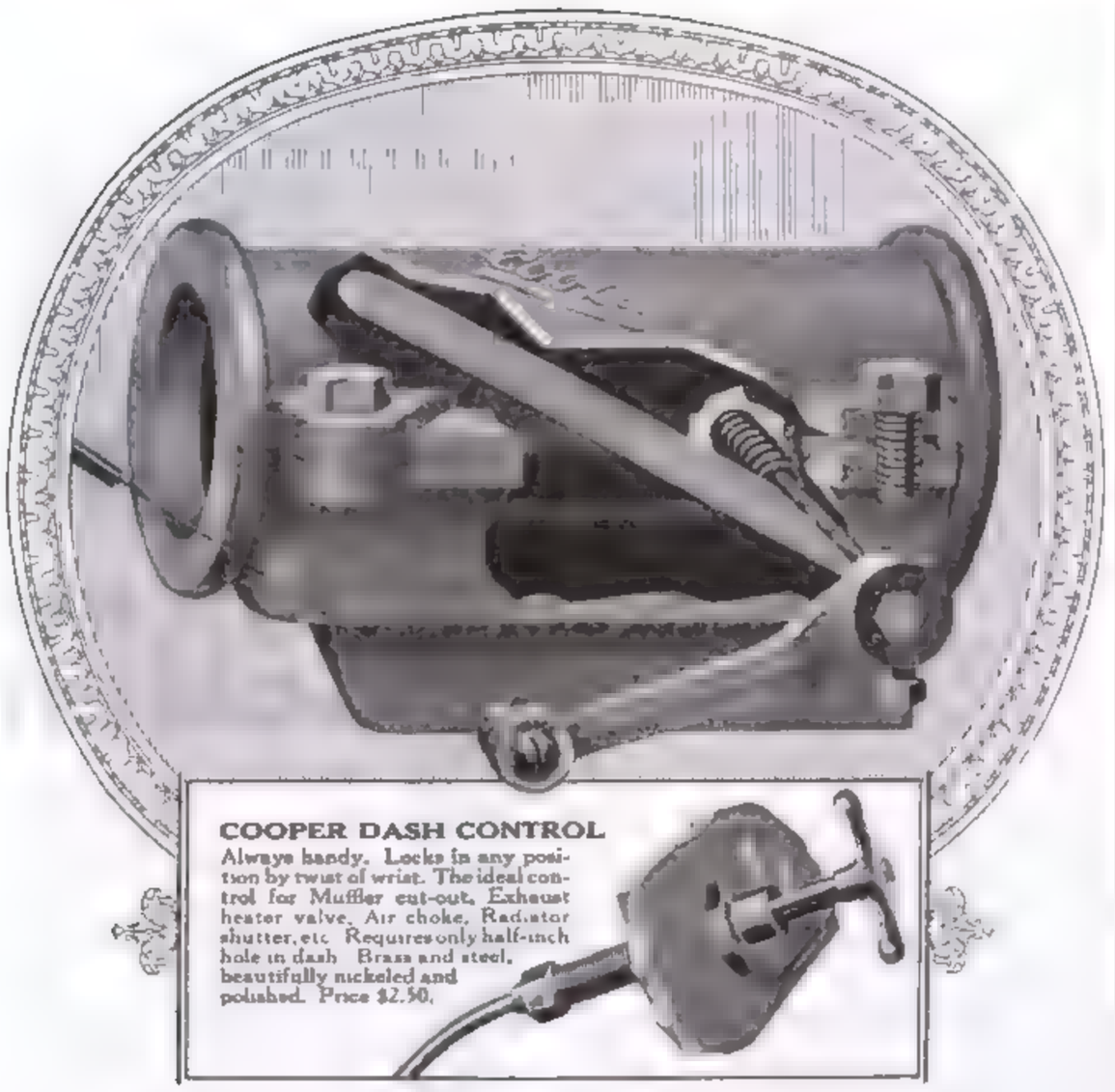
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by Detective-Inspector Garrishe in connection with the Kern affair, sir," said the local inspector at the desk.

The chief constable's brick-red face flushed to a purplish tint and he turned on Prosper, who quietly passed him a visiting card, smiling.

"The inspector puts it a little baldly, perhaps a little unfairly, chief constable. I am merely anxious to put before you certain facts which you and, I think, Detective-Inspector Garrishe will be glad to know before you seal the detention of Mr. Fred Oxton by a formal appearance before the magistrates."

Whether it was achieved by the sight of Prosper's card, or by this last speech, none of the others quite understood; but certainly there came over the chief constable a remarkable change. His color became normal and the hard glare of affronted dignity died out of his eyes. He smiled

"Come into my room, please," he said. "We may want you, too," he added to the Scotland Yard man. "Meantime, Mr. Oxton is not to leave here for the court."

He led the way to his room, followed by Prosper. The colonel gave Prosper a chair and settled down at a writing table. He picked up the card Prosper had given him.

"I do not need to ask you if this is really your name," he said. "You will understand why when I tell you that, years ago, I was several times a member of your father's shooting parties at Deerhurst."

Prosper nodded.

"I understand—you mean my likeness to him," he said easily. "But just at present I am Prosper Fair, an artist on a walking tour."

"Yes, I've heard of your habit of wandering the highways and byways. Most people have. Well, about this man Oxton. The thing is complicated, and unless you can produce information that will absolutely convince this Scotland Yard man that he is wrong to detain Oxton the affair must take the ordinary course. I can't help you—unless, first, you can help yourself. It isn't necessary to explain to you that a chief constable is tied by rules and regulations as much as—perhaps, in a way, much more than the rawest police recruit."

Prosper smiled. He could be extraordinarily winning when he chose.

"Why, naturally," he said, and put a small bundle of papers on the table. "If you will allow the detective inspector to go through these with Oxton and Mrs. Oxton, who is in the car outside, and interrogate them both, I think you will find that Garrishe will be glad enough to agree that he has made a mistake," he suggested. "I assure you, chief constable, that it can be shown that Oxton could not possibly have murdered either his partner, Calhoun, or the unknown woman."

The chief constable nodded.

"Very well—er—Mr. Fair." He pressed a bell and the underlings grew intensely active.

In less than a quarter of an hour the Oxtons, aided by Prosper and corroborated by the various books, accounts, hotel bills, racing documents, telegrams, and so forth, had satisfied the Scotland Yard man that, at the very best, he had made an extremely premature arrest, and at the worst, a bad blunder.

"It's plain enough that you couldn't have killed those people; and as the chief constable says, I can get further proofs that you were at York and Newmarket when they were killed—or killed themselves. But why did you shoot at me in the garden?"

"I shot at a figure which I believed to be the murderer. I've watched that garden for a long time and there's something wrong there. There is a man who prowls about there—armed—but he's as shifty as a fox, as quick as a cat. There's some secret about that garden or pyramid, and this chap is either hunting for it or guarding it. I don't care a straw about his secret, but I want to know why he killed Calhoun, my partner. It helped to ruin us."

"But you can't shoot at people on sight; you know that," said the chief constable. Oxton agreed.

"No, I understand that. It was a mistake. I should not have fired. I see that. Nevertheless, although I made a mistake that time, it was only a mistake by a fraction of an inch. The murderer—or say the mystery man—was about in that garden last night, I'm convinced—nearer than you think. Probably he was watching you. I thought he was watching me."

The detective thought for a moment, then turned to the chief constable.

"I agree that there is no need to detain Mr. Oxton any longer, sir," he said curtly.

That satisfied the chief constable. Almost immediately the Oxtons, with Prosper—and Plutus—were on their way back to Druid's Hollow. Oxton was as frank about his share in the affair as he was grateful to Prosper.

"That lets me out of the mystery-solving business forever," he declared. "The only mystery I ever propose to try to solve in future is the mystery of why a horse finishes ninth or thereabouts when you have calculated he will finish first. I sat in that police-station cell and it ate into my nerves till I began to think I was guilty of two-thirds of the crimes in the book of crimes, and I've finished. I am going to devote myself now to safe mysteries only, eh, Nora?"

"I think you are right," agreed Prosper. "A man with serious business interests has no time for outside complications. His business should provide all the excitement his system can accommodate. But when one is a wanderer, a haphazard artist camping out just anywhere, and moreover has a weakness for puzzles, it is a different matter."

He began to roll a cigarette.

"Personally, I am intrigued—in a detached sort of way—by this mystery. There's something fascinating about that pyramid," he continued. "It draws one—like a magnet."

"Yes, it drew me—into a police cell," said Oxton, grimly humorous. "You want to watch out that it doesn't draw you into an even narrower cell than that!"

Prosper smiled, studying the cigarette.

"Do you know why that poor chap Calhoun, your partner, went to the pyramid? Was it, for example, to commit suicide?"

Oxton stared.

"Suicide!" he exclaimed. "Larry Calhoun was the one last person in this world to commit suicide. No; he went to the garden because he hoped to get something there—something worth while. You see, Fair, things were pretty bad with us at the stables. The horses were not panning out and the money was dwindling. We were out of luck; nothing would go right."

He stopped and turned to his wife.

"Nora, girl, suppose we tell Mr. Fair the whole story. I've finished with the Kern garden, the Kern pyramid, the Kern lord and everything else that's Kern, anyway. What we know—and it's not so much—might help him to solve the puzzle if he's bent on solving it. And I shall always feel curious about Larry's last words. What do you think, girl?"

"Yes, tell him. I think we ought to anyway," said Mrs. Oxton. "I believe Mr. Fair is going to find out the truth about it all."

"All right, I'm willing enough," declared Oxton. "But suppose we leave it till after we've had some lunch. We're nearly home."

They were already climbing the hill road, and a moment later the half-ruined stables came into view. Oxton stared down at them with a queer, half-wistful, half-bitter laugh.

"I never top this hill and look down without feeling sore," he said. "That place—now, it looks like nothing. And with half a chance it could be made into as good a training stable as any in the world. We may have missed our chance—Larry Calhoun and I—but we were right to grab at it. How're the horses, Nora?"

"Fine," said Nora.

It was Prosper who, as the car ran up to the lonely house, took care to tell Oxton exactly how his wife had tackled the task of carrying on.

"Yes, I know; that's what she would do—carry on till she dropped. It's a thoroughbred characteristic that, eh, Fair?"

He felt furtively for his wife's hand, but he need not have been furtive. Prosper was looking across the downland, very interested in a distant tree. You could always rely on Mr. Fair for a trifle of tact like that.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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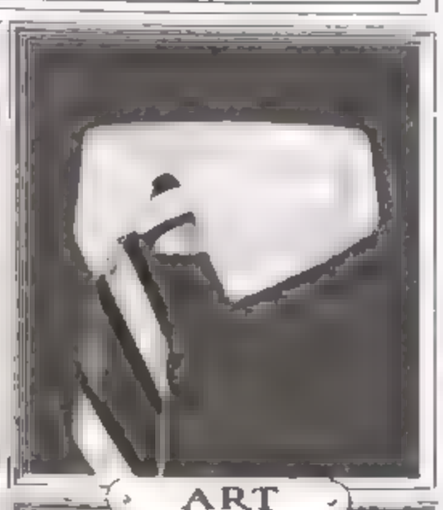

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CPN

ON THE FOURTEENTH FLOOR

(Continued from Page 9)

and 22 night maids is required. In addition, there is a clerk and a housekeeper on each floor. We must be finished with breakfast and be on the floor ready to begin work by eight o'clock.

There are a number of things we must do before we are ready to sit down to breakfast, however. The first thing is to ring in our time and get our keys. Each one of us has a number and is known by it to the paymaster and the woman who has charge of the timekeeping and the keys. Then we go to the locker room and change into our uniforms. The numbers of our lockers are the same as our numbers and the numbers on our key rings. After breakfast we go directly to our floors. Once there, we rarely have a moment to spare until we are ready to leave again. We cannot even take the same time for lunch that the other employes are accustomed to, because there is always something waiting for us to rush back and finish. Counting the time going up and down in the elevator, we are never away from our floor more than half an hour

The morning is, of course, the time we are the most rushed. Salespeople and all business people want their rooms made up as early as possible in order to be ready for visitors. Just as soon as a room is vacated it has to be got ready for occupancy again, as there are always people waiting for rooms. The room clerk is probably the most harassed person in a hotel, and he telephones every few minutes until we tell him that the room is in order.

Everything is done to help us in our work and every modern convenience is supplied to hurry it along. One day a week the bath maid works for each of us and gives all the bathrooms a thorough cleaning, and once a week the vacuum man cleans all the carpets. The bath maids are for the most part quite old ladies, and some of them are so sweet and gentle, it seems a pity that they have to get down on their knees and scrub. All of us hate to have a bridal party occupy a room, because that means we must try to steal the vacuum man out of turn, for he and his machine are the only means of getting the confetti and rice out of a velvet carpet.

That Day He Came Out of His Room Throwing His Hands and Shrieking That His Sausage Was Gone. I Thought I Had Misunderstood Him

The Daily Supplies

At a quarter before four we can get ready to go home. Even though we do have to be on the jump every moment during the day, we have no troubles to carry home with us and nothing to worry about until the next day. We simply have to leave a note in the closet with a list of the rooms that we have not been able to get into. The night maid comes on the floor at four o'clock and she consults the list for the rooms that she must put in order. Two of us share a linen-and-supply closet, which is filled twice a day by the houseman. We alone have keys to the closet and no one is allowed to trespass.

One has no idea of how much linen is required and how many different things there are to be put in each room before it is complete in every detail. Every day we use an average of 5500 sheets, 5500 pillow cases, 8200 face towels and 5000 bath towels Women are usually the most fussy if the least little supply is missing from their rooms; but this does not apply to the business women, who seem to realize instantly that when there aren't any large-size envelopes or any small cakes of soap in the room there is usually a good reason for it.

A fussy man is worse than two or three fussy women. One man nearly wore us all out by insisting that all the towels put in his room must be exactly the same size. In the very next room to him there was a man from Texas who was so good-natured that nothing ever provoked him. One night while working in his room the night maid was taken suddenly ill. She left the floor after telling the clerk that the rooms were all in order, forgetting that she had not made his bed. He came in very late and found all the clothes gone from his bed and nothing but the mattress left. He slept just that way, and when we tried to apologize to him he said he hadn't minded it at all, and that he could sleep anywhere.

In addition to caring for the rooms and seeing that the guests have all their wants supplied, another part of the chambermaid's work is in conjunction with the floor clerk. All telegrams, letters and messages pass first through her hands and then to us for delivery. Then every morning the vacancies have to be taken; that is, the door of every room has to be tried and a list made of all the rooms that were vacated after midnight. As so many people forget to lock their doors, and we make our rounds at seven o'clock, we often happen in upon them while they are still fast asleep. This inspection of the rooms is important not only on account of the list which is sent to the room clerk but because we sometimes find people too ill to get to the telephone, or in need of something. As we take turns doing this, it is only every sixth morning that we have to be on duty at such an early hour.

If the baggage in a person's room seems very light or skimpy, we have to report this to the credit department, as hotels have to look out for dead beats. People often come in with apparently heavy baggage and stay a few days or a week, and go out leaving the baggage, which is only weighed down by something worthless. But then people don't always leave valueless luggage Last winter a woman left her two trunks of clothes and all her belongings, including her dog, a Russian wolfhound. She never came back, and we often wondered what could have led her to leave the dog, for she seemed to think so much of him, and went every day to the kennel on the roof to feed him, for otherwise he would not eat. We all felt so sorry for the poor thing, for he never touched food after she left and just mourned until he died. Baggage acquired in this way, and that seized in payment of bills, has to be disposed of at public auction.

If anything such as the lamp, mirror or glass table top is broken in a room, it must be reported immediately by the chambermaid, so that should the occupant leave suddenly it can be added to his bill. Departing guests quite often take with them things which they did not bring. People whom one would least suspect of doing such a thing often strip the room of everything movable, except the furniture; others just take some little trifle that takes their fancy. Few people seem able to resist taking a towel or two, and nearly everyone takes all the writing materials in the desk. And, of course, they leave things in their rooms too. Men are much worse than women in this respect. Shoes, rubbers and slippers are what they generally forget.

One thing I cannot understand is the number of men who go out in the morning and leave their watches under the pillow. I should think the first thing they would think of in the morning would be the time. As a general rule, women leave only small articles. It is a rare woman who leaves a gown hanging in the closet, but it is no rarity for a man to leave his overcoat. Nearly everyone leaves a toothbrush; probably because they are left out for use until the last moment.

All articles found are turned over to the lost-and-found department and they write to the person who has occupied the room, or if he has left no address, wait for him to write in. When people leave undergarments or night clothes they get them back freshly laundered, as the sanitary law requires it. A man once left two wild ducks and the lost-and-found kept them for a week, and on the very day that they disposed of them he sent for them.

Sometimes people think they have left things in the room which they haven't. Often they come back several days later, and though the room has been occupied by two or three different people since they left, they are not satisfied until we go and look in the room. But once in a while this does bring something to light. A woman once came back to ask about a ring she had lost a few days before. The maid reached down in the sides of a wing chair, thinking the ring might have dropped there, and drew out a valuable watch which had been lost two weeks before.

If a lost article is not claimed within ninety days, it becomes the property of the employe who turned it in.

Flood Tide

It is not only about leaving things when they go away that people are forgetful. Frequently they start the bath, and then either get interested on the telephone or go downstairs for something. Thereupon begins a wild scramble to find the room from which the water is leaking. If the room beneath is unoccupied, it may not be found out for some time, and the water makes a dreadful mess.

In cases of this sort we have to send for the men known as the wrecking crew, who do all the heavy and unpleasant work.

A great many people are very careless about furnishings in the rooms. Men are the worst offenders; they burn scars in all the furniture with their smoking. Often after a group of business men have been having a conference in a room we find half a dozen or more holes burned in the carpet where they have dropped matches or lighted cigarettes on the floor.

The time we are all the busiest is when there is a convention or business gathering in New York. The automobile show brings the greatest number of people. Then they turn some of the rooms into offices and some have three or four extra cots put in besides the bed. We spend hectic days; but we don't mind so much, because the automobile men are so jolly and good-natured

The silk show filled our rooms with Japanese. Everyone likes to have them come because they are so neat and so stimulating to have around. They take such a vital interest in everything and love to have the workings of the hotel explained to them; and they remember the employes for good service better than anyone else.

(Continued on Page 101)

Pack a Remington Rifle *in the* Auto Camp Kit

MANY a man who thought his shooting days were over finds the oldtime longing creep back on him again as soon as he gets out in the open—the itch to get hold of a *good* rifle.

Seeking a chance to test his skill. Pests to pick off—the fun and competition of target practice.

Nowadays lots of people pack Remington Rifles and Remington Cartridges in their camp or touring kits—as part of the regular equipment.

Illustrated on the opposite page are four suitable small calibre rifles. Each brings to you *Remington shooting qualities*—the results of more than 100 years of developing the *standard of precision* in firearms.

Take a Remington along on your trip!

Reming.

THE AUTHORITY IN FIREARMS, AMMUNITION

and take along a Remington Knife It's your "Man Friday" in Camp

PROTECTION
A Remington Rifle brings a kindly feeling of protection against man or beast prowling at night.

EVERY man has a little of the Robinson Crusoe in him—doing things *for himself* out in the open.

And the first thing he needs is a *Man's Knife*.

Now, by George, he has it—the REMINGTON CAMP KNIFE.

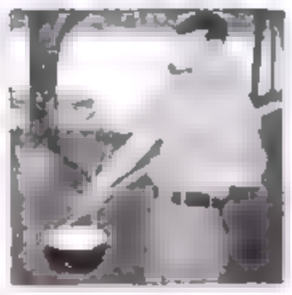
Watch the man and knife in action—snipping into a can, opening a bottle, tightening a screw, punching a hole, whittling, carpentering. An all-purpose camp tool, needed and used a dozen times a day.

Just one of Remington's Specific Knives for Specific Purposes.

Remington Pocket Knives for everybody—practical working tools for every individual need of Carpenter, Camper, Farmer, Stockman, Motorist, Banker, Merchant, Fisherman, Sportsman.

The busiest line of Pocket Knives the merchant ever put into his store.

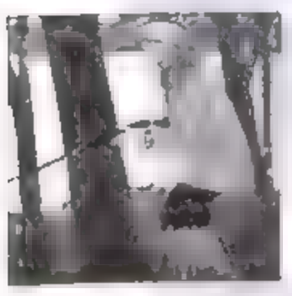
To make sure of a good Pocket Knife, see that it's a Remington—with the name Remington stamped on the heel of the blade.



A KNIFE THAT CUTS
You'll appreciate what Remington Steel means to a cutting blade. Long-lasting, keen edge.

TARGET PRACTICE
Remington rifles bring to all hands the fun of target practice.

FISHING
Not just any knife will do. The fisherman likes the feel and the work of a Remington



HUNTING
The more pests you kill off now the more game there will be next season.

CAMP UTILITY
The Remington Camp Knife is the most useful tool you can have in camp. It does all sorts of jobs—and does them well.

R3843
Remington Camp Knife
Two sharp cutting blades, screw driver, bottle opener, can opener, punch blade, corkscrew.

Remington Model 12 Repeating Rifle—.22 Caliber
Shoots .22 Short, .22 Long and .22 Long Rifle Cartridges.
Remington Model 25 Repeating Rifle
Chambered for either 25-.20 or .32 Win., Mar. and Rem. Cartridges (not interchangeable)
Remington Model 24 Autoloading Rifle—.22 Caliber
Chambered for either regular .22 Short or .22 Long Rifle Cartridges (not interchangeable)
Remington Model 6 Rifle—.22 Caliber
A single shot rifle at the lowest price at which a high quality arm can be produced
Write for Booklet on Small Bore Rifles
Remington Cartridges hold all International and National Shooting Records. Uniformly high accuracy for all rifles. The ideal shooting combination—Remington Rifle and Remington Cartridges.
22 PALMA CARTRIDGE

RS3333
Remington "Official Knife—Boy Scouts of America"
Strong keen master blade, screw driver, bottle opener, can opener, punch blade.

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Remington Arms Company, Inc., New York City
Established 1816

Makers of Remington Cash Registers

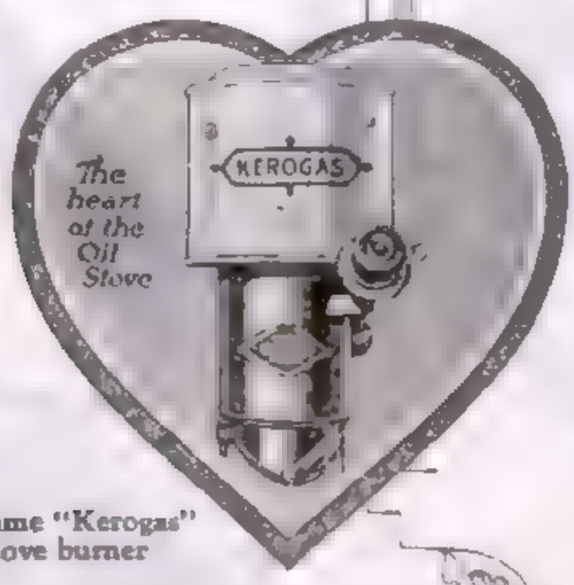
PATENTED

KEROGAS

TRADE **BURNER** MARK

The Giant Kerogas Burner

Every "Giant Kerogas Oil Stove" equipped with "regular" Kerogas Burners also has one of the new Patented Giant Kerogas Burners. This "Giant" is capable of the most intense heat—when you need it quickly—but is easily regulated for ordinary use. Models equipped only with "regular" Kerogas Burners are also available



Look for the name "Kerogas" on the oil stove burner

End Cooking Troubles with Kerogas

Go to your dealer and ask to see one of the many brands of oil stoves equipped with Patented Kerogas Burners. Insist on a demonstration of this wonderful device and you'll realize, madam, that your cooking troubles are over—your kitchen time cut down.

From a cheap fuel—common kerosene—the Patented Kerogas Burner gives you instantly a steady, uniform, concentrated gas flame—just like that of a gas stove—the moment you apply your match. The slightest turn of a small control-wheel regulates the fire to the exact degree needed.

Fuel bills are bound to be less, because this wonderful burner consumes a large amount of air, which costs nothing. Thorough tests have proven that with a single gallon of kerosene actually at least 400 gallons of air are burned.

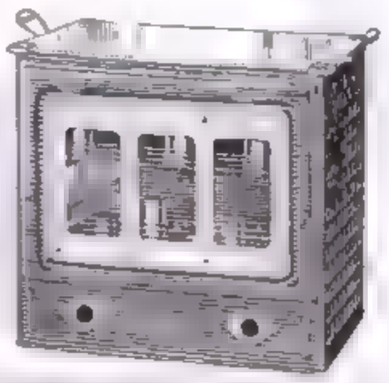
Find the oil stove with the trademark "KEROGAS" on its burners. Then ask your dealer to show you the meaning of "Oil Economy with Gas Convenience."

Manufactured by

A. J. LINDEMANN & HOVERSON CO.
1238 First Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Manufacturers of Burners, Ovens, Cooking and Heating Stoves and Ranges

Dear[illegible] Note: The best [illegible] are prepared to supply oil stoves equipped with the Kerogas Burners.



The KEROGAS Oven for Baking and Roasting

is a fitting companion for the Kerogas Burner. As reliable as any [illegible] ever made [illegible] durable. Cakes are uniform results because it [illegible] exactly [illegible] perfect by the burner [illegible]

(Continued from Page 97)

There were two young Japanese girls in their party who displayed the silks. They were the handsomest and most fascinating creatures I have ever seen, and I used to go to their room purposely when I knew they were there so that I could look at them and talk to them. We expect the biggest crowd we have ever had at the Democratic convention, and we have been making preparations for weeks.

Of course, being associated with people in such an intimate sort of way, they come to us for all sorts of information. Their questions are chiefly about entertainment; they want to know where the best shops are, what's a good play or movie to see, and whether it's safe to visit certain restaurants and dancing places. And then they make strange requests of us. One night in winter an engineer was suddenly ordered to Canada and could not take his little pet monkey along on account of the cold, and he begged one of us to take him. I did not want to because we had a cat at home, and I did not think they would get on together. The floor clerk wanted to take him, but she lived in a rooming house and her landlady would not permit it. Eventually one of the chambermaids who lived in the hotel took him to her room, but when the head housekeeper heard of it she told her to get rid of him at once or leave the hotel. So I was prevailed upon and brought him home. Much to my surprise, he and the cat got on together very well, and finally became so friendly as to drink milk from the same dish and sleep in the same basket. The monkey died a short while ago, and all of us, especially the cat, miss him very much.

One of the most curious things that happened on our floor was when the Italian singer lost the sausage. That day he came out of his room throwing his hands and shrieking that his sausage was gone. I thought I had misunderstood him, and went to his room with him and asked him to show me where it had been.

He pointed under the pillow and said, "Here! Here I keep him; I eat him in the morning."

It had evidently been a special brand of sausage, for he went to the manager and insisted that we look for it. But we did not find it, for the linen is dropped down a chute into the laundry and in all probability the sausage took the same trip. The management offered to buy him another sausage, but he was very particular; he wanted his own or none. For days afterward none of us could look at him without wanting to burst out laughing.

Mystery People

It is impossible to house so many people under one roof without there being an occasional tragedy. There was once such a nice young man occupying one of my rooms, and everyone liked him, for he was so friendly. I used to reprimand him jokingly for staying out so late that he couldn't get up in the morning. For two or three days he was drinking heavily, and one night had a fall which brought on a fatal attack of some trouble he had had in France during the war. His parents were sent for and the doctors did their best to keep him alive until they could get there. He was conscious until the very last, and a little while before he died he asked for me, because he said I was so much like home folks. For some reason it seemed somewhat to comfort his poor parents that I had been with him when he died, and after they got back home they wrote me a lovely letter.

Every hotel has its mysteries, and the Belvidere is no exception. Against the rule of the house, a concert singer kept a pet snake in her room. It disappeared, and when the occupant of the room directly below hers, an elderly Bostonian, came home, he found her pet in his room. For a while the air was black and only the tactfulness of the manager saved the story from getting into print. We never knew for sure, but we always thought it was a publicity stunt of the singer's to make a disturbance which she thought would get in the papers. But all she did get out of it was a request to move.

Some residents of the hotel we call mystery people, because they stay for months and never talk to us or to anybody, never receive any callers or get any mail, and go away leaving us no wiser than when they came. None of the employes like this, as it makes them feel they have been cheated. On the other hand, they are never much interested in people whose histories are public property. A musical-comedy actress, who has three times married a fortune and whose name is constantly in the papers in connection with some scandal, spent the winter at the hotel without causing a flutter of excitement.

Some rooms have a mysterious air, as well as their occupants. In fact one room seems to have an evil spirit hanging over it. A man died in it, and a woman who took it soon afterwards committed suicide by jumping out of the window. Suicide is the nightmare of hotels, and everything is done to keep it quiet; but in the case of a natural death the management does all that is in its power to be of assistance.

Some people have lived at the hotel so long that it would seem as if we were on the wrong floor if anyone else should occupy their rooms. There is one girl on my floor who has lived there since before I came. Shortly after coming to the hotel her mother died and she was left alone. I helped her choose her mourning clothes, and about a year later her trousseau, and just recently I put the first shoes on her baby. A man and his wife have a suite of rooms which they have fixed up beautifully with their own belongings. The wife is an accomplished pianist, and when I am working in her rooms she always plays the selections she knows I like. A mother and three daughters occupy two of my other rooms, and each day they take turns at making the beds. I have so little to do for them that I do not feel right in taking the money they give me each week. They can afford to pay twenty dollars a day for their rent, and yet they are not above feeling that they like to help care for their own rooms.

Geography of Generosity

We usually find that the people who make the least work and the fewest complaints are the best tippers, although there is the type who pays handsomely after putting us to an endless amount of trouble. The old employes complain that tips are not what they once were, but in six years I have not noticed much change. People from some sections of the country tip better than others. The poorest tippers we have are from the New England States. Those from Massachusetts and Connecticut seldom remember the chambermaid at all. It would almost seem as if New Yorkers had agreed upon a certain set rate for tipping, as all of them give about the same amount. It depends on the length of their stay, of course, but it is never less than fifty cents. People from the Middle West and California and Texas are the best. Although Americans have the name of being generous, few of them measure up to foreigners of the better class, who tip in a most lavish way, always accompanied by a word or two of thanks.

Although money is money and we are always glad to get it, people have different ways of giving it to us, some nicer than others. Traveling men leave all money intended for the chambermaids right in their beds. When I first began to work I found $1.50 in silver in a bed and I took it and put it on the dresser. The next day there was a call for me to come to that room. I found a stout, rosy-cheeked man.

He said to me, "Guess you must be new at this business. Didn't you know this money was for you?"

I answered politely that I didn't, and then he went on to explain why the traveling men had adopted that way of tipping. He said that in going from hotel to hotel they had found that money left in sight was often taken by someone else coming into the room ahead of the chambermaid, and they had decided to put it where she would be sure to get it.

The nicest people give us our money in an envelope. We pride ourselves on being able to tell from a person's manner just about what he has been used to, but we cannot tell by their looks whether people are going to tip or not. I had a rather distinguished-looking middle-aged man occupy one of my rooms for several months. From the employes' gossip I knew him to be the head of an important concern and worth a great deal of money. He was in his room much of the time, and while I worked in it he used to talk to me about different things, especially of working and living conditions in New York.

Once he turned to me suddenly and asked, "You haven't always been used to working like this, have you?"

I replied, "No, not always," but said no more. He went on, however, to say that he

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There is only one manufacturer of Yale Locks and Keys. The Mark YALE means the name of the maker.
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THE NAME YALE plainly marked on every Yale Lock and on every Yale Key is your *visible* guarantee that it *is* Yale. No other lock is so marked.

The Yale line of locks covers every type—builders' locks, night latches, guard locks, padlocks and bank locks—with keys of every form—flat keys, round keys and the paracentric keys. They are Yale in origin and Yale in quality.

Other locks may *look* like Yale, but in the Yale Locks there is that satisfying difference in action, long life and security that makes them worthy of the name YALE.

Ask your dealer for Yale *marked locks*.

The Yale & Towne Manufacturing Co.
Stamford, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Branch at St. Catharines, Ont.

YALE MADE IS YALE MARKED

hadn't always been in his present position and told me something of his early struggles. He never gave me any money and I didn't really expect him to do so, for we find that the majority of self-made men have peculiar views about tipping and such things. When he went away he shook hands with me and thanked me and gave me an envelope. Imagine my surprise to find that it contained a crisp new fifty-dollar note! And not only that but when he got home he took the trouble to write a letter to the manager, telling him how he had enjoyed having his room taken care of by a refined woman who knew how to speak English. The manager's secretary told me about the letter. She said it seemed so refreshing after the complaints she usually had to answer that she just couldn't keep it to herself.

All our relations with the guests are, of course, not always along pleasant lines. We are allowed to do anything extra for a guest that our time permits; but some people—in most cases, the new rich—expect us to do things that are the duties of a lady's maid or a man's own servant. We are always ready to sew on a button, but we cannot attend to all their mending or make a steady practice of looking after their wardrobe. If we refuse, however, they are very apt to become annoyed with us and complain that they are not getting the proper service, or even being neglected. But no employe who is in the right need fear the manager. He has been a hotel man all his life, and his years of contact with people have made him able to tell the true value of his guests and his employes. At the Terminus we were never allowed to have any say; the guest was always right; but here our manager allows us to be present when any accusation is made against us. In this way complaints are quickly settled, for people who have only wanted to stir up a fuss to make themselves look important back down when they find out how such matters are handled.

When things are stolen the manager and the house detective conduct the investigation in a systematic way. They first institute a thorough search to ascertain if the article is really lost or only mislaid, and whether the guest really had the article to lose. Often people try to prove they have lost things they never had in order to get the hotel to pay for them, or they have tucked them away somewhere in the room. If the article is really lost, there are other people to be questioned besides the chambermaid; the bath maid, the vacuum man, the window washer, the curtain hanger, the laundry girl or the furniture man may have been in the room. A record is kept of the movements of all these people, and it can be determined just what room they were in at a given time. Then the floor clerk is questioned to find out if the person suffering the loss has had any callers that day.

Sometimes the mystery is cleared up in this way: The missing article has either been loaned or given to a visitor and the incident forgotten.

Crooks in Hotel Keys

If none of these proceedings bear fruit a canvass is made of other rooms near by. If things are found to be missing it may be that a thief is occupying a room in that section. Or it may be that he is not even stopping at the hotel; anyone can come up by the back stairs out of sight of the clerk's desk; and if he is seen by the other employes, nothing is thought of it if he has a key.

A regular business is done among crooks in hotel keys. Two years ago a man telephoned the cashier for change of seventy-five dollars to be sent to his room. When the bell boy came to the room he struck him on the back of the head, took the money, locked the door and departed. In his baggage, keys from most of the larger hotels were found. The bell boy did not die; but he has to wear a plate in his head, and if he works very hard he gets completely exhausted. Since that time special officers have been put on all the floors and they go with the bell boys when they take money to the rooms, and keep a sharp lookout for suspicious characters.

If the employe is found to be guilty of a theft he is made to give back what he has taken; or if he has disposed of it the hotel makes good. An employe is not arrested for petty larceny, but is discharged without references. This does not mean that no one is ever turned over to the authorities; but I have never known a chambermaid to commit more than petty larceny; and in cases where there have been serious offenses among other employes, it has usually been found that they were only working at the hotel with this purpose in view. Most employes are honest, for if they weren't they wouldn't keep on at their positions. They are more than honest or they would avail themselves of the opportunities which careless people daily put in their way.

A man once sent his suit to be pressed, and the valet who did it found a wallet in the pocket containing $4000. The valet returned the money and was rewarded with a dollar. One morning a jeweler went out and left his case of precious stones under the mattress. It was probably worth enough to have lasted the maid who found it a lifetime, and yet she turned it in as quickly as she could. In this case, however, the man admitted his carelessness and gave her twenty dollars in appreciation of her honesty.

Most of the chambermaids live in quarters provided for them right in the hotel, but a few live outside. Those who do not lodge in the hotel get ten dollars a month more pay than those who do. I have always been a great source of interest to the others; first, because I have a home, my apartment; and secondly, because among so many maiden ladies I enjoy the distinction of having two daughters. They are always so interested in hearing about my home life, and they know all my household by name, even down to the cat.

The Employes' Ball

The women I like the best are Caroline and Emily, who are sisters. They are refined nice old New Yorkers who had a home of their own and a little money, which they lost through an investment they were led to make by a worthless nephew. They are very fond of animals and are always putting bread crumbs on the window sills for the birds or buying milk for stray cats on the street. Then there is Marguerite, who comes from the mountains of Tennessee. She has an invalid husband to support, and she stays at the hotel for half the year and goes home for the other half, as what she earns in six months, added to the little income she has, takes care of them for the year. She is a real person, but very fiery and outspoken, and consequently is in hot water about something or other most of the time.

And there is Marie, a little slip of a woman, who was for years in musical comedy. She always takes charge of the entertainment for our dance, which we hold once a year, when the hotel gives us the use of the ballroom and the hotel orchestra furnishes the music. Unlike most people who work together, there is nothing stiff about hotel employes when they give a party. They dance until nearly morning, and everyone from the manager down the line has a good time. It is considered a mark of distinction to be asked to dance either by the manager or the head waiter. I rather carried off the honors last time, as I danced with both of them.

We have quite a bit of talent among our 2200 employes. Most of the laundry employes are South Americans or Spaniards, and they always do some picturesque dancing. The bell boys take a great deal of trouble and always present a one-act play. In their ranks there are quite a number of young Englishmen from good families who have become impoverished. The money realized from the dances goes to help keep up the employes' benefit fund, which provides a nurse and a doctor and fifteen dollars a week for employes when they are ill. Each one of us pays fifty cents a month toward this fund.

In many ways hotel employes are rather like a large family. Everyone is glad to be of service to others. When a waiter has an accident and spills something on a guest's gown he is obliged to buy the gown and pay what it cost. In cases like this the dress is raffled off and everyone turns in and buys a chance.

When disputes arise among the employes they are settled by the head of their department; or if the quarrel involves people in different departments, the heads of both departments are called in. A dispute between a clerk and a housekeeper would be settled by the head housekeeper and the head clerk. But any trouble between a housekeeper and a chambermaid would be settled by the head housekeeper, for she is head of the housekeepers, chambermaids, bath maids, parlor maids and linen-room employes. She has more authority than any other department head, for the heads of other departments cannot discharge anyone in their departments without first consulting the manager or one of the assistant managers. She, however, can discharge anyone in her department instantly, and can make a great deal of trouble for anyone in another department as well.

The clerks may be on a little higher plane socially than any of the other employes, as they are the only ones allowed to use the main entrance to the hotel and the guests' elevators, but they go out of their way for the head housekeeper. She is a woman who is greatly disliked by everyone except the chambermaids, with whom, strange to say, she is very reasonable. She is especially hard on the housekeepers; I have often heard her tell them she didn't see why the hotel wasted money on their wages.

Although from the point of view of authority the differences in a hotel are tremendous, everyone is entirely democratic. There is no such social gulf as separates the cash girl from the floor walker in a department store. As far as personal relations go, any employe speaks to another on terms of friendly equality. The chef is perhaps the best example of this. He has a staff of many cooks under him and no one can say a word about what he does; he is an absolute ruler. When men come to see him, if they have kept their hats on in coming through the kitchen, they remove them as a matter of courtesy when they speak to him. Even the manager, who is head of the executive end of the business and represents the owners, would not think of speaking to the chef with his hat on. And yet the poorest bus boy or pot washer is at liberty to speak to him and will be courteously answered.

The chef's staff is the most temperamental of the personnel, and they probably have more quarrels than all the other employes put together.

Our dining room is not located underground as so many people suppose, but is an airy, well-lighted room on the ballroom floor. It is done in green and white, like so many of our popular tea rooms, and the tables hold four. It is run on the cafeteria plan, and everyone has a meal ticket like a commuter's ticket, which is punched at each meal.

The Night Chambermaid

In many hotels the employes do not count their board as being any saving, because the food is generally not fit to eat. But at the Terminus the food was good, and at the Belvidere it is even better, not fancy, but just plain, good food. There is not a great variety, but we do not expect that. The eggs, milk and bread are always fresh. We have meat both for lunch and dinner. Twice a week we have ice cream for dessert and other days a pudding. Our steward is as attentive to us as the chef is to his patrons. He listens to all complaints and suggestions about the food and tries his best to have everyone suited.

Working every day as I did—chambermaids are the only hotel employes who do not have a day off—I never saw much of my daughters; and so about six months ago I changed to night duty, and that gives me Sunday at home with them. My pay is the same, and my work is just about the same, except that I go on duty at four o'clock and remain until midnight. During this period there is only one chambermaid in attendance on each floor. The first thing I do is to put the rooms which are checkouts in order; and after those, the ones which the day maid has not been able to get into.

It is a rule of the house that an answer must be obtained from every room by two o'clock; but we have one or two people who never get up until around dinnertime, and we never disturb them. At five o'clock we have our dinner, and as soon after that as I have all the rooms in order I take the vacancies so that the clerk can make up her night list. Eight o'clock is the hour when the hotel day is up, and guests remaining after that time must pay for another day; and so between six and eight a great many people check out and we are kept very busy.

At nine o'clock supper is served for the night chambermaids and at ten for the clerks. From 9:30 until 10:30 there is usually a sort of breathing space, when we may have a chance to gossip a little with a passing porter or waiter and get the news from other floors, and during that time we turn down the beds for the night. We only recently began turning down the beds, but we have found that it is a very good practice, for in seven rooms out of twelve we find all the electric lights burning; and we are often in time to prevent a catastrophe in the bathrooms, where someone has hurried out to keep a dinner engagement and left the water running.

On one classic occasion I found something in the bath besides the overflowing water. I had let myself in quietly with my pass key, to be greeted by the sound of running water.

Opening the bathroom door, I found I needed a chaperon as much as the wrecking crew. The tub was full and in the middle was the guest fast asleep.

I slammed the door between us, but he shouted out, "What time is it?"

"Ten o'clock," said I.

"Thank God, you woke me," came the voice from the bathroom. "I've got to be best man at a wedding."

Viewing Celebrities

At 10:30 people begin coming in for the night, and from then on we are busy again, looking after them and getting them settled. It is always a sign that it is getting toward twelve o'clock when we see the valets going through the halls with suits to be pressed for return the next morning. Traveling men usually have only one suit with them and it is a regular habit of theirs to have it pressed while they sleep.

The last thing I do before leaving is to deliver any mail that has accumulated at the desk. If there is a telegram for anyone and he has not come in by ten minutes of twelve, we put a card under his door telling him to call for it at the office downstairs. As soon as the officer comes for the key rack we are free to go. If anything is wanted in the way of extra bedding or supplies after midnight it can be obtained from the linen room, where two men remain on duty all night.

When there are especially large or important balls scheduled, the clerks and the chambermaids remain on duty until three o'clock. For this we are paid three dollars extra. If there is an important person present, or anything novel or out of the ordinary going on in the ballroom, the word is passed along and each one of us in the course of the evening makes a trip to the floor above the ballroom, where there is a large opening cut in the floor for the electrician to control the lights. By looking down through this we are able to get such a view of the whole ballroom below as the moving-picture people are making a great deal of use of just at present. In this way I have seen most of the foreign notables who have visited this country, and our own important people.

At first I found it rather difficult to accustom myself to beginning work at the hour I had previously left off; but now that I have learned not to tire myself out during the day, I like it better. On winter evenings the brightly lighted halls are so warm and cheerful and on summer nights the rooms are so cool. And then the hotel takes on a certain glamour at night that it never held for me in the daytime. Sometimes when I am alone in one of the far corridors, out of sight and hearing of the clerk and the elevators, the rooms seem to become so alive with the personalities of their occupants that I feel as if they could almost speak. I find myself thinking that perhaps I have access to secrets which the right people would give the world to know. Another thing I enjoy about the night duty is the walk home from work. Midnight is such a nice time to be out if one has any legitimate excuse for being abroad.

When you are coming to the Belvidere, be sure to let me know and I will see that you have very good care.

Seven women out of ten are using a wrong shade of face powder

THE natural loveliness in every woman's skin can be enhanced by the right use of the right shade of the right powder. I will tell you the shade of powder for your skin.

Mme Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

This woman, with the Medium type of skin, is selecting the Flesh shade of powder, when she should choose the Naturelle

THE shade of powder you should use depends on the natural tone of your skin.

In a general way there are four distinct tones of skin found among American women —the medium, the very dark, the white, and the pink skin. And because of this fact there are four shades of Pompeian Beauty Powder—a right shade of powder for every typical skin.

The Medium Skin. This skin is harder to determine than others, for it is frequently found with light or dark hair, light or dark eyes, or combinations of middle shades.

The medium tone of skin is neither milk-white nor swarthy, nor yet is it the pink type that is often found with fair or red hair. It is pleasantly warm in tone, with faint suggestions of old ivory, and fleeting suggestions of sun-kissed russet.

Medium skins need the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. If you are hesitating whether you have a light skin or a dark skin, the chances are that you really have a medium skin, and should use the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The White Skin. This is the milk-white skin that is quite without trace of color except where the little blue veins show. It appears only in certain types of very blonde-haired people, very black-haired people, and most often with red hair.

This is the only skin that should ever use White powder, and even these women will be more effective in using White Pompeian Beauty Powder for evening only—using Flesh or Naturelle for daytime.

The Pink Skin. Most women who have a pink skin become sensitive about it as they approach the thirties, for then the youthful pink may deepen and result in a too-high coloring.

However, this is a skin that can be turned into a definite asset of beauty if it is properly treated.

Women with pink skins often make the mistake of using a white or a dark powder—they should always use the pink tone of powder—the Flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. This shade tones in with, and at the same time tones down, the pink of the skin.

The Olive Skin. Many artists think there is no type so beautiful as the clear, dark skin we frequently see in beautiful Spanish or Italian women. These women become almost startlingly beautiful dressed in bizarre colors. The shade of powder for this rich skin is Rachel Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Why women prefer Pompeian Beauty Powder

Many women, beginning to use powder, have through frank affectation of being "different" started with the use of a face powder that is almost prohibitive in price. They find they get more protection, more satisfaction, and can practice a justifiable economy in using a powder of less price, and equal, if not greater, merit. The ever-increasing popularity of Pompeian Beauty Powder comes from its sheer excellence. Its quality of fineness is due to the fact that it is sifted through silk. Its odor is exquisitely evasive—a tantalizing suggestion of lovely perfumes, with the provocative charm of elusiveness. It may be obtained at toilet goods counters everywhere. The price is 60c the box.

Pompeian Beauty Powder is made from the finest selected ingredients. It is made in the Pompeian Laboratories—the most hygienic and modern laboratories possible to build. This powder has an exceptional adhesive quality that women appreciate, and that assists in keeping the skin well covered over an unusual period of time.

The New Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact

Thousands of women who are devotees of Pompeian Beauty Powder will welcome the news that this powder is now available compacted in a new, smart, refillable case.

The new Pompeian Powder Compact is a graceful, round, golden-finished case—thin, of course, to avoid ugly bulging when carried in pocket or bag. The top is engraved in a delicate design, the cuttings filled with violet enamel—a color typical of the regal purple of the Pompeian packages. The mirror in the top covers the entire space, to give ample reflection—and the lamb's-wool puff has a satin top. The new Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact is $1.00. Refills are of the usual Pompeian quality.

After reading my descriptions of skin-tones, and the shades of powder they require, you probably will be able to go directly to your favorite shop and buy the shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder your skin needs. If you are in doubt between two shades, check them on the coupon below and I will send you, without charge, a sample of each.

MADAME JEANNETTE

Pompeian Beauty Powder

MADAME JEANNETTE
Pompeian Laboratories
Dept. [illegible] Avenue, Ohio

Dear Madame:- Not being entirely certain which shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder is best suited to my skin tone, I wish to test the two shades checked below.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Please check the two shades desired for test

☐ Naturelle ☐ Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐ White

The advantages of wearing Palm Beach Suits are apparent to other people. You always look well groomed and feel comfortable.

© 1924, G. W. Co.

Be Cool!

There isn't one warm thread in a thousand yards of it

PALM BEACH is just this: the coolest possible materials woven into the coolest possible cloth.

That's the whole story, except that the better class of summer clothing manufacturers are now making it up into well-made, good-looking suits.

There are varieties of new colorings and patterns to choose from.

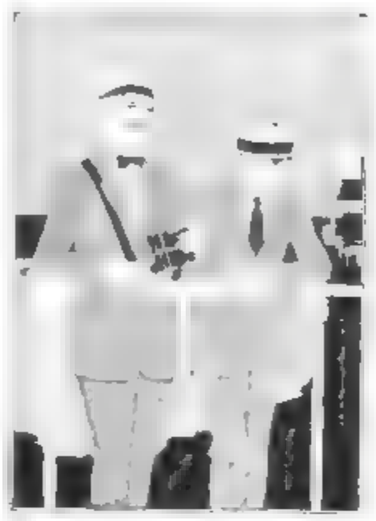
Try on a Palm Beach Suit—see how trim and how well-groomed you'll look. Experience the blessed relief from weight and warmth; note the freedom; note the easy comfort of the garment. Another virtue—it simply cannot wear threadbare.

You'll wonder why you haven't looked for the Palm Beach label long ago.

Your regular clothier should have Palm Beach Clothes of the price, colors, tailoring, patterns, and cut that are designed to meet the taste of men of your sort.

Golf knickers, sport clothes, and boys' suits of Palm Beach Cloth are cool, good-looking, and durable.

THE PALM BEACH MILLS
GOODALL WORSTED CO., Sanford, Maine
A. ROHAUT, *Selling Agent*, 229 Fourth Ave., N. Y.



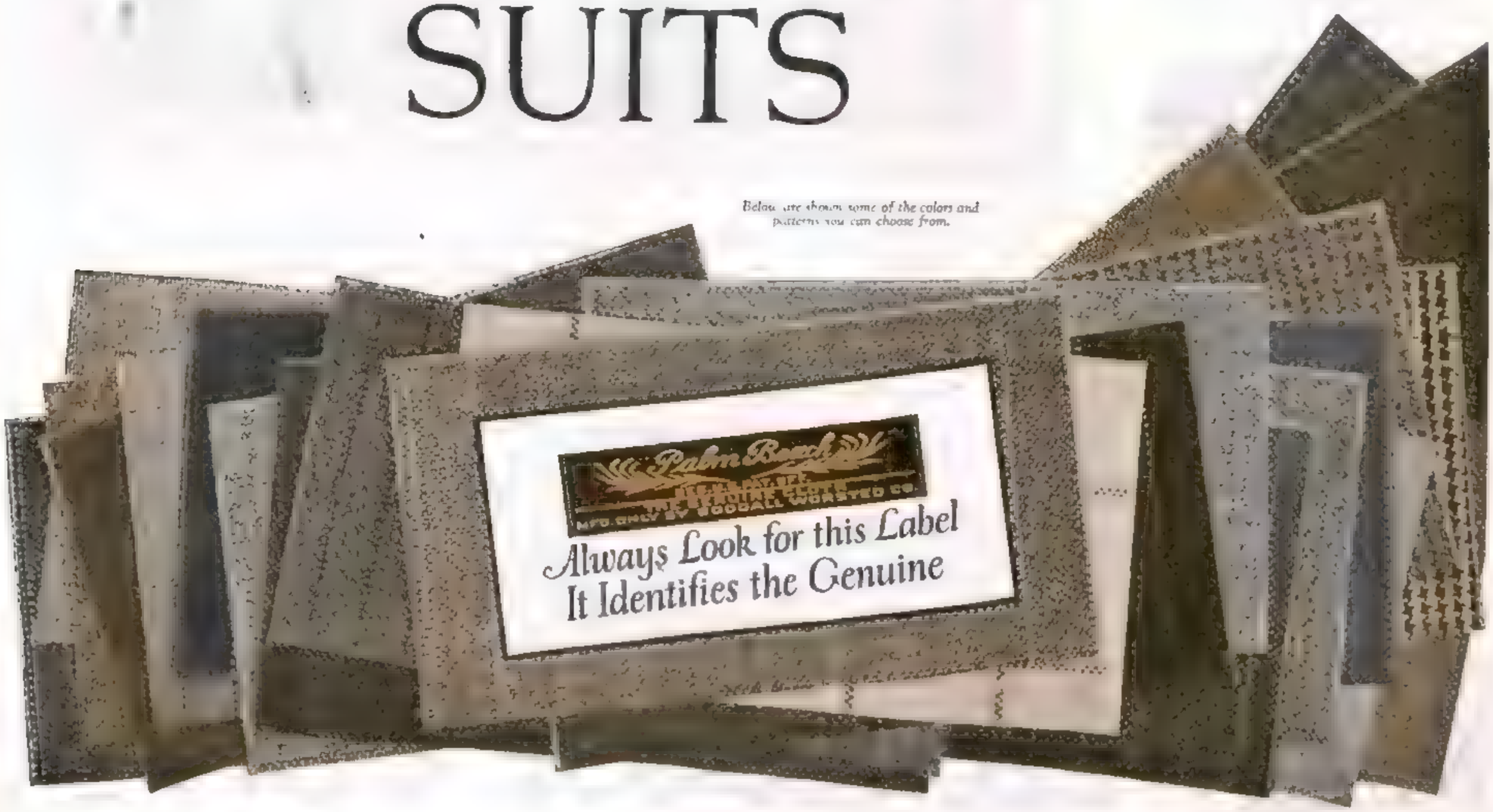
Comes in patterns and colors to suit every taste.

Above all else, Palm Beach Knickers are cool. They do not wrinkle.

At all good clothing stores—in dark and light colors and many patterns
Priced according to finish and tailoring

PALM BEACH SUITS

Below are shown some of the colors and patterns you can choose from.



A brand new day. A six-pounder sputtering in the pan. The scent of the pines—and the aroma of Maxwell House Coffee. Then does it taste best?

"Good to the last Drop"

SOLD ONLY IN SEALED TIN CANS—CONVENIENT TO OPEN AND USE

WHEN you turn your back on the conventions of civilization and revel in the luxuries of the open, you perforce forsake your cup of rare china for one of tin.

But you don't change your coffee. It is Maxwell House in the woods, just as it is Maxwell House back home.

The best of many varieties of coffee from various parts of the world are blended together into one *taste*, and securely guarded by the sealed tin. The fragrant aroma and the inimitable flavor of Maxwell House Coffee are uniform, dependable, unchanging.

Also Maxwell House Tea

Cheek-Neal Coffee Co., Nashville, Jacksonville, Houston, Richmond, New York

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

RUSTY AND THE CLINGING VINE

(Continued from Page 13)

She's shakin' her finger at me, reprovin', and is about to tell me what a naughty boy I am, I expect, when Delancey comes pantin' back to report that he can't find the purse.

"Why, here it is!" says Dimples. "On my wrist all the time. Wasn't that stupid? But do get in, Delancey, and be careful of my precious Koto. Here! Hand him to me."

Half an hour later, when the boss comes out, I can't help testin' him with the news about his unknown admurer.

"Seemed to fall for you after that approach on the sixteenth," says I. "Asked me who you was, and followed you for two holes on French-heeled satin slippers."

"Won with a mashie niblick, eh?" says he, chucklin'. "But if she should see Jock Hutchison use his, where would I be? No, Rusty. I am not in the least interested in the lady."

"Just the hunch I passed on to her, Mr. Buell," says I.

"Wha-a-at?" says he, gaspy.

"Well," says I, "when she holds me up again, here a little while ago, and starts puttin' me through the third degree about you—where was you stayin', and was you married, and all that—what else was I to say? I thought she ought to know it was no use."

"Quite right," he agrees. "And we will trust that you have saved her from a hopeless passion. Some silly old maid, probably."

"Not so antique," says I. "And don't get the idea she was any freak. About as easy a looker as they come. One of them roseleaf blondes you're so strong for."

"Was, Rusty," he corrects. "All that sort of thing, please remember, is now part of my past."

"Yeauh?" says I.

"The dead and buried past," he goes on. "And be she fair as fair can be, she's less than double naught to me. That's poetry, Rusty, but it happens to express my inmost feelings. No blondes for me today, thank you, and no brunettes tomorrow. By these covenants shall we remain single and blessed. Eh, what? Did you notice that hook to my mid-iron shot for the home green? Came near losing me a stroke. We'll try to straighten that out the first thing in the morning. That's all for tonight, Rusty; unless I might mention that our little waitress is not a wholly unattractive young person and might like ——"

"Mabel?" says I. "Why, I had her out the first night we got here."

"Pardon me," says he. "I might have known you would. Of course! That unerring instinct of yours would lead you to choose the belle of the dining room. Still, in an establishment of this size, with perhaps half a hundred chauffeurs arriving every day, you must have encountered considerable competition."

I hunches my shoulders. "Ah, most of them birds is dead from the neck up," says I.

With one foot on the runnin' board and a whole bunch of his golf chums waitin' on the hotel veranda to pat him on the back, Mr. Buell stops and swaps grins with me. "I wish you would tell me, Rusty," says he, "just what tactics you used in this instance."

"With Mabel?" says I. "Oh, just the reg'lar line. I happens to be around when the girls was turned loose after dinner, and as they comes troopin' out I gives 'em all the once-over until Mabel drifts by. Then I steps in, hooks her on my right arm and tells her she's dated up with me for the rest of the week. That's all."

The boss shakes his head. "With such an expert philanderer in my employ," says he, "why should I continue to bungle through any more romances? I'll tell you, Rusty; instead of being my adviser, you shall be my deputy. Hereafter I shall do all my love-making vicariously. Do you follow me? I will stick to golf while you do the loving for us both. Eh?"

"Well, I'll make a stab at it," says I.

So I don't worry about burnin' a few extra gallons of gas that evenin'. I wouldn't have, anyway. Besides, Mabel needed soothin', and a drive around the mountain seemed to do the trick. Just to make a thorough job of it I pulls up alongside the road over beyond Dorset and proves that I'm a two-armed petter as well as a one-handed driver. Yeauh! Quite tasty. But she's a cagy little jane too.

"No, Rusty," says she, squirmin' loose. "That's enough."

"For me, maybe," says I, "but this next one goes on the boss' account."

"I don't get you," says she.

"Oh, it's official," says I. "You see, I gotta do double duty since Mr. Buell quit Romeoin'." And then I explains how, after his last failure, he's decided to leave women alone for good and all.

"Huh!" says she. "You fall for that, do you?"

"Sure!" says I. "Ain't I watched him make a bold start? Why, only a little while ago when I told him about a blonde that had the net out for him he switches the talk to golf, and the last thing he says to me is a flat order to double for him when any good chances come my way. 'Course, if you want to make me feel like I been holdin' out on him ——"

"Oh, not for the world, Rusty!" says Mabel.

Anyhow, I didn't lose any sleep that night from thinkin' I hadn't done the square thing by Mr. Buell. If I could always be sure of gettin' as good breaks as that, he could go be a hermit so far as I saw. So long as Mabels was plenty I'd guarantee to keep the balance even and he needn't even look sideways at a dame.

Something he says next mornin' makes me surer than ever that he's in earnest about shyin' the ladies. As I reports with the car I finds him waitin' with a bellhop and all his luggage packed up.

"We rollin' today, Mr. Buell?" I asks.

"Only moving, Rusty," says he. "Colonel Burton is taking me up to his cottage for the rest of my stay. It will be a relief to get out of all this." And he nods his head at the string of females lined up on the long veranda.

"I expect I stay down where I am, eh?" says I.

"No," says he. "The colonel insists he has plenty of garage space; and I suspect, Rusty, it will be rather a good thing to get you away from that crowd of crap-shooting, poker-playing chauffeurs at the quarters."

"Maybe it will for them," says I, thinkin' of my Saturday-night clean-up. But I wouldn't mind gettin' where I could tear off a reg'lar eight-hour sleep now and then. Most of them cuckoos think they're nightingales. And if you've ever spent any time at a shuffers' barracks you'll know how it is. The bone rollers and stud players usually quit between one and two; and then, just as you get to poundin' your ear comf'table, in will come a squad of stews who'll most likely start some big argument, or else get to rough-housin'. 'Course, you get used to that sort of thing. I've even slept right through a shootin' affair, but it ain't restful.

So I'm just as pleased to stop for my bag, collect the six bits owed me by one of the washers, and drive up to this big place on the hill where I can bunk private. He's a grand old sport, this Colonel Burton, who has taken such a fancy to Mr. Buell. Used to be quite a golfer himself, I understand, and helped write the first U. S. G. A. rule book; but now he can only shoot in the long-grass division and mostly gets his exercise by watchin' tournaments from the clubhouse veranda. I expect he's picked the boss as a comer in the National and that's one reason he's so friendly, although another is that he used to be in business with Mr. Buell's old man. Still, I couldn't figure why he didn't have him up there at first instead of waitin' four or five days.

Anyhow it's a nice roomy joint, and I draw a boudoir and shower all to myself, and the colonel's shuffer is a funny old smoke who calls me Mistah Rusty, and it looks like we're sittin' pretty.

While I'm drillin' around waitin' for a 10:30 call I takes a stroll down a path that winds through the shrubbery. And I hadn't gone more'n a hundred yards when I runs across this scene of woe. I'd heard the sobbin' and snifflin' goin' on before I rounds the corner, and there on a rustic seat weepin' in chorus are two kids and a nursemaid. I should have had sense enough to have thrown in my reverse and not get mixed up in anything like that, but I can't help bein' curious to know what it's all about. Besides, she's kind of a trim little piece, the nurse, and I hate to see 'em go leaky in the eyes.

"Been buryin' a pet dog?" I asks, steppin' up.

Nursie jumps, panicky, but when she sees who it is she wipes her eyes and looks up appealin'. "No," says she. "I wish someone would bury me, though."

"As bad as all that, is it?" says I. "What's happened?"

"Look at little Wilfred," says she.

I did. He's about three, I should say; one of these blue-eyed, sunny-haired little youngsters with a reg'lar cherub face. Only just now his mouth is all screwed up and his yellow curls are soppin' wet, and his cute little romper costume is soaked and sprayed in spots with green scum.

"Looks like he'd been doin' a dive into some frog pond," says I.

"Laura Lee pushed him in," says Nursie.

"Didn't, didn't, didn't!" shrieks Laura Lee, doublin' up her fists and hammerin' Nursie in the face.

At which I grabs Laura Lee and holds her off. She's a couple of years older than Wilfred, with a good deal the same colorin', only there's no cherub look in her big blue eyes. No. Nothing but fury and devilment. Yes, I know. They're all supposed to be little angels at that age, but I'll say some acts like they'd come down through a thunderstorm and had their dispositions soured on the way. As for this little Laura Lee, she's almost seein' red. Tries to scratch my eyes out. Meanwhile little Wilfred, for no reason at all, starts shriekin'. He just stands there and opens his mouth and lets the howls out free and hearty, gettin' red in the face and rigid all over.

"Say, for the love of soup, what ails you, kid?" I asks.

"It's nothing much," says Nursie. "He does that a dozen times a day; sometimes because Laura Lee's been pinching him or taking away his toys, and other times just because he feels like it. Temper, I guess."

"You ought to have a spankin' license," says I.

"I'd be fired if I touched either of 'em," says she. "Now I'll probably be fired anyway for letting Laura Lee push her little brother into the pond. Anyhow, I'll get the dickens from Mrs. Maitland if she finds out. Oh, I wish I'd never seen these kids! They're little fiends, that's what they are, and I'm nearly all in from trying to manage 'em."

"That bein' the case, sister," says I, "why not chuck the job and beat it back home?"

"Home?" says she. "Huh!"

I nods. Some homes are like that. "Well, you could find another place, couldn't you?" I asks.

"If I had the nerve to quit," says she. "But I guess you don't know Mrs. Maitland."

"She's got a temper, too, eh?" I suggests.

"I'll say she has," says Nursie. "Oh, she can be sweet and sugary enough at times; and then again—good night!"

Well, the youngsters has calmed down, chiefly because Laura Lee is stretchin' her ear to hear the gossip about mamma dear, and little Wilfred has caught a toad by the hind legs; so I camps alongside of Nursie and proceeds with the cheer-up act. She tells me her name is Gertie, and that she comes from Baltimore and has been with this Mrs. Maitland nearly two years.

"Where you stayin'?" I asks.

"Why, here," says she, "with Colonel Burton. He's her uncle."

"Oh!" says I. "Lonesome old widower entertainin' his favorite niece for the summer. Where's Maitland?"

"Him?" says Gertie. "I dunno. She shook him just before I took the job."

"Renoed him?" says I.

"Yes," says Gertie. "He was no good, I guess. Soused all the time."

And as that seems to finish the subject we drops Mrs. Maitland and gets down to brass tacks. Gertie hadn't heard about our arrivin' and says she hopes we're gonna make quite a stay. I says how that would suit me down to the ground and asks what time she gets off evenin's. She says she's supposed to be on duty all night, but thinks she can get the second girl to sub in for her up to 11:30. So we fixed it up for right after dinner, either a movie show or a dance, and by promisin' the kids a gingersnap apiece she tows 'em off toward the service wing with the idea of smugglin'

(Continued on Page 109)

The Husband Who Never Forgets—

Ten years of married life! Actually ten. And yet he is forever surprising her with little attentions, personal gifts and things for the home for her convenience and comfort. On through the years, the glow of romance brightens their married life. Happiness reigns supreme—because he never forgets.

His thoughtfulness is evident in the modern conveniences in their home. One of the conveniences she values most highly is

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR

"The Heart of the Heating Plant"

—installed to save her work and worry in cold weather. She never has to run up and down stairs to fix the fire; never bothers about drafts or dampers. She knows the room temperature will always be uniform without any attention on her part.

The rooms are warm when it's time to get up in the morning. The temperature is lowered when it's time to retire at night. This is all done automatically. The booklet, "The Proper Operation of the Home Heating Plant," tells the story of automatic heat regulation and gives simple rules for saving fuel. Mailed free on request.

The Minneapolis can easily and quickly be installed in any home on any heating plant.

Sold and installed by branch offices in principal cities and 20,000 heating contractors. Dependable automatic control is indispensable on oil burners. The Minneapolis comes as standard equipment on leading makes.

MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR CO.
Established 1885
2803 Fourth Ave. South Minneapolis, Minn.

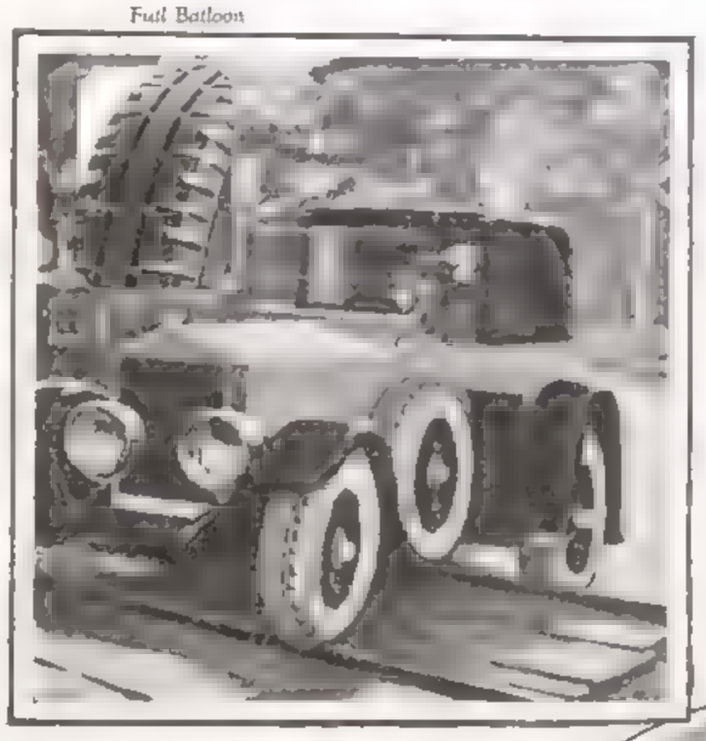
Which type of HOOD tires is best for my car?

Tire Buying now calls for Individual Judgment

Progress in tire manufacturing has provided several distinctly different types of tires to choose from, and each type has its particular advantages. It is not the policy of the Hood Dealer to advocate any one type of tire for all drivers or all cars. The Hood Dealer will place before you the advantages of each tire, completely cover the mechanical adjustments (if any) that may be required, and assist you in making a safe and sane choice.

If you wish to partially acquaint yourself with the present tire situation before talking to the Hood Dealer, you will find brief descriptions of the different tires on this page, and additional information will be promptly sent to you if you will use the coupon below.

Full Balloon



The last word in comfort is Full Balloon Tires

(They require wheel change on present cars)

Cars equipped with Full Balloon Tires are saved many jolts and jounces. Full Balloon Tires also relieve the strains, which otherwise must be absorbed by the car itself. They require wheels of smaller diameter and in most cases may be easily applied to present cars But they are primarily intended to fit new cars designed at the source for this type of tire Knowing the make and model of your car, the Hood Dealer can quickly supply complete information.

Present Sizes	Corresponding Full Balloon Sizes
30 x 3½*	29 x 4.40*
31 x 4	31 x 5.25
32 x 4	32 x 6.20
All 4½, 5	34 x 7.30

*We prefer to use Hood L. P. (balloon type) 31 x 4.40 on present wheels, only changing to straight side rims.

White Arrow

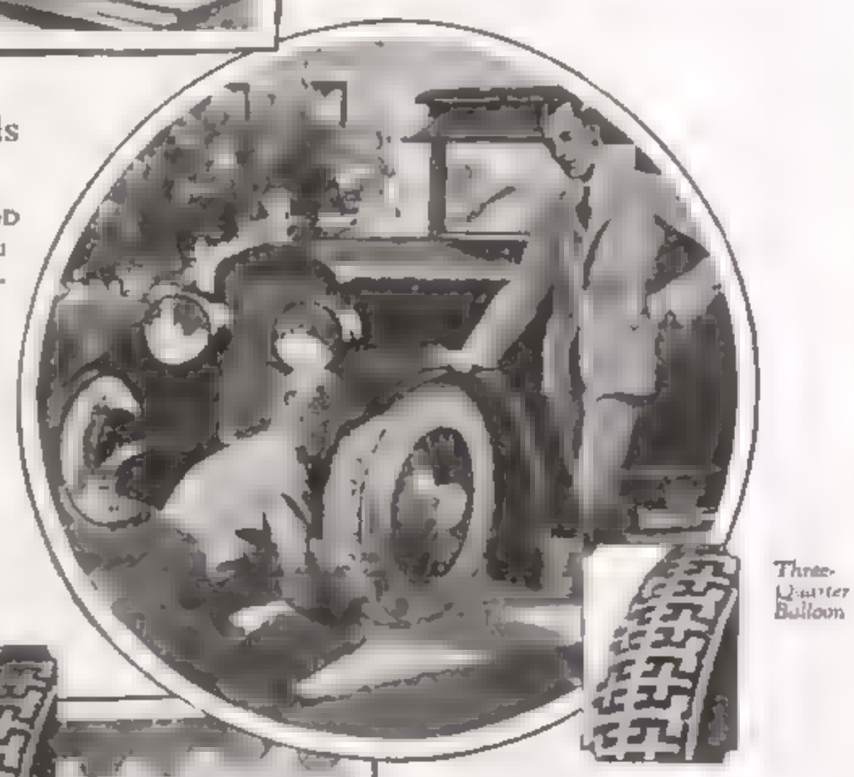
The always popular White Arrow Cord

You will see them on smart town cars. You will hear how the massive, flat tread holds to slippery pavements. For good appearance and surprisingly long wear the White Arrow Cord will always more than hold its own in popularity. Not built upon balloon principles but may be run slightly underinflated without any material harm. Do not, however, run the White Arrow on recommended balloon pressures. If a materially greater degree of comfort is desired, select one of the three low pressure types.

No need to pick out smooth roads with these L. P. Type Tires

Plan a tour as your fancy dictates. With HOOD (Three-Quarter Balloon) L. P. Type Tires you obtain a wonderful new sense of riding comfort and no expense for wheel change. Care must be taken to see that the design of the car allows sufficient clearance between tire, fender and body. This tire is not practical on all cars and the Hood Dealer should be consulted before a change is made

Present Sizes	Corresponding L. P. Sizes (Three-Quarter Balloon)	
30 x 3½	32 x 4.95	4 ply
31 x 4	33 x 5.77	"
32 x 4	34 x 5.77	"
32 x 4½	35 x 6.60	6 ply



Three-Quarter Balloon

Semi-Balloon

Picnic where you will and go in your present car

Off on the unfrequented byways, and as faraway as you wish. HOOD (Semi-Balloon) L. P. Type Tires get you there quickly and without the discomfort that you may have experienced with tires of higher air pressure. The extra comfort obtained with these low pressure tires will amply repay you for simply changing your present size cords for these oversize cords.

Present Sizes	Corresponding L. P. Sizes (Semi-Balloon)	
30 x 3½	31 x 4.40	4 ply
31 x 4	32 x 4.95	"
32 x 4	33 x 4.95	"
32 x 4½	33 x 4.95	"
33 x 4	33 x 5.77	6 ply
34 x 4½	34 x 5.77	6 ply
34 x 4½	35 x 5.77	6 ply
33 x 5	35 x 6.60	

HOOD

Tire Service

At the Sign of the HOOD Service Man

Hood Rubber Products Company, Inc.
Watertown, Mass. · SEP6

PLEASE send me instruction sheet covering the following car -

Car_____ Year_____

Model (check square)

Roadster ☐ Touring ☐ Coupe ☐

Sedan ☐ Limousine ☐

Present size of tire__

Write name and address on margin below

Do you drive a light car?

(30 x 3½ size tire)

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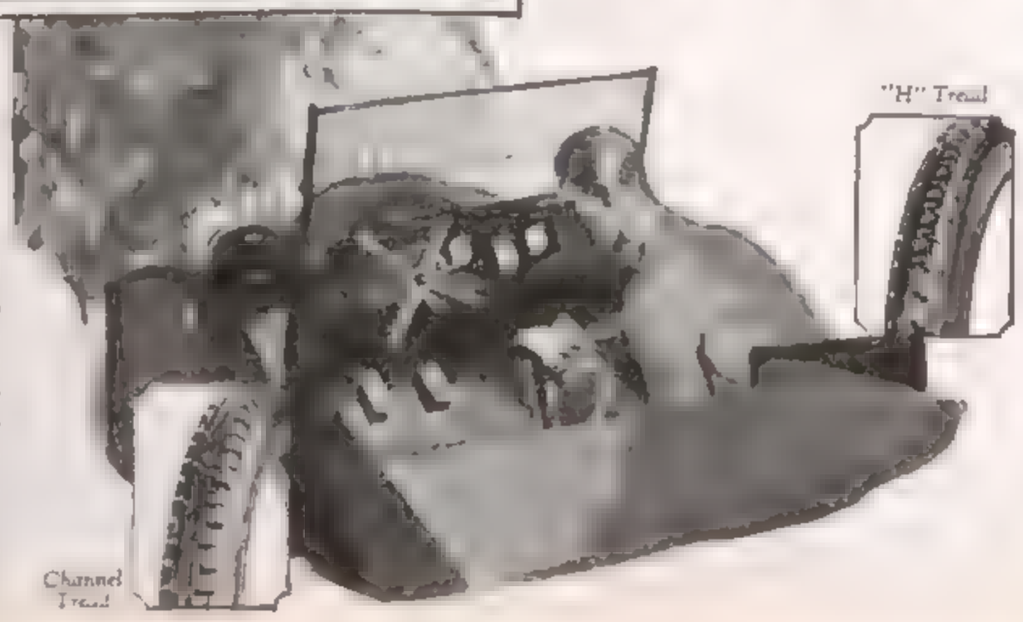


"H" Tread

Channel Tread

(Continued from Page 107)

Wilfred upstairs and changin' his clothes without bein' discovered.

A decree widow and two kids, eh? I bet the boss didn't know he was bein' let in for all that when he came up here, and I can't feature him stickin' around very long, unless he ducks by spendin' most of his time on the golf course.

At 10:30 I'm sittin' behind the wheel waitin' to step on the starter and take Mr. Buell down to the club. But the word don't come. At eleven I'm still holdin' the pose, and it ain't until nearly noon that he calls up and says he's changed his mind about practicin' that mid-iron shot, but I'm to be on hand prompt at 2:30, as he has a foursome scheduled.

And say, when I swings up to the front veranda right on the minute what do you guess I sees? The young lady with the baby-blues! Yeauh! She must have trailed him from the hotel straight here, though how she managed to crash in so soon and make herself so much at home is more'n I can dope out. Looks like she's a fast worker, for she's sittin' in a big wicker chair with her hat off and has got the boss squattin' cross-legged on the rug in front of her, holdin' a skein of pink yarn on his big paws while she winds it off into a ball. He's gazin' up at her, admirin' too. Well, you could hardly blame him for that, either. The way she has herself got up in that schoolgirly pink-and-white outfit, and with her yellow hair waved artistic, and her cheek dimples showin'—honest, she don't look a day over twenty-one if she looks that. Over in the far corner the colonel is dozin' behind a newspaper, Koto is nappin' on a silk cushion near by, and there's no sign of either the widow or the kids. So Mr. Buell and the lady vamp have the stage all to themselves.

Maybe he don't get on a foolish expression, though, when I catches him doin' the yarn-holdin' stunt. Say, he works up a color clear to the back of his neck, and starts squirmin' with his legs.

"Sorry," I hears him say, "but I'm afraid I must ——"

"Stop wiggling, Sidney," says she. "What a great clumsy thing you are!"

"Sidney!" thinks I. "Say, she has got speed, callin' him by his botanical name first crack out of the box."

Mr Buell is quiet for a minute or so, and then he breaks out again. "Ready," says he. "I must go now The fellows will be waiting, you know."

"Oh, well!" says she, pouty. "If they are more important than I am, go on."

"But, Louise!" he protests.

"I understand, perfectly," says she. "I am nothing but a silly girl, and a golf game is something important. So run along. Perhaps dear old Mr. Babson will take me for a drive, even if I did send him off this morning."

And that gets the boss pawin' his front hoof. "Babson will not," says he. "That is, if you will go with me."

"You dear boy!" says Louise. "I would just love to. But you'd best phone those stupid men at the club, hadn't you? Here, give me the yarn and I'll be getting some kind of a wrap."

I'll admit that left me with my mouth open, for as long as I've been with the boss I never knew him to renig on a golf date before. Accordin' to his code it's one of the things that simply ain't done. But here he goes trottin' off to the phone, as bold as brass. He can't look me in the eye though as he comes out to the car and announces that he'll be drivin' himself this afternoon.

"Yes, sir," says I. "Here's the keys to the tool locker and the spares That right rear shoe is liable to blow on you."

"It would be just my luck!" he mutters.

He's a rotten driver and I'll bet it's been years since he shifted a tire without help, but with a sport roadster there was no place to carry me along, so there he is. I gives him the grin as I walks off.

All this is just what you might expect of women, though. Here he'd been fussin' around with different ones for months, taggin' after 'em and doin' his best to make a hit, only to get the cold eye; and as soon as he quits tryin', one comes rushin' after him with a net. 'Course, I can't tell whether this Louise party means business or if she's just usin' him to play off against somebody else—maybe old Babson. It don't need any second sight to guess she's a tricky dame or that she's out to get what she wants. Outside of that I ain't got any line on her. Not that I was worryin' about Mr. Buell. If he got soft on her he'd probably spring a line of mush that would boob the game and by tomorrow or next day he'd be swearin' off again. I was just curious about Louise and couldn't help wonderin' who she was and what she was up to.

So when I runs across Gertie and her little dears, later in the afternoon, I does a little pumpin'. I find 'em wanderin' around the grounds out at the back of the house, and as Laura Lee hasn't committed any assault and battery on little brother for at least half an hour, they're a fairly peaceful group.

"You don't parade 'em around the front of the house much, do you?" says I.

"I should say not," says Gertie. "I been told to lay off that by Mrs. Maitland. She seems to want them kept out of sight."

"I expect it's just as well," says I. "Uncle will be more apt to get in his afternoon nap. But where is mamma dear?"

"Oh, she's around somewhere," says Gertie.

"And who's the other young lady that drifted in for lunch or just after?" I asks, casual.

Gertie don't know. She says she ain't been anywhere except in the nursery and out here all day, but she's settled four scraps and hushed little Wilfred out of three howlin' spells and her nerves are as jumpy as a cat's. The poor kid looked it. Say, sometimes I get sore on my shuffer's job, but it's a rest cure compared to nursin' youngsters like that. I tried helpin' her out for an hour or so, with the result that Laura Lee bit me in the hand and little Wilfred chucked my watch into the goldfish pool.

I was glad to resign and sneak up to my room in the garage and play solitaire until dinnertime.

I notices the car parked out in the driveway, so I knows that Mr. Buell and Louise got back all right, and when I calls up for orders he says there'll be nothing more that evenin'. Which makes it O.K. for givin' Gertie a little airin'. Yeauh! We got along fine. She ain't got quite so much pep as Mabel, nor she ain't so good a looker, but after she'd wept some on my shoulder she got chirked up a lot, and down at the village dance hall I found she could do some fancy steppin'. Mabel was there with a pimply faced busboy, and I got her green in the eye Does 'em good to pull that once in a while.

In the mornin' Mr. Buell has me puzzled. Generally, with that one-track mind of his, there's no doubt about what he means to do. But here when I reports for orders right after breakfast I finds him pacin' up and down the front veranda with kind of a wild look in his eye.

"Goin' down to the club, Mr. Buell?" says I.

"Golf club?" says he, like I'd mentioned something strange. "Why—er—I haven't decided. Yes, I believe I will. No, wait a moment." He steps into the livin' room, scouts around hasty, and then dashes out to the car. "All right, Rusty," says he.

"You rolled up some mileage yesterday," I suggests.

"I should say I did," says he. "All over the blessed country. I'm not used to driving so much. My shoulders still ache from it."

"The young lady likes ridin' around, eh?" says I.

"She seems to," says he.

"You'll be needin' a tourin' car soon, Mr. Buell," I throws in.

"No," says he, decided. "That will not happen again. You know my decision. I intend to stick to it."

"'Course," says I. "Only I thought you was skiddin' some yesterday."

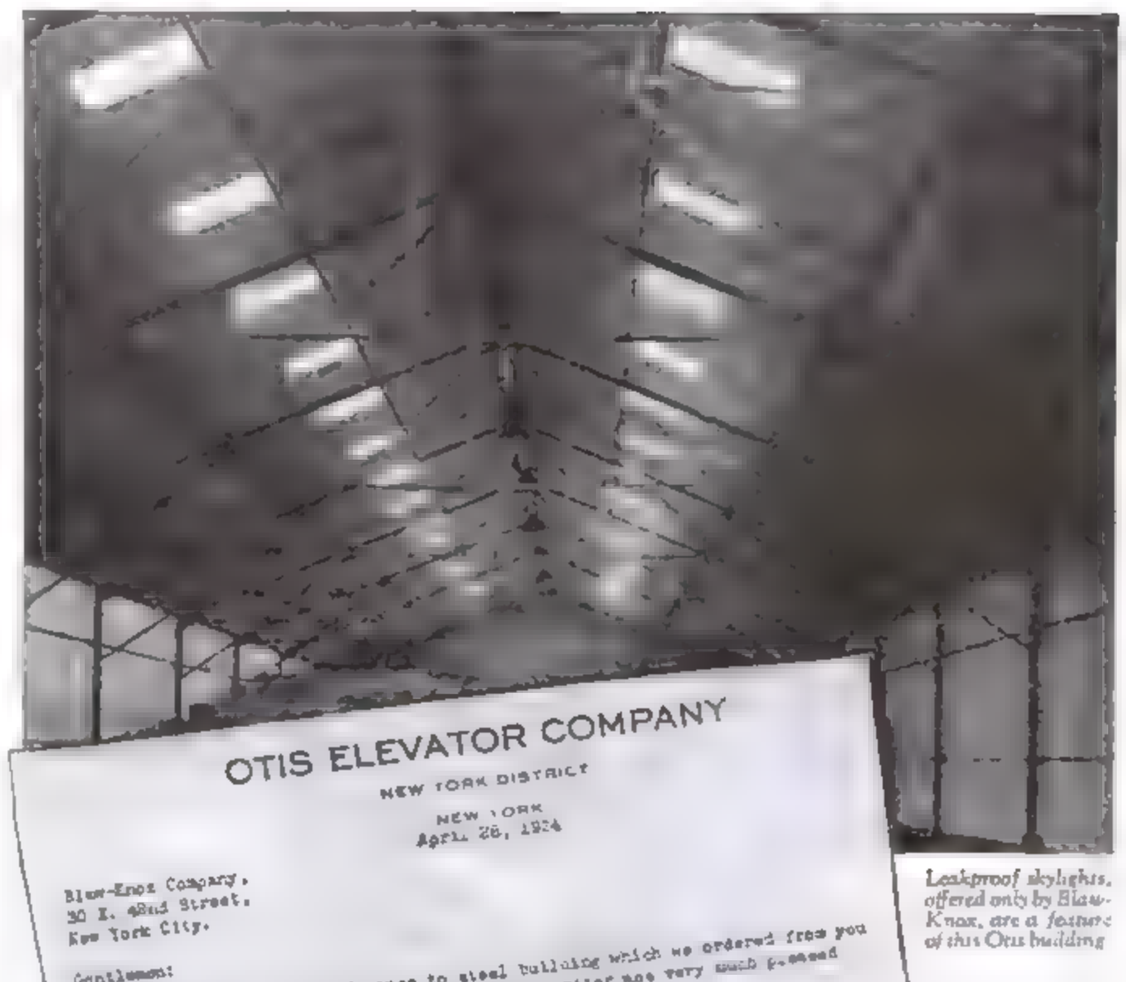
"Possibly I did," says he. "But no more. I am lunching at the club, Rusty. You may call for me about 5:30. And—er—we may be leaving for Dixville Notch in the morning."

"Yes, sir," says I. "I'll have the bus all tuned up."

So I put in most of the day usin' the grease gun, settin' up the generator brushes and doin' other odd jobs. I only saw Gertie for a minute as she strolls by the garage after lunch with the kids. Her eyelids was all red and her upper lip was still tremblin'.

"Maitland," she whispers. "She's been bawlin' me out, sump'n fierce. I'll tell you tonight."

Not that I was anxious to hear it, but the poor kid had to spill her tale of woe to somebody, and I had no other date for the evenin'. She slips out about the usual time and we goes wanderin' down the driveway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with a side-hold clinch. She ain't got anything excitin' to report, except that her lady boss has been more catty than usual.

"Well, let's forget her," says I. Which we does.

Must have been some after ten when we strolls back and, seein' the front of the house and the veranda all lit up brilliant, I suggests we circle past and see what the folks are doin'. And I has a chuckle when I spots Mr. Buell and the girl with the baby-blues holdin' a twosin' match in the swing seat behind the honeysuckle vines.

"Hello!" says I. "She's back again."

"Who?" asks Gertie.

"The outsider who's trailin' Mr. Buell," says I. "The young lady with the cheek dimples."

"Why, that's Maitland," says Gertie.

"Eh?" says I. "Step in and take a closer look."

"I don't have to," says she. "Don't you suppose I can tell her as far as I can see her? If I didn't, I'd know that voice. She's cooin' to him. Sure, that's Maitland."

"Not—not mamma dear!" I gasps. "Not the one with the decree?"

"It's her, all right," says Gertie. "Now she's gettin' cuddly. That's a specialty of hers."

I stood there a minute or so with my mouth open before I could say a word. "Listen, Gertie," says I, "while I get this straight. Is she the colonel's niece—the one that's been here all the while?"

"Absolutely," says Gertie.

"Then—then there ain't been any other young lady around?" I asks.

She says she ain't seen none.

I had to stop and let that sink in before my so-called brain would quit whirlin'. But when it had trickled through I began to get things clear. The pouty-lipped pippin who asked me about Mr. Buell durin' the exhibition match, and the Mrs. Maitland who had warned her nurse to keep Laura Lee and little Wilfred in the background, was one and the same party.

"I bet it was her who made the colonel ask the boss up here," says I.

"If it was part of her plan, that's what she'd do," says Gertie. "She gets what she wants, Maitland does."

"And it looks like she wanted Mr. Buell," says I.

"She's been dead set on havin' somebody for the last six months," says Gertie. "My guess is that she's already hooked him. Look!"

Sure enough, Louise has snuggled up so close that her ripply yellow hair is touchin' his shoulder while her big eyes are rolled up at him, admirin', and her pouty lips are puckered, invitin'.

"You're right," says I. "That's enough to make anybody dizzy, let alone the boss, who's been a two-minute egg all his life. Loves 'em easy, you know. And he must be tellin' her something about his golf game or else he'd slipped long before this. But the next thing he knows he'll be overboard."

"I'll say he will," says Gertie. "By all the signs the kids are soon due to have a new daddy."

"Ouch!" says I. "Them young terrors too! Say, he don't know what he's bein' let in for. See here, Gertie, we got to stop this somehow."

"It'd be a shame to let her get him," says she. "Seems like a nice young feller too."

"He is," says I. "Mr. Buell's as decent as they come. Only he goes mushy every time he gets near a blonde. Honest, we gotta break this up."

"We!" says she. "Say, Rusty, you don't think I'd have nerve enough to crash in when Maitland was doin' her stuff, do you? Huh! Step in yourself, if you're so brave. Go on up and give 'em the stop signal."

Well, I couldn't exactly feature myself doin' that either. "Thanks," says I, "but I want to live to burn a few more gallons of gas. Besides, it couldn't be done that way. What we need now is strategy."

"You tell it," says she.

I scratched my ear. "Suppose," says I, "I threw a rock through that big picture window?"

"Yes, and got Mr. Buell or the colonel shootin' reckless out here into the shrubbery!" says she. "You got a fine head, Rusty—for crackin' nuts on."

"Maybe you got some brilliant thoughts, then," says I. "Anything that will break the spell and get him close enough for me to slip him a few words. Can't you think of some stunt you can do?"

"I can hoot like an owl," says Gertie.

"Might work," says I. "Turn it loose."

So she does. It's a fair imitation of owl hootin', but kinda weak, and the couple on the veranda don't notice it at all. Meanwhile Mr. Buell has quit talkin' and is gazin' down at Louise, tender and gooey. And Louise is smilin' up at him, tricky. As the pung-chow fans would say, she's in mah-jongg position.

"Stand by for the clinch!" whispers Gertie, excited. "He's a goner."

"Not while I got any breath left," says I. "Better skip, Gertie, if you don't want to be in on this."

"Why," says she, "what you gonna —— Oh, there he goes!"

Mr. Buell was just reachin' for her when I lets out the roar.

"Fore!" I hollers, puttin' both lungs into it.

And you can't yell that at a golfer anywhere without gettin' results. From force of habit, I expect, the boss stops and ducks sideways, with one elbow over his head. 'Course, his panic is all over in a second, and then he's standin' there lookin' foolish. Mrs. Maitland has had a start, too, but she's a shifty party in a pinch. She's no easy quitter either.

"Oh, Sidney!" she squeals. "What was that?" At which she makes a grab for him and puts her arms around his neck.

"I I don't know, Louise," says he, startin' to pat her, soothin'.

"Fore! Fore!" I shouts again.

He must have recognized my voice this time, for he eases out of the clinch, walks to the veranda rail and stares into the dark.

"Please, Sidney," she wails, "what is it?"

"Some foolishness," says he. "I'll soon find out." And then he starts for the front steps

"Gosh!" gasps Gertie. "He's comin'! I'm gonna beat it."

I don't mind admittin' I wished I could have too. But havin' gone so far I had to stay and see it through. As Mr. Buell comes gropin' his way through the bushes I steps out from the shadows and hails him, low and cautious.

"It's me, Mr. Buell," says I. "Rusty."

"Yes; so I suspected," says he. "And I've half a mind to ——"

"Sure, I knew you'd be sore," I breaks in, "but I just had to, Mr. Buell."

"Really!" says he, crisp and sarcastic. "Then it's high time you were sent where "

"Yes, I get you," says I. "I'm gonna get the air for this. But you oughta hear what I got to say first, and then fire me afterward."

"Well, you impudent little shrimp!" says he. "You've been spying on me, you have had the unbelievable gall to shout at me as I was talking to a lady -now what?"

"Them kids," says I. "You don't know about 'em."

"Mrs. Maitland's children?" says he. "Pardon me, but I am fully informed. Mrs. Maitland herself told me all about them. I've seen their pictures."

"Pictures!" says I. "Stills, I expect? Yes, they would show up for little cherubs that way. And you ain't seen 'em in action? You ain't heard 'em?"

"That," says Mr. Buell, cold and offish, "is a pleasure which I shall reserve until—well, until later."

"But listen, Mr. Buell," says I; "them two kids is about the ——"

"That will do, Rusty," he cuts in. "And I may as well add that I shall keenly resent any further interference in my personal affairs. I trust I make myself plain."

"Yes, sir," says I, touchin' my cap. "My mistake. Only I thought, there a minute ago, you might be forgettin' there was two of 'em Laura Lee, who's five; and little Wilfred, goin' on three."

"Quite so," says he. "You seem to have the vital statistics correct. Been making friends with their nurse, I presume?"

"Sure!" says I. "And if ever anybody needed a friend it's her. Honest, Mr. Buell, I'd hate to see you get a pair like that wished on you. Why, say ——"

"We will not discuss the point," says he. "It is a detail which I—er—which I had not considered. And while I appreciate your good intentions, Rusty, I must ask you to allow me to handle this affair all by myself. I feel thoroughly able to do so."

"All right!" says I. "I'll lay off. I just came by, you understand, to find out if we was rollin' north in the mornin'."

"I see," says he. "And I have just told you that probably we shall."

(Continued on Page 112)

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(Continued from Page 110)

Did we? Say, that was more'n a week ago, and here I am, still drillin' around at the colonel's. What's that sayin' about a widow's might? I forget exactly how it goes, but I expect it means that when one gets a grip on a man he don't often get away. Anyhow, Mr. Buell ain't played but two games of golf since. He's been busy, though. He's held yarn for Louise, he's lugged Koto around, he's been sent huntin' up fans and wraps and vanity cases, and he's learned to sit for an hour in the roadster waitin' for her to come down for a drive. Yeauh! She's made him do everything but jump through a hoop.

Accordin' to Gertie though, he's only seen the kids near to but once, and that was after they'd both been stuffed with everything in the way of eats they'd called for and had been washed and dolled up for the occasion. I was hopin' he'd run across 'em accidental while they was actin' natural. If he should he might have a chance still.

But last night, as Gertie and me was stealin' sleuthy across the lawn on our way to the movies, we heard cooin' goin' on in the summerhouse and we stretched our necks for a peek. Oh, yes! Mr. Buell and his lady love. They're just finishin' one of the long-lingerin' kind, but instead of makin' a clean breakaway, Louise hangs to him with her arms twined around his neck. So we sneaks off.

"It's all over with him," says I.

"Huh!" says Gertie. "He never had a show of gettin' away."

"Knows how to win 'em, don't she?" says I. "Grabs 'em tight."

"Yes," says Gertie. "That's her long suit. She's a clinging vine."

"Well," says I, "so is poison ivy."

This mornin' I gets it straight from Mr. Buell himself. He looks at my toes when he says it, but he announces that he's the happiest man in the world and that he's ordered a seven-passenger limousine. I don't know yet though whether I'm to be kept on, or if I've had another job shot from under me. Oh, well! You can't always roll sevens.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Mr. Ford. The next will appear in an early issue

LOST SHEEP'S LUCK

(Continued from Page 7)

Cousin Lizzie dressed for dinner peacefully and happily in an atmosphere of jewels, laces, perfumes, powders and Paris clothes. She sang to herself little songs in French.

When Beta had had all she could bear she crept away and sought Phœbe. In their mutual room they put on the pink and blue taffeta frocks and the patent-leather slippers.

"Her slippers are brocade with ruby buckles," said Beta, maltreating her own footwear.

"Not ruby buckles, Beta?"

"Ruby buckles. Have we got lovely expensive pink lip stuff, I ask you? Have we any lip stuff at all?"

"We have not, Beta."

"Have we delirious sort of perfumes and good face powders or any face powders at all? If not, why not?"

"No one gives them to us."

"Who told us Cousin Lizzie was wretched and lonely and sorry for all she'd done?"

"M-m-mother."

"If she is a sinner, Phœbe, why is she not a miserable sinner?"

"Still, Beta," said Phœbe, clinging to her young girl's faith, "there's no doubt but that, as mother and Aunt Ada say, she has passed by the best opportunities in life and she must have missed a very great deal."

"I hope so," said Beta. "But I don't know what it is."

The young girls went down to dinner.

Cousin Lizzie had left her fur cloak in the hall; and the front door, open to the garden, showed the night was heavenly.

Nobody at that hospitable table had ever seen anything quite so happy as Cousin Lizzie. She sat on Mr. Peyton's right, and Mr. Burnham was on her right; and fair, trembling, staring Annesleys were dispersed opposite. Somehow no one else mattered.

Coffee was served in the drawing-room.

"A little chilly, somehow," murmured Cousin Lizzie—"would like to get my cloak."

"Old bones, dear!" said Aunt Ada triumphantly to the air. "Stay here, Fred."

"Hand the cups, dear," said Mrs. Peyton sharply to Mr. Peyton.

The young girls held Mr. Burnham and an Annesley each by a coat lapel; but even so, this left another Annesley loose.

"I am bitterly disappointed in her," said Mrs. Peyton to the company. "Had Mr. Peyton told me ——"

"Hadn't seen her for twenty years—only heard," said Mr. Peyton, moving a little nearer the door, and a little nearer.

"Come back, my dear," said Mrs. Peyton. "Hand the cups. I had certainly expected a very different manner in a woman who ——"

"Sh-h-h, dear," said Aunt Ada.

"She has brocade shoes with real rubies in the buckles," said the young girls with trembling lips.

"She is sixty-five if a day," said Mrs. Peyton.

"I don't believe it," said Uncle Fred rather willfully.

"I have my birthday book upstairs," said Aunt Ada, "and will prove it to you. She was once on my gift list."

"Her time will come," said Mrs. Peyton, shaking her head and looking anxiously toward the young girls. "One day she will see the hollowness and the sham and the wickedness of the life she has led; she will see herself for what she is in the eyes of all men, and she will wish, my dear Ada, that she had been like us."

"I shall fetch my birthday book," said Aunt Ada, rising.

"But she is a long while getting her fur cloak," said Mr. Burnham, who looked somehow as if he were trying to edge to the door before Mr. Peyton. "Where is she? Let me go and find ——"

"Sh-h-h!" said Aunt Ada.

Then they heard the Newlight drive away.

"He is only twenty-one," said Aunt Ada, after a long, dreadful pause, "and I am answerable for him to his mother."

Then the bereft voice of the chained Annesley broke the silence.

"She promised me," it said.

"Promised you?" said Mrs. Peyton faintly. "When?"

"At dinner," said the Annesley, panting. "It is always the same," he said; "we have only the one car between us, and my brother has always been cleverer than me. He always gets away with it, curse him!"

"My boy!" said Uncle Fred thoughtfully, seeing Aunt Ada's eye adjuring him to reproach the young man. "My boy!"

"But how did she promise?" said Mrs. Peyton. "I did not hear her—nor did you, hubby?" she said, turning to Mr. Peyton; "nor did you nor you nor you?"

When all had shaken their heads, "She did it with a kind of look," said the cheated Annesley.

"A kind of look!" murmured Mrs. Peyton, appalled.

"His mother," said Aunt Ada, turning up her eyes at the company—"his mother has been in my birthday book for years and years and years."

Cousin Lizzie went to bed

In bed the young girls found her, when, at midnight, they crept from their rooms to knock upon her door.

"For," said Beta, "she hasn't put her light out yet, and I intend to ask her a question."

"You saw the car come back," said Phœbe. "Had they put the hood up?"

"They had put the hood up."

"Face the bitter truth," said Beta; "no man has ever said to me 'Let's have the hood up.'"

"Nor me."

"Come in," said Cousin Lizzie.

So they crept in, and saw her sitting up in bed, in something their womanly intuition told them was a nightgown, and the sweetest cap. She had been looking at a Paris fashion paper, and a box of cigarettes and a box of chocolates lay on the bedside table beside her. A cunning ring of smoke was floating ceiling-ward and Cousin Lizzie was gazing dreamily up at it. She appeared very meek, soft, round and frail.

"Why!" said Cousin Lizzie.

The young girls crept to the bedside, hitching their little flannel dressing gowns tighter round them.

"Have some chocolates," said Cousin Lizzie.

"I have never seen such chocolates," said Phœbe.

"Nor I," said Beta.

"A man at the French Embassy always sends me this kind," replied Cousin Lizzie.

The young girls approached her closely.

"You powder even in bed?" said Beta.

"Yes, dear," said Cousin Lizzie; "I always make up my face."

"Are you happy?" asked Phœbe.

"Radiantly happy, dear, always," said Cousin Lizzie.

"But," said Beta—"but—now, you know, we really know quite a lot about you; and we want you to answer a certain question quite truthfully."

"With pleasure, dear," said Cousin Lizzie. "Take the whole box of chocolates—do. I have a new one that he gave me when he saw me off at Victoria Station."

"I know the question," said Phœbe. "Don't you repent?"

"Repent?" said Cousin Lizzie, surprised. "Certainly not, love! Well, of course, I am sorry that time will not allow one to do it all over again. Of course, that. Still, one is not dead yet."

The young girls swallowed feverishly.

"But," said Phœbe, "don't you bitterly regret all your lost opportunities?"

"Lost opportunities, dear child?" said Cousin Lizzie. "I never lost an opportunity in my life."

The young girls looked at each other, baffled.

"Good night," said Beta, taking up the box of chocolates.

"Good night," said Phœbe.

"Good night, sweet things," said Cousin Lizzie.

Cousin Lizzie breakfasted in bed, and to say the house was in a horrid state of anticipation for her appearance would be to understate it.

"You will take Fred—though what he is here for so early, seeing that he has a good home, I don't know—down to the end of the garden," said Mrs. Peyton to her husband; "and you will take the Annesleys there too. What they are here for so early, seeing that they are staying in another house, I don't know either; but perhaps it is because Fred has forgotten his duties as a host, and poor Ada naturally followed him. Anyway, all you men will kindly go and smoke at the other end of the garden. Ada and I are waiting for a quiet little chat with Cousin Lizzie."

Mrs. Peyton sought her daughters.

"Practice your piano-and-violin duets," she said.

She went out to the veranda.

"Where is everybody?" said Aunt Ada, who was already sitting there.

"Arranged," said Mrs. Peyton. "Let us have a cup of chocolate and some biscuits."

So Cousin Lizzie found them there, taking nourishment, when she came down at eleven, looking terribly airy.

"Good morning, dear," said Mrs. Peyton, who had settled with Aunt Ada not to rake up the indiscretions of last night if they could possibly school themselves to refrain. "Do you think it wise to go about so lightly clad at your age? . . . Well, perhaps; but Ada and I would never dream—would we, Ada? Will you join us in a cup of chocolate?"

"Thank you, dear," said Cousin Lizzie; "but no. I shall just ask your charming husband for a cocktail before luncheon, and that will be quite all."

"More chocolate, Ada, and more biscuits, shall we?" said Mrs. Peyton, controlling herself; and when Aunt Ada had agreed, she turned again to Cousin Lizzie.

"My girls have quite taken to you already," she said with a nice smile. "They are wonderfully affectionate and unspoiled, don't you think? I hope you will let them do all they can for you during your visit. They will love to."

"Little dears!" said Cousin Lizzie

"Of course," said Mrs. Peyton confidentially, while Aunt Ada leaned forward to listen, "you will have gathered my plans for them by now. You are so clever with matrimonial affairs"

"Ha!" said Aunt Ada.

"Mr. Burnham," said Mrs. Peyton cunningly, "is tremendously attracted, apparently to both, and if my mother's eye has discovered a partiality I'm certainly not going to say anything about it yet. As for my girls, they are so reticent, it is only because I am their mother that I can guess. Of course, seeing the Annesleys so devoted has made Mr. Burnham very much more eager than he had been before. I suppose, as women, we all know, and may confess to one another here in this privacy, that there's nothing spurs a man on like a little competition."

"My dear," said Cousin Lizzie, "that is what one might call a root theory. Competition, my dear—competition all the time is the secret for a mother's machinations for her daughters. You are a brilliant mother," said Cousin Lizzie graciously.

"I hope I am –adequate," said Mrs. Peyton modestly.

Cousin Lizzie's eyes roved over the garden.

"You are fond of young people yourself?" said Mrs. Peyton in a gentle tone; and she glanced at Aunt Ada rather sadly and understandingly, for did they not know that Cousin Lizzie, too, was a mother, possibly on quite a large scale, but that her children were lost to this light, frivolous, foolish wicked woman who had bartered the gold of family affection for the dross of amours uncountable?

"I have made her think at last," said Mrs. Peyton's glance to Aunt Ada, and Aunt Ada's return glance answered, "She suffers—and deserves to."

"I wanted you to understand how the land lies between the young people here," said Mrs. Peyton, laying her hand now quite sympathetically on Cousin Lizzie's. "I think it may interest you to watch them; you who have perhaps been denied ——"

Here Mrs. Peyton broke off.

"For you have children yourself, remember," said Aunt Ada, who did not feel so kindly as Mrs. Peyton and who was determined not to spare the woman.

"Indeed I have," said Cousin Lizzie, sparkling. "Six."

"S-s-six!" said Mrs. Peyton.

"My first three husbands," hinted Cousin Lizzie.

"G-g-girls?" murmured Mrs. Peyton, really yearning very kindly toward Aunt Lizzie in her losses, well deserved though they might be.

"Two girls," said Cousin Lizzie; "married in their first season to Englishmen—Lord Warlaw and Sir Humphrey Clark."

"Lord ——" said Mrs. Peyton and Aunt Ada.

"I stay with them whenever I am in England," said Cousin Lizzie. "As you know, I move about a great deal. My husbands have altered the geography of my life so."

"Hubby," said Mrs. Peyton, "never mentioned ——"

"Nor Fred," said Aunt Ada.

"I change my name so often, dear," said Cousin Lizzie, "that probably he never realized his own relations were getting married. My grandchildren ——"

"Grandchildren!" said Mrs. Peyton.

"—— are darling babies," said Cousin Lizzie. "I love my sons-in-law."

Very, very slowly and sickly Mrs. Peyton and Aunt Ada began to realize that if they must hope for punishment for this woman they must look for it from her sons.

"You had four boys then?" said Aunt Ada, trusting for the best.

"My boys!" said Cousin Lizzie in a pretty maternal fashion. "Two in the army, both majors—twins. Isn't it amusing? And one a most successful dramatist. He puts me into his plays. Amusing too. My eldest of all is the governor of the Cyprian Islands."

"Gov——" said Mrs. Peyton.

Aunt Ada rolled her eyes from face to face.

"The sweetest wife, he has," said Cousin Lizzie. "I fell in love with and nearly married her brother when I went out to stay with them after my fifth died. My son would have arranged a wonderful wedding for me. So beautiful out there, you know "

Cousin Lizzie's eyes roved the garden.

"—— palms and flowers and birds, and what skies! However, I thought I wouldn't. I met my sixth on the boat going home, and though I had intended to marry—well, someone else, not him, nor my son's wife's brother ——"

Cousin Lizzie looked unbearably dreamy.

"So your family is a great success?" said Mrs. Peyton, unable to bear the woman's immoral babbling longer.

"Oh, a great success!" said Cousin Lizzie, gazing about the garden. "We are all women here this morning?" she added.

"The men," said Mrs. Peyton, "are enjoying a quiet smoke by themselves over there." *(Continued on Page 117)*

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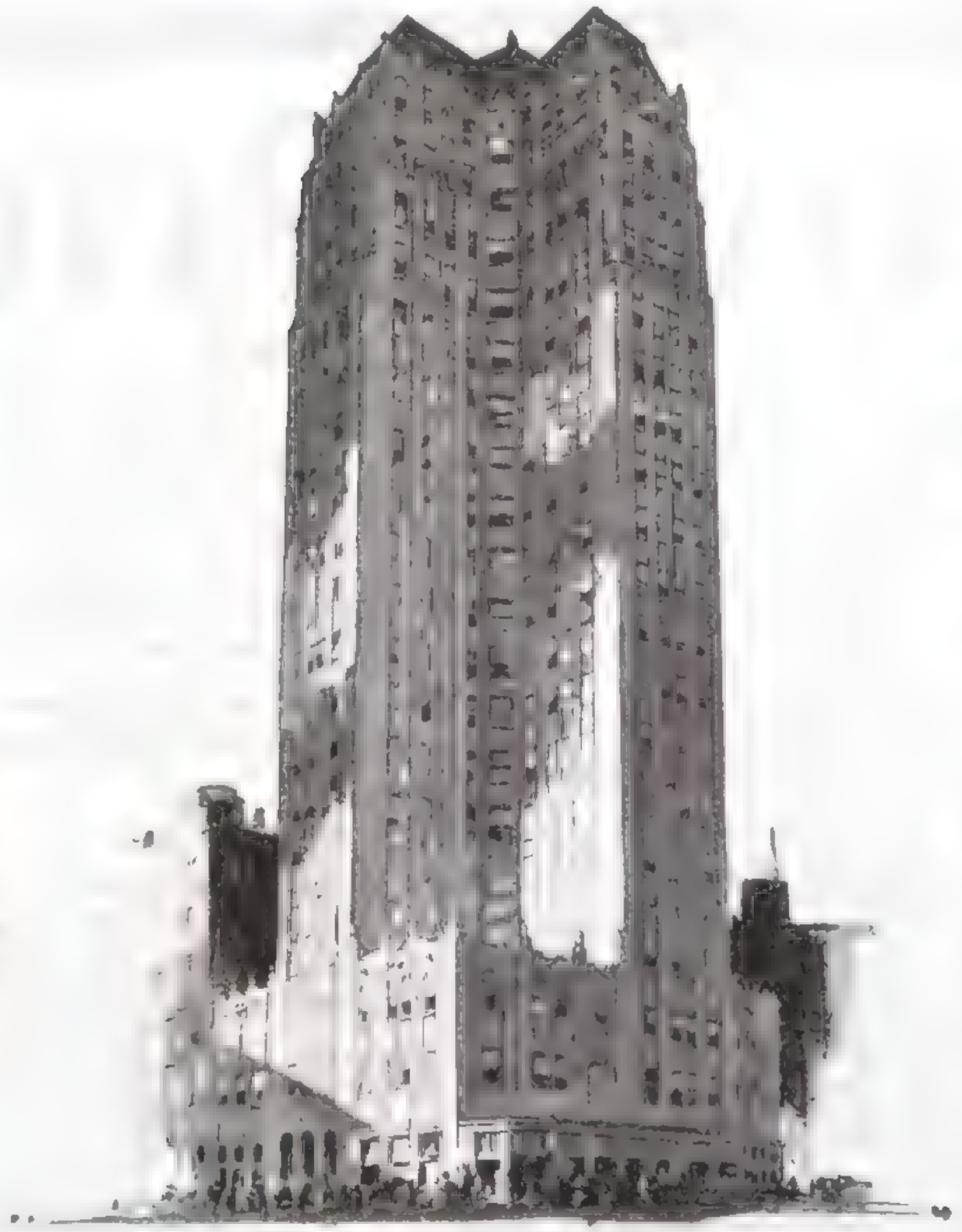

MEDICAL ARTS BUILDING, DALLAS, TEXAS

Bargiehaugh & Whitson, Architects—Toncan Sheet Metal Work by Collinsville Manufacturing Company, Dallas, Texas.

TONCAN FOR VENTILATING SYSTEMS

Picture shows Toncan being installed in basement of First National Bank, Wichita, Kansas. Work done by American Cornice Works Co., Wichita, Kans.

Architects specify Toncan for this work because it does resist the corrosive action of air currents.

TONCAN FOR RESIDENCES

The sheet metal work in this home is Toncan. Architect: Reginald D. Johnson, Pasadena, Calif

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UNITED ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION

Continued from Page 113

"Ah," said Cousin Lizzie, "I see. I would love to show you my sons' photographs, and I will just run in and get them."

"Have a glass of sherry, Ada," said Mrs. Peyton in a weak voice when they were alone; "if you will, I will. And then it will be nearly lunch time."

"I need something," said Aunt Ada positively.

So they brought sherry.

"Where is Cousin Lizzie?" said Mrs. Peyton.

Aunt Ada pointed.

Cousin Lizzie was just entering the rose walk with Mr. Peyton.

"How did she get there?" gasped Mrs. Peyton.

"Side door," said Aunt Ada.

Mrs. Peyton wasted no time.

"A wife and mother," she always said, "has no time to waste." She called strongly, "Cousin Lizzie!"

Cousin Lizzie arrived, terribly airy.

"I am on my way to fetch the photographs, dear."

"A detour," said Mrs. Peyton in a thin tone.

"Ha!" said Aunt Ada.

Cousin Lizzie entered the house again.

"Ada," said Mrs. Peyton, "tell me this: Am I right in having her in this house? Would she not be better, all things considered, with you and Fred?"

Aunt Ada heaved herself from her chair reluctantly.

"No," she said, trembling, "she would not."

She pointed.

"What is it, dear?" said Mrs. Peyton. "How good your sight is!"

Cousin Lizzie was entering a potting shed to the left with Uncle Fred.

"From the kitchen entrance this time," faltered Aunt Ada.

"Take a sip of sherry, Ada," breathed Mrs. Peyton, supporting her.

"I need something," said Aunt Ada waveringly.

Mr. Burnham appeared, carrying a basket. He was looking so searchingly round the garden that he came quite up to the veranda before he saw Mrs. Peyton and Aunt Ada seated thereon. The basket—a large one—held peaches. There must have been a treeful there, and the man must have been demented.

"Peaches!" said Aunt Ada.

Mrs. Peyton scrutinized Mr. Burnham, who blushed. However, he looked her straight in the eye and told his tale well.

"Peaches," he said. "Your daughters asked me to be very kind to your Cousin Lizzie, and so I brought her these."

"Ha!" said Aunt Ada.

Afterward she said she couldn't help it. She declared it was an accident. But she broke the sherry glasses, the decanter, the chocolate cups and the biscuit plate.

There now began a great competition, the entrants being the Annesleys and Mr. Burnham and—under heavy difficulties—Mr. Peyton and Uncle Fred; and the prize being Cousin Lizzie.

When one Annesley had not maneuvered the new Newlight car from the other and taken Cousin Lizzie away in it, Mr. Burnham had persuaded her to enjoy his luxurious forty-horse-power Paxler. Mr. Peyton had only a bicycle, but one morning Cousin Lizzie was seen taking an airing upon its step behind him; Uncle Fred had no means of locomotion at all save his own flat feet, but men are resourceful in the hunt, and he revived the waltzing powers of his youth. They were found in an attic, dancing, with a musical kitchen maid playing for them on a mouth organ.

"I am enjoying my visit tremendously," said Cousin Lizzie. "I feel even better and brighter already than I did before."

The young girls stood or sat by, discussing with each other the psychology of the whole business.

"You are quite right, dear," said Cousin Lizzie to Mrs. Peyton; "there is nothing—nothing—like competition."

"You cannot go on like this," said Aunt Ada, after two days, to Cousin Lizzie.

"I can, dear," said Cousin Lizzie.

"What in the world," said Mrs. Peyton, weeping, to Mr. Peyton—"what in the whole wide world is there for a woman to be good for? I ask you!"

"I ask you," said Aunt Ada, choking, to Uncle Fred.

"I've been a virtuous wife and mother for twenty-three years," said Mrs. Peyton, weeping, "and she has lived a dreadful life, dining and drinking cocktails and dancing and making l-l-l-lo-o-ove; yet what is my reward beside hers?"

"She had six husbands!" cried Aunt Ada, staring balefully at Uncle Fred. "I have had only one, and was thought lucky."

"N-n-nothing b-b-but s-s-silk is allowed to touch her skin," said the young girls who were listening—breaking down. "And a F-F-Frenchman sends her chocolates every week."

"Her eldest son is governor of the Cyprian Islands," cried Aunt Ada.

"Her daughters were presented at court," said Mrs. Peyton.

"I have a great mind to make a thorough change in myself," said Aunt Ada, staring at Uncle Fred.

"I will change too!" said Mrs. Peyton.

"We will ch-ch-change," gasped the young girls.

"No! No!" said Mr. Peyton, terrorized.

"Sh-she had all sorts of l-l-lovers," said Mrs. Peyton, panting for air.

"I will have all sorts of lovers too," said Aunt Ada valiantly, staring at Uncle Fred, "if I have to advertise."

"The price of a virtuous woman is above rubies," said Uncle Fred, excusing his nonpayment.

"Liar!" said Mrs. Peyton.

"Give me rubies," said Aunt Ada rapaciously, "set in earrings, very, very long."

"We have m-m-missed our chocolate time, Ada," said Mrs. Peyton, drying her eyes and looking very resolute. "So we will have a cocktail."

"No, no!" cried Uncle Fred.

"I will have two cocktails," said Aunt Ada.

"Us too," said the young girls.

However, just at this moment Cousin Lizzie put in her first appearance that morning—although it was twelve o'clock—and she made them gasp. From head to foot she was in new, expensive, cunning, clinging ivory white, with hints of old lace and pearls, and her wide white hat had a shower of drooping feathers. She was *en grande toilette*.

"Love," said Cousin Lizzie, addressing Mrs. Peyton, "I have been in this delightful place five delightful days, and I'm so sad that my visit to you must now end."

"End?" said Mrs. Peyton, smiling.

"Yes," said Cousin Lizzie modestly; "I am going to be married."

"Married?" replied Aunt Ada.

"The most wonderful romance of them all culminates today," said Cousin Lizzie, looking up and down, and at everybody. "The wedding is at your dear little church round the corner—you may remember that I asked you if you had a pretty church here. I am so particular about churches. How he has managed the license and everything in such a rush I don't know. But that was part of my promise. 'I like to be rushed,' I said. 'Any delay and I may change my mind.' Though I shouldn't, of course, for he is the most attractive man on earth, as I knew when I first saw him ten years ago."

"Ten years?" murmured the young girls, doing ages on their fingers.

"It was coming home from the funeral of my fourth," continued Cousin Lizzie, "that I first saw him. He was one of those wonderful men, you know, that a woman sees in the street about once a lifetime, going somewhere else. I stopped my car and got out, my solicitor, who was with me, not understanding at all what I could be doing, getting out too; and I followed him, the solicitor too abstracted to see anything, as he was proposing to me himself at the time. I marked down his address, and then set a private-inquiry agent to find out his name and position; and then—before I could do anything more—he left the city. That was in New York, for my fourth was American."

"But who?" muttered Mrs. Peyton, rocking in doubt and hope, with all sorts of sunshiny ideas returning to her.

"Since then," said Cousin Lizzie, "I have tracked that man through three continents and seven countries, and on the two occasions that I was near meeting him in a social way, my fifth and my sixth intervened. Somehow I always got married to someone else. You know what men are?" she inquired, looking for understanding to the blank faces of Mrs. Peyton and Aunt Ada and the young girls.

"You know what men are?" she repeated, turning to Uncle Fred and Mr. Peyton—and seeing that they knew, absolutely.

"Yes," said Mr. Peyton very sadly; and Uncle Fred moaned "Yes," too.

"However," said Cousin Lizzie, smiling, "how happily it all ends, does it not? I tracked him to Paris after the death of my sixth, and subsequently here. So I wrote to my cousin," she went on, smiling at Mr. Peyton, "asking to be allowed to make the acquaintance of his charming family. And so at last I met him for the first time. Delightful?"

"She did not come for rest or repentance at all," considered Aunt Ada.

"Delightful?" repeated Cousin Lizzie, turning to Mrs. Peyton.

"What is his name?" said Mrs. Peyton.

"Burnham," replied Cousin Lizzie.

"Mr. Burnham!" said the young girls in a sort of fading sigh.

"I can't tell you how grateful I am to you, dear," said Cousin Lizzie to Mrs. Peyton, "for all your help and everything. I couldn't have had environment and numbers more propitiously managed for me. Arrangements are only just completed—luckily I had brought my wedding dress with me"—she indicated here her new toilet—"so I have had to spring the invitations as a surprise upon you. But there will be a wonderful lunch—I insisted on that—and I have sent for a great many men; and you girls," she said to Beta and Phœbe, "may use my powder and lip stuff; and I do not think," she added, turning to Mrs. Peyton, "that they need marry those fair pimpled people—who anyway have only one car between them—at all, even to begin with."

The young girls took each other's hands and turned indoors.

"Sweet things!" said Cousin Lizzie. "I shall keep you advised of changes of name and address; and when in about twenty years' time they have daughters old enough to come out they must let me know. One will have settled down somewhat by then, possibly," she said, sighing regretfully, "and one will no doubt take quite an interest in the carryings-on of younger people."

"My mauve silk is at the cleaners'," said Aunt Ada, "and if she has sent for a lot of men I wish I had more time to arrange about my dress."

"It is rather a wonder there has been no further hitch, because when I first came here," confessed Cousin Lizzie with a confidential candor, very disarming, "I own it occurred to me that perhaps it would be rather nice to be mixed up in just one more divorce case before it was too late. But on the whole I decided against it."

Her gaze wandered from Mr. Peyton to Uncle Fred, and it was obvious that she rejected them.

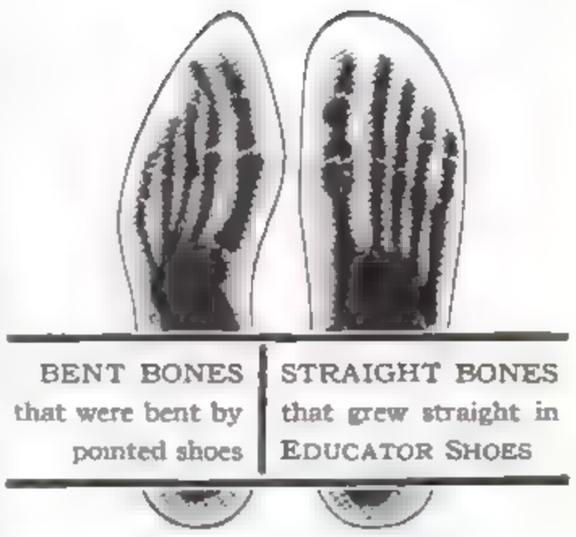
The beautiful Paxler they all knew was rolling up the drive. In it sat Mr. Burnham, wearing a white buttonhole, his happiness making him look less than his forty-odd years.

"I really ought not to drive to the church with him," said Cousin Lizzie delicately to Mrs. Peyton. "I am very strict about minor rules. But everything has been arranged so quickly, and you must all forgive me. The ceremony is at 12:30."

Already cars and cars of rich men were ranking outside the church. There were just a very few women, too, for Cousin Lizzie was quite fond of her own sex.

And it was a beautiful wedding when she married her seventh.

Sunset, Turkey Lake, Orange Co., Florida



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We had before us all the other shaving creams created. We knew that countless men used each. We knew we could never win you unless we excelled in some conspicuous ways.

After 130 trials, we made a shaving cream which no man yet has matched. It excels in lather, in quickness, in durability. It excels in fine after-effects. It excels above all, in strong bubbles.

We ask a test

This is not written to sell you Palmolive Shaving Cream. We know your situation. You are using a soap which satisfies. You naturally doubt if any other soap is much better.

But we have a shaving cream so immensely better that you will be amazed and delighted. You will adopt it, as millions have done, when you discover its results.

We ask a test at our cost—a ten-shave test. We will then accept your verdict. If we serve you many times better than others we want your patronage. If we fail, we don't. Please, in fairness to yourself and us, mail this coupon to us.

5 things you wanted

It multiplies itself in lather 250 times, so a tiny bit suffices for a shave.

It acts in one minute. Within that time the beard absorbs 15% of water.

It maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

Super-strong bubbles support the hairs for cutting. No hairs falling down.

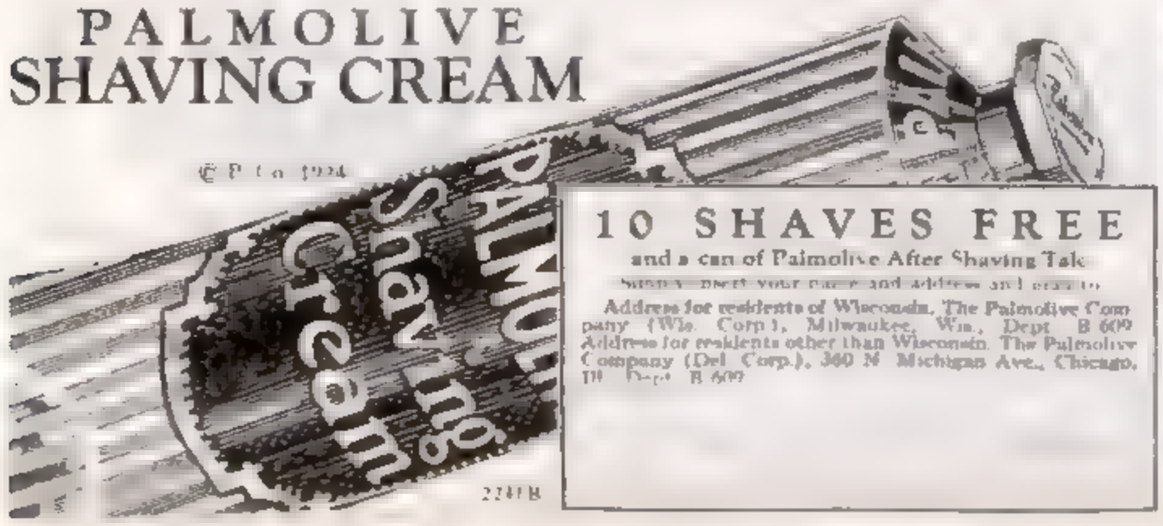
The palm and olive oil content leaves fine after-effects.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream.

There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM



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10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply print your name and address and mail to

Address for residents of Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis., Dept. B 609
Address for residents other than Wisconsin, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Dept. B 609

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

"Why, that's one of the best little phrases I know," said the Red Knight. "In fact, I think I may say so without fear of successful contradiction."

"Now about the tariff ——"

"To be sure. My views on the tariff can be expressed in a sentence. I believe in a minimum ad valorem, figured per stirpes, of course, and not per capita, at so much per centum, allowing for shrinkage."

"It sounds awfully involved," said Alice.

"It is involved," said the Red Knight. "It is one of the involvedest sentences ever made. I have given a great deal of thought to the tariff. In fact, the thought I've given to it is tariffic."

"That's not a very good pun," said Alice.

"I think it's an excellent pun," said the Red Knight. "But I'll be able to do better after I've done my daily exercises a little while longer. I practice making jokes for ten minutes each morning before my mirror."

"What's the idea?"

"Why, a candidate has to be a good mixer," said the Red Knight. "A hale-fellow-well-met. I'm hale enough, but sometimes I have doubts whether or nor I'm well met. What do you think?"

"I don't know what it means," said Alice, "but offhand I should say you were not. But why the jokes?"

"Oh, that's part of it," said the candidate. "You see, a political race is like any other race. You have to train for it. There are lots of things a candidate must know, such as joking, baby kissing and handshaking. After I do the joking exercises for ten minutes, I practice unbending each morning for ten minutes. It's awfully important to know how to unbend."

"Why?"

"Well, if a fellow follows his natural bent, naturally he'll have a hard time unbending. And I want to be one of the boys."

"What boys?"

"That's just it. I wish I knew. But when you run for office you have to be one of the boys. I'm going to take lessons in being one of the boys, I think, when I get home. Then there are my back-slapping exercises."

"You must be awfully busy in the morning," said Alice. "I had no idea you had to exercise so much."

"Yes," said the Red Knight. "In the dear old days before prohibition a candidate had to do setting-up exercises every day. He had to be proficient in setting 'em up on the parallel bars. But that's all changed now. Now we have a new set of exercises called the daily doesn't."

"What a queer name!" said Alice.

"There are so many things a candidate doesn't do that it takes a lot of practice," said the Red Knight. "But the most important exercise of all is the dumb-bell exercise. No man should aspire to public office unless he knows how to handle dumb-bells."

"Is that a fact?" said Alice.

"I think I may say so without fear of successful contradiction," said the Red Knight.

—Newman Levy.

Malindy-isms

Antics

MISS ANNIE, I hates to speak on it, but I 'low effen I don't some other pusson, wid no sech good pertentions, will be specifyin' to you erbout Miss Annie Lee's carryin'-ons. Yas'm, it's jest plumb scandlus—she's a actin' real foolish, she sho' is. It's these here antics she's so sot on. It wuz bad enough when she kep' haulin' all de old chairs and washstan's and sich outer yo' attic ever' time she come home, and ever' time she lef' you done miss a grapevine edge decater offen de sideboa'd, or a gold pitcher frame offen de walls. But now, effen she ain't went down to Tin Cup to Aunt Milly's cabin, and throwed fits over her kitchen safe. Aunt Milly 'lows Miss Annie Lee's gram-ma done give her that dish closet when she come from Kintucky, but Miss Annie Lee she done swap one o' these here fancy music boxes fur it, and sent de undertaker down to board up de safe all ready fur Noo Yawk shippin'—yas'm. Then she jest went plum crazy over that old squattee you done give me. Yas'm, I allus sets the washtub on it out at de back. Wellum, she done promise me a crape machine dress, wid opulesent beads, all sent to me from Noo Yawk in a box, effen I separate myse'f from that squattee.

But, now, Miss Annie, whilst these here sho' is been cur'ous doin's, they is jest all sorta in de fambly, and I ain't said nawthin'.

But when she gits to traipsin' 'round de country, takin' de po' whites' bed kivers offen de close lines, then it's time, I 'lows, to speachify to you and Mr. Tom. Yas'm. It wuz thisaway. We wuz a-drivin' out to de Fair Grounds yiste'day, and I wuz a-settin' in de back o' de kerrige, a-holdin' little Annie Lee in my lap, when Miss Annie Lee, she up and stop old John real suddint and goes chasin' into one o' them little houses on de hill. Pretty soon she and a white woman come out and tuck down a turrible ugly old blue-and-white wove bedspread which wuz flappin' in de wind. Then Miss Annie Lee, she clum back in de kerrige, a-holdin' that kiver over her yarm, and smilin' like all git out.

"Jest think, Aunt Malindy," she say, "I done got this fur five dollars. In Noo Yawk thay'd done charge me fifty."

"Shucks!" I say. "You is jest a reg'lar idgit and I is gwine to tell yo' ma and pa. Shucks! Fifty dollars, yo' foot! Effen them things wuz wuth five dollars, much lessen fifty, them Yankee soldiers wouldn't never o' burnt up all them o' yo' gram-ma's wid her house, when they come through here en-durin' de wah." Yas'm.

I is plum ashamed o' that chile o' yourn, Miss Annie, but I 'low she mout be jest a leetle mite crackled wid antics. Yas'm. Shucks! Fifty dollars, yo' foot!

—Rena Shore Duncan.

Such Stuff as Gowns are Made Of

With a bow to Master Herrick

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes,
I call the turn upon her clothes.
I know they're silk and call 'em so,
But other stuffs I never know.
Alas, unequal is my bean
To recognizing dueetyn,
I'm like to take for organdie
The goods my Julia dubs pongee.
My guess is always hit or miss
Between piqué and dotted Swiss.
In spotting muslin, voile, chiffon,
I'm far more often off than on.
Ah, dumb is me, I am afraid
Cerise I thought was cloth's a shade.

You ask me how those puzzles can
Affect a mere and married man
'Tis thus—I dread my Julia's frowns,
When from her rack I fetch wrong gowns.

—Fairfax Downey.

BILL THE CONQUEROR

(Continued from Page 25)

cake crumbs on the lad's waistcoat. Everything was jake with Horace.

The warm sunshine invited slumber, and it was not immediately that the soft whistling from the shrubbery succeeded in penetrating to his consciousness. For some time the boy had attributed the sound to one of the birds that ranged the garden, but presently it became so persistent as to interfere with sleep. He opened his eyes and gazed drowsily in the direction from which it seemed to proceed. Having done this, he became aware of a face peering at him out of the rhododendrons.

One uses the word "face" in a loose sense. What met Horace's eyes was a mere congeries of features apparently carelessly assembled by an inexpert hand, few of them making any pretense of matching one another.

The nose appeared to have been designed for a far smaller man, whereas the chin, which jutted out like the cowcatcher of a train, would have caught the eye if attached to the body of a giant. The forehead, a narrow strip of territory separating the eyebrows from the fringe, was flanked by enormous ears that stood out at a majestic right angle.

To see this strange facial hash protruding from a rhododendron bush might have

(Continued on Page 121)

Burroughs — the mark of a quality product — Burroughs

A Dream That Came True!

He was a bookkeeper—one of countless thousands doing the most monotonous of work—adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing figures.

Certainly many others must have realized that two and two *always* totaled four, that five times five *always* equaled twenty-five and that three from ten always left seven. But William Seward Burroughs, working in a small Auburn bank, saw in that absolute inflexibility of numbers the fact that here was work for machines rather than for men!

With a half-formed dream of a figuring machine in his mind, Burroughs left the Auburn bank and sought out the machine shop of Joseph Boyer in St. Louis. Here he brought to successful completion the first practical adding machine the world ever knew.

It is a long way from that humble St. Louis machine shop to the present Detroit institution, the largest of its kind in the world, that is Burroughs' greatest monument—but a way made straight because those who control the destinies of this institution have always kept faith with the ideals of its founder.

Today the chairman of the Board of Directors of the Burroughs Company is the same Joseph Boyer to whose shop the inventor Burroughs first came. And A. J. Doughty, the young apprentice-mechanic whom Boyer assigned to assist Burroughs, is now vice-president of the company.

During the forty years since William Seward Burroughs gave business its first adding machine, the Burroughs Adding Machine Company has come to be a world-wide organization, serving business everywhere through its sales and service organizations. It now employs more than 10,000 people; it has branch factories in Nottingham, England, and Windsor, Canada.

Today, the Burroughs Company manufactures four distinct types of figure machines—for adding, bookkeeping, calculating, and billing—each in a wide variety of styles and sizes. But Burroughs has never been content merely to build machines. It has continually analyzed and studied the figure problems of business—anticipating figuring needs and devising systems and methods for reducing costs and increasing efficiency.

Today—business, large and small, draws upon the rich experience and great resources of the Burroughs organization for counsel and assistance in the solution of its figure problems. This helpful assistance is yours for the asking.

Telephone your local Burroughs representative and obtain expert assistance and advice upon the problems peculiar to your own individual business. You can do this entirely without obligation. It is a continuation of the service first rendered to business by William Seward Burroughs. Why not avail yourself of it—today?

Burroughs believed so thoroughly in the practicability of the machine that he asked business men to convince themselves by using it on their own work.

In making his dream a fact, Burroughs held rigidly to his high ideals of precision and accuracy.

The little machine shop of Joseph Boyer where the first Burroughs Adding Machine was built.

Burroughs

Adding Machines | Bookkeeping Machines | BETTER FIGURES MAKE BIGGER PROFITS | Calculating Machines | Billing Machines

Burroughs Adding Machine Company
6003 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.
I would like to know how Burroughs can help me with my figure problems
Name
Business
Address

$75,000.00 to prove

Andrew Albright, Jr., and 4118 dentists were right in their ideas as to what features were essential in a CORRECTLY designed and properly made toothbrush

HERE's toothbrush evidence—a huge pile of it! It was gathered together in exactly *one week!*

When 50,000 people voice their opinion on a subject so quickly and emphatically and are all in accord with one another on it, it is something to consider. But when *two million* register the *same* opinion in the course of a few months, it amounts almost to *universal* recognition.

Each day their number multiplies. These people no longer regard toothbrushes in the same light as before. They look *beyond* the fact that it is so much bristle and so much handle. They choose toothbrushes now as they do anything else *designed for a specific purpose and to accomplish a definite object*. Dental opinion of America is largely responsible for this widespread public awakening.

What the dentists did

Dentists for many years have endeavored to devise ways and means to have their ideas of correct toothbrush design put before the public nationally. The fact that tooth troubles are almost universal, despite all care, showed that people generally used toothbrushes *fundamentally wrong in design*.

4118 dentists finally worked out their ideas of design *together*. It was only logical that such a toothbrush should be produced by the best brush makers it was possible to secure. That is how it came about that Andrew Albright, Jr., Pres RUBBERSET COMPANY, makers of RUBBERSET shaving, hair, nail, bath, complexion and paint brushes, *perfected* it.

It was named the Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush.

Then came the crucial test

Even though the combined opinion of leading dental authorities pronounced this the perfect toothbrush; and despite the fact that it is acknowledged as the finest piece of brush-making of its kind ever produced—*we were not satisfied*.

So we expended $75,000 in advertising our offer to give anybody a new Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush in exchange for his old one. 50,000 people accepted our offer. And just what we expected to happen took place.

An examination of these 50,000 old toothbrushes *proved beyond question* what dentists have always maintained: That the average person uses a toothbrush that brushes only *two* of the *five* surfaces of the teeth; that it did not reach *in between* them and into their *crevices* where decay almost invariably first starts; that it did not hold its bristles properly; that the handle was not shaped so as to make it easy to clean the *inside* surfaces of the teeth; that it could not be thoroughly cleansed of foreign matter that lodges in it after use.

No wonder teeth remained stained and discolored, their whiteness hidden by film and their sides encrusted with tartar, regardless of all care!

These drawbacks now overcome

The Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush overcomes the deficiencies of ordinary toothbrushes.

Its *small size* and *sloping design* fits the small angles in the *back* of the mouth enabling you to reach and thoroughly clean those all important *back teeth*.

The *wedge-like shape* of the tufts of bristles causes them to slide *in between* the teeth with the slightest pressure, sweeping them clean of the most minute food particles. All *five surfaces* of the teeth (front, back, two sides and top) are cleaned and polished. The bristles in the Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush *stay in*—they *can't* come out! A simple rinsing cleanses it of all foreign matter.

Every Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush is *sterilized* and packed in a hermetically sealed, transparent, sanitary glassine envelope, and packed *again* in a protecting carton. No human hands come in contact with it till *you* break the seal.

The time has come to change

You owe it to your health, comfort and appearance to keep your teeth clean, sound and white. In the Albright Rotary Wedge Toothbrush you have the best tooth insurance money can buy. It will keep your teeth safe.

If your dealer can't supply you, send 35c and we will mail one promptly to you. Write for our free book, "About *Your* Teeth."

Quantity and Efficiency result in 75c quality for

35¢

"ALBRIGHT, JR."
—for youths and children,
25c

ALBRIGHT

ROTARY WEDGE
TOOTH BRUSH

Made in AMERICA by American Workmen

The Bristles Stay In!

RUBBERSET CO.
26 Ferry St., Newark, N. J.

(Continued from Page 118)

startled many people. Horace bore the spectacle with calm, almost with indifference. He yawned.

"Hello, Joe," he said. "It's you, is it?"

"Yes, it's me," replied the other in a voice of marked surliness. "I've come to find out what you're doin', and I find you doin' what I might have expected I'd find you doin'—doin' nothing."

"I'm concentratin'," said Horace casually.

Joe the Dip—for the visitor was none other—looked up and down the quiet garden and, satisfied that it was empty, emerged cautiously from his bush. Now that the whole of him had become visible, his social status was even more obvious than before. A criminal, evidently—and belonging, one would have said, to the executive rather than the organizing branch of his particular gang. If you wanted a man to scheme out some subtle confidence game you would pass over Joe. Not only was his head not the right shape for that kind of thing but in the circles in which he moved it was reputed to be constructed of solid bonzoline. But if, on the other hand, the task on the program involved the sandbagging of somebody down a dark alley, then you would beckon to Joe with an immediate "Eureka!" In build, he was a solid man of medium height, with thick and stooping shoulders. His feet were large and flat.

"Concentratin', eh?" he observed bitterly. "Dat's about the best thing you do, ain't it? See here, kid, I've made a long trip out to this joint to get next to youse, and what I want to know is, how about it? The boss is gettin' worried."

"Yeah?" said Horace.

"We're all gettin' worried. You've got it soft, ain't you, sittin' pretty in this swell home, livin' off the fat of the land?"

"I don't eat fat."

"It's about all you don't eat. I know youse. Lazy, dat's what you are. If I'd been here instead of you I'd have got action long ago."

"You would, eh?"

"Yes, I would. What's keepin' youse? What's de snag?"

Horace settled down more deeply into his deck chair and eyed his interrogator calmly.

"I been thinkin'," he said.

"You got no time for that sort of thing," said Joe the Dip reprovingly. "We got to get a move on."

"Thinkin'," proceeded Horace, "whether we really want to rob Mr. Paradene."

"Wot?" gasped Joe. "Thinkin' wot?"

"I've been going to the movie house down in the village, and it seems to me it don't pay to be a crook. No, sir! Every crook that reforms always turns up in a dress suit in the last reel."

Joe licked his lips feverishly. He seemed to be feeling that a stricter censorship was needed for the motion-picture industry.

"There was one I saw last night," continued Horace dreamily, "where an ugly bad-tempered crook puts a kid up to stealing from an old gentleman. Kind of a coincidence, wasn't it?"

"Here ——"

"Well, the fellow he's robbin' catches him an' says that he's a big crook himself an' he wants the kid to go to some town an' get the reputation of being the honestest young man in the place and then he'll come and spring somethin' really big. An' the kid goes an' he does, an' the big crook comes and says, 'Now's the time!' An' the kid says, 'No! I'm honest an' I like it, because I'm president of the bank an' everythin'.' An' the big crook says, 'Thank God, I only did the whole thing to try and make you an honest man!' What do you think of that?"

"I think it's terrible," said Joe with emotion.

He stared at his young friend, breathing heavily.

"Well, if you really want to know," said Horace, chuckling unfeelingly, "I was only kidding when I said that was why I didn't want to rob old Paradene."

Joe heaved a sigh of relief.

"Oh, if you was only kiddin' ——"

"The real reason why I'm not going to ——"

"Eh?" cried Joe, starting violently.

"I say the real reason why I'm not going to is what you said yourself just now. You said I was sittin' pretty, and so I am. Gee! I should be a fine chump, I should, doin' anything that 'ud make me have to duck out of a swell joint like this. This is my dish! You've got me adopted by this rich millionaire, and I'm goin' to stay adopted. Why, you poor simp, you've got about as much chance of havin' me sneak those books for you as —well, I don't know what. I'm here and I'm going to stay here. And if you want those books you come and break in and pinch them for yourself. As far as I'm concerned, the thing's cold."

Joe the Dip, as has been pointed out, was not a man of swift intelligence. The problems created by this appalling treachery on the part of his young ally were altogether too much for him. The situation made him dizzy. He was still wondering how this news was to be broken to the boss and what the boss, a man who disliked having his schemes go wrong, would say about it, when the sight of a figure coming out of the house drove him quickly back into the shelter of the rhododendrons. He crouched there, an unhappy man.

III

THE figure that had interrupted Joe the Dip's train of thought was that of Mr. Paradene, with cane complete. The walk down the stairs and out into the garden had served only to intensify the wrath of that injured man. His eyes as he stalked across the lawn were gleaming fiercely and his mouth was tightly clamped. Mr. Paradene was on the warpath.

Horace, snuggling contentedly in his deck chair, watched his approach without qualms. No sense of coming peril disturbed his peace. The conscience of youth is not tender, and Horace's spoke no word of warning now.

"Hello, pop," he said amiably.

Mr. Paradene was a man of action.

"I'll teach you to feed my butler soap and put glue in your tutor's hat!" he said, and with this brief preamble embarked forthwith on the lesson.

It was not a simple task to try to inject sweetness and light into a boy of Horace's hard-boiled temperament, but what one man armed with a springy whangee could do Mr. Paradene did. A stranger, passing Cooley Paradene with a casual glance in the street, might have thought his physique too slight for any violent muscular effort. Horace, after the first few moments, could have corrected this impression. But then he was getting first-hand information.

"There!" said Mr. Paradene, at length desisting.

It shows how diametrically opposed two persons' views can be on any given point that Horace's new father was dissatisfied with his work. He chafed at the inroads made by advancing years on a once wiry frame, and considered that heaviness of arm and scantness of breath had caused him to stop much too soon. Horace was not seeing eye to eye with him in this matter. Whatever his views on Mr. Paradene's lesson in deportment—and he had many—he certainly did not think that there had not been enough of it.

"There!" said Mr. Paradene again, breathing heavily; and turning on his heel, he stalked back to the house.

Not until he was out of sight did Joe the Dip venture to leave the shelter of the rhododendrons. But when it was plain that the intruder had definitely withdrawn he came out of his retirement, his face wreathed in unwonted smiles. His young friend's yelps of anguish had been music to the ears of Joe the Dip. He had only regretted that the social *convenances* should have rendered it inadvisable for him to emerge and lend a hand in the good work. He surveyed Horace contentedly.

"Laugh that off!" observed Joe with quiet relish. "Serves you right for bein' a little double-crosser."

Horace gritted his teeth. He was still somewhat stunned by the dreadful unexpectedness of the recent massacre. Deceived by the benevolent exterior of Mr. Paradene, he had not suspected the existence of these hidden fires beneath the surface.

"Who's a double-crosser?" he demanded warmly.

"You are," said Joe the Dip. "And say, listen, if it had of been me behind that stick you wouldn't have got off with a few taps like that. If there's one bozo in this world I got no use for it's a little squirt that double-crosses his pals."

Horace glared. This censure stung him, for now he felt that it was unjust. In the last few minutes his views on existence in the Paradene home had undergone a striking alteration. He had mistaken it after a too superficial inspection for an earthly paradise; he now realized that there were attached to it drawbacks of the most pronounced kind.

TANGLEFOOT FLY SPRAY

Swift as Fate - Sure as Death

There is no halfway measure about Tanglefoot. It is swift as fate . . . sure as death. For quickly killing flies, mosquitoes, moths, bedbugs and fleas nothing is more effective.

Don't waste your time and energy "swatting" flies only to soil the walls and give up in despair. Just close the windows and doors, pump Tanglefoot Spray into the air, and kill them wholesale in a few minutes.

Tanglefoot Fly Spray is non-poisonous and non-irritating to human beings and animals, but quick death to insects.

Take Tanglefoot Spray with you on your fishing and camping trips. Be free from flies, mosquitoes and gnats. Before retiring, use the spray in your tent. No mosquito will live to sing in your ears.

Don't make the mistake of thinking all fly sprays come out of the same can. It costs no more to demand Tanglefoot quality . . . the standard of the world. Every dealer has Tanglefoot or can get it quickly . . . there is no trouble finding it.

FAMOUS TANGLEFOOT FLY PAPER

For quick extermination of swarms of flies, use Tanglefoot Spray. To catch the stragglers that later find a way in and collect one by one in kitchen and dining room of home and restaurant, depend upon the world-famous Tanglefoot Fly Paper, safe, sanitary and inexpensive.

It is wise to get Tanglefoot Spray and Fly Paper now, instead of waiting until the first flies of spring produce swarms. Every dealer has Tanglefoot. It costs no more to demand the best.

THE O. & W. THUM COMPANY, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

TANGLEFOOT
HOUSEHOLD INSECTICIDES
FLY PAPER - FLY SPRAY - FLY RIBBON - ROACH & ANT POWDER - TREE TANGLEFOOT

The Belt Chain reaches gracefully from belt to watch pocket.
In the panel above the links are twice enlarged to show soundness of making

The handiest chain that ever met a watch pocket

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS

DURING the vestless days of summer there is no neater, handier way to wear a watch than with the Simmons Belt Chain. It is just the right length to reach from belt to watch pocket. Its patented clasp locks securely around the belt. Yet, at your desire, the pressure of a finger releases its stout little spring. The Belt Chain is made by the Simmons special process in gold, green gold and Platinumgold. It adheres to Simmons standards of durability and beauty. At your jeweler's—$2.50 to $5.00. There is a variety of narrow, wide and fancy shapes in clasps.

R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY
Attleboro Massachusetts
Canada—95 King Street East, Toronto

This substantial shell of gold

is drawn over a core of alloy in the making of every Simmons Chain. From the original forgot—illustrated natural size until the smallest link has been wrought out the ratio of gold to base metal is constant. With this special Simmons process durability and clean-cut design follow naturally

"Double-cross nothin'!" he exclaimed heatedly. "You can go back and tell the boss that I'll have those books he's so crazy about if I have to dig 'em out with a chisel. Leave it to me! I'm in this game now to get action!"

"At-a-boy!" cried Joe the Dip enthusiastically. "'At's the way I like to hear youse talk!"

CHAPTER IX

IT IS one of the delightful features of the English spring that days occur in it—in fact it is almost entirely composed of days on which, as evening draws in, the temperture is such as to render an open fire agreeable, even necessary. The one that blazed in the grate of the sitting room of Bill's flat in Marmont Mansions, Battersea, some ten days after Flick's impulsive departure from Holly House, was large and cheerful. It threw warm beams of golden light on the Sealyham, sleeping on the rug; on Bill, smoking in an armchair; on Flick, snug on the settee, her fair head bent over a pair of Bill's socks, which she was darning. Bill, his pipe drawing nicely, had fallen into a pleasant train of thought.

After that hectic night in the gardens of Holly House life had settled down to a smooth placidity. Flick was comfortably established now in a bed-sitting room round the corner, having stumbled by good fortune on a house whose landlady, so far from objecting to dogs, had welcomed Bob with a motherly warmth and was now conducting a campaign of systematic overfeeding which had already begun to have grave effects on his figure. This admirable woman could also cook in a manner rare among her kind. So that Flick, though after the magnificence of Holly House she could hardly hope to find a bed-sitting room luxurious, had no complaints to make. Except for an occasional spasm of remorse brought on by remembrance of her Uncle Sinclair, she was enjoying life hugely. She liked the novel feeling of freedom. She liked the sense of adventure, and she particularly liked these daily visits to the home of Bill and Judson. The only phenomena in her new world which she did not like were those twelve photographs of Alice Coker, which seemed to stare at her with a hostile disdain every time she entered this room. She had now come definitely to the conclusion that she detested Alice Coker.

To Bill, also, the present trend of life seemed wholly excellent. In a vague way he realized that things could not go on like this forever, but he did not allow the thought to diminish his happiness. Being at an age when one does not look very piercingly into the future, he was satisfied to enjoy the moment, soothed by this atmosphere of quiet and sputtering fires and sock mending. He could not remember a time when anyone had ever darned socks for him. In the days of his careless prosperity he had simply worn the things until the holes became too vast even for his uncritical tolerance, and then had thrown them away. He lay back in his armchair, watching Flick's busy fingers, and told himself that this was life as it should be lived.

Flick's fingers stopped their rhythmic movement. She looked up.

"What has become of Mr. Coker?" she asked.

She was fond of Judson. He had at last got over his embarrassing habit of gaping at her like a fish, as if the sight of her in his sitting room made his senses reel, and there existed between them a firm and growing friendship. Their relations were those of a modified Desdemona and Othello. She liked him for the hardships he was undergoing, and he liked her that she did pity them. Judson had never met a girl more sweetly disposed to listen to his troubles. In a black world Flick restored his faith in human nature.

"He told me he was going to look up Slingsby," said Bill, and felt the faint pricking of conscience which always came to him when the name of the London manager of the Paradene Pulp and Paper Company was mentioned. Recently he had rather permitted the dynamic Mr. Slingsby to pass out of his life, and the thought sometimes made him uncomfortable. He had achieved, he realized, absolutely nothing in the direction of furthering the mission which his Uncle Cooley had intrusted to him; and more and more this visit of his to London was beginning to take on the aspect of a pleasant vacation. This was all wrong, of course; but on the other hand, what could he do? As his uncle had justly remarked, if Wilfrid Slingsby was baffled by the problem of why the profits had fallen off, what chance had a novice like himself to solve it?

"I didn't know he knew Mr. Slingsby," said Flick.

"Oh, yes; I took him round to the office the other day and introduced him."

Flick resumed work on the sock.

"I've been thinking," she said. "I don't like what you told me about Mr. Slingsby."

"Oh, he's all right," said Bill with the tolerance bred of physical well-being.

"I can't help feeling he may be crooked."

Bill smiled indulgently. This, he supposed, was what they called feminine intuition. The only trouble with it was that it didn't work. Common sense had long since caused him to abandon the doubts he had once entertained of Mr. Slingsby's honesty.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "I wouldn't say I liked the man, but I don't suspect him of anything like that. It's true he has let the profits fall off ——"

"And yet you said he was such a capable man."

"Yes; but he explained the whole thing to me the day I lunched with him. I couldn't quite follow all of it, but it seemed straight enough. Business conditions and all that sort of thing, you know."

"I see," said Flick, and there was a brief silence. Bill changed the subject.

"I've been thinking too."

"Yes?"

"Wondering," said Bill, "what your people are saying about your running away. It seems odd there hasn't been anything in the papers."

"Uncle George would never allow anything to get into the papers. He would be much too afraid of the scandal."

"They never put any reply to your letter in the personal column of the Mail. It begins to look as if they intended to stick it out."

"Yes."

"What will you do if they don't climb down?"

Flick looked up with a quick flash of her cornflower eyes. That sudden, impish way she had of jerking up her head always fascinated Bill. It reminded him of a startled kitten.

"I shall get a job somewhere. I'm pretty good at typing and I can do a sort of shorthand. I used to work with Uncle Sinclair a lot at one time. At any rate, I'm not going back to marry Roderick."

"I should say not! Anything," said Bill sententiously, "is better than marrying someone you don't love. Love is worth waiting for. One of these days you're bound to find a man you'll fall in love with."

"Am I?"

"Absolutely bound to. It comes over you like a flash, you know—quite suddenly."

"Does it?"

"I remember when I first met Alice——"

"What sort of a girl is Miss Coker?" Flick interrupted.

"What sort of a ——" Bill found himself at something of a loss for words. It is a tough job describing goddesses. "Why, she's —— But I've told you all about her a lot of times."

"So you have," said Flick demurely, returning to the sock.

"It's been wonderful having somebody like you to talk to about Alice," said Bill. "Judson isn't much use in that way. But you're different. You're a real pal. I can ——"

"Would she mend your socks?" asked Flick.

The question seemed to disconcert Bill. He had recently come to regard sock mending as one of the noblest pursuits of woman, and it pained him to discover anything even remotely resembling a flaw in Miss Coker's perfection. But the fact had to be faced. Try as he might to envisage Alice mending socks, he could not do it.

"She's rather the dashing sort of society type of girl, you know," he said, and was aghast to find himself speaking quite apologetically.

"I see."

There was a silence. From the fire a few glowing fragments of coal dribbled into the grate. The Sealyham on the rug gave a little whine as he chased rats through dreamland.

"Don't you usually write to her on Tuesdays?" said Flick carelessly.

"Good Lord!" Bill dropped his pipe and stared at her with fallen jaw. "I'd clean forgotten."

"You'd better go and do it now or you'll miss the mail."

Bill was conscious of a peculiar sensation. Analyzing this, he was horrified to realize that for an instant what he had been feeling was a reluctance to get out of his chair; a strange, evil shrinking from the delightful task of writing a long letter to the girl he loved. For one ghastly moment the thing had seemed a bore. Letters at Number 9, Marmont Mansions, Battersea, had to be written in the dining room, it happening to contain the only table in the flat that did not sway like a lily if leaned upon. And somehow the thought of leaving this cozy fireside and going into the dining room depressed Bill.

His better nature asserted itself. He heaved himself up and left the room. Flick, laying down the half-mended sock, sat gazing into the fire. Then, with a little impatient wriggle, she started sewing again.

She had been sewing for some minutes when the door opened and Judson came in.

"Hullo!" said Flick. "We were wondering where you were. Is anything the matter?"

Judson had flung himself moodily into the chair which Bill had vacated, disillusionment and dejection written plainly on his speaking countenance. He was not proof against this womanly sympathy.

"Look here," he said. "I'll tell you all about it. You've got a kind heart. You're not the sort who would simply kid a fellow."

"I should hope not!"

"Well then, look here. You know as well as I do that there are moments, especially in this beastly country, where the wind always seems to be blowing from the east, when a fellow just has to have a nip of the right stuff to keep the cold out. It's a simple matter of health medicinal. Ask any doctor. You admit that, don't you?"

"If it makes you any happier."

"Well, with Bill West behaving like a darned policeman, I'm pretty much up against it in this direction."

"He says he's only doing it for your good."

"Oh, I've no doubt he has some story to explain his behavior," said Judson coldly.

"Besides, he promised your sister to look after you."

"There is only one word," said Judson with asperity, "to describe Bill's attitude of groveling servility to my sister Alice, and that word is 'sickening.' It isn't as if she cared a hang about him."

"Doesn't she?"

"Not a whoop."

"But I thought they were engaged."

"Perhaps they are. But be that as it may, you can take it from me that she's just using him. I'm very fond of her, as a matter of fact, and she has always been decent to me; but a girl may be all right as far as her brother's concerned and still be a rough citizen when it comes to other men. Much as I like Alice, it's no use kidding myself that she's not a flirt. Ever since I've known her she's always had a dozen fellows on a string. Mark my words, she'll let Bill down. Yes, sir! One of these days that boy is slated to get a jar that'll shake his back teeth out."

Flick, though she felt she would have liked to hear more on this theme, reluctantly decided at this point that she had no business to be encouraging these revelations. With a strong effort, therefore, she changed the subject.

"That's too bad, isn't it?" she said. "But what were you going to tell me? When you came in, you know. You said I had a kind heart and wouldn't make fun of you."

"Oh, yes." The animation with which Judson had been discussing his sister left him. His moodiness returned. He spoke in a minor key, as befitted a painful story. "I was saying that in this beastly raw, windy weather a fellow has simply got to have a drink now and then or his health gets undermined. And the trouble, as far as I'm concerned, is that it's a darned tough proposition to know which way to turn. This afternoon I thought I would try an outside chance."

"What did you do?" asked Flick, wondering. She had visions of Judson counterfeiting spectacular fainting fits in the middle of the street in the hope of getting restored with brandy.

"I went to see if I could touch that man Slingsby."

"Mr. Slingsby! Whatever made you go to him?"

"Well, he's old Paradene's London manager and Bill is old Paradene's nephew and I'm Bill's best pal. It isn't as if there

(Continued on Page 135)

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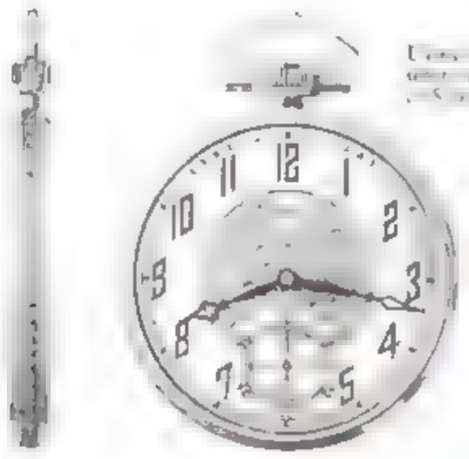

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(Continued from Page 122)

wasn't a sort of moral obligation. Anyway, I called on him at about four this afternoon. I can see now that I didn't choose a particularly good time for my visit. The man was in a thoroughly nasty temper—having, I discovered, just fired his stenographer."

"Why was that?"

"I didn't find out, though I sat there all ready to be confided in if he wanted to slip me an earful. He isn't what you would call a very cordial sort of bird, that fellow. In fact, the whole atmosphere seemed to get so strained after I'd been there about an hour and a quarter that I was in two minds about going away and leaving him flat. Only I wanted that drink, you understand. So I stuck around, and eventually he decided to close the office and put the cat out for the night and call it a day. It was then getting on for six and he said he was going home. I said I hadn't anything to do for a while, so I would come along with him."

"He must have got very fond of you by this time," said Flick.

"Well, I don't know," said Judson doubtfully. "He seemed to me a trifle grouchy."

"That's strange. How do you account for that?"

"It beat me," said Judson. "But, mind you, I wasn't worrying a whole lot about it. What I was thinking about was that drink."

"By the way," said Flick, "is this story going to end happily?"

"Eh?"

"I mean, does it end with you getting a drink?"

Judson laughed a gruesome laugh.

"Oh, I got a drink all right." He scowled darkly at the fire. "I'm coming to that. We left the office and got into the man's car ——"

"Has he a car? What sort?"

"I forget. He did tell me. Winch-something."

"Winchester-Murphy?"

"That's right. Big gray limousine."

"Expensive?"

"Looked as if it had cost the earth. And that's what makes it all so infernally despicable. Here's this man rolling in money and I gave him every opportunity to invite me to dinner, but he wouldn't bite. This was after we had got to his house."

"Oh, he has a house, has he, as well as a big car? Where does he live?"

"Burton Street? No, Bruton Street. It's off that square—what's it's name?—by Devonshire House."

"Berkeley Square?"

"That's it—Berkeley Square. You turn to the right. He lives halfway down in a biggish house on the left side. Well, we got out and he opened the door with his latchkey and stood there looking at me in a sort of expectant way, so I came in. And after a bit I came straight out with it as man to man and asked him if I could have a drink. And he said certainly."

"It's very curious," said Flick meditatively, "that he should have this expensive car and live in a place like Bruton Street."

"And when it came, what do you think it was?"

"It costs a lot living anywhere round there."

"It was cocoa," said Judson somberly; "a cup of cocoa on a tray. And when I looked at it in a sort of stupor, if you understand what I mean, he said that Bill had told him that I was a strict teetotaler. Bill, mind you, who has been my friend for more than fifteen years! I explained to this Slingsby bird that he had got the facts all wrong, and hadn't he a drop of Scotch about the place; and the man, with a beastly mocking smile, said that cocoa was much better for me than Scotch, as in addition to being warming it contained nourishing fats. And then he said would I excuse him, as he had to dress for dinner."

"I can't understand it," said Flick. "If he lives in Bruton Street and has an expensive car he must be quite rich."

"Crawling with money. And that's what makes it all the more ——"

"But he can't get such a big salary as manager for Mr. Paradene. I wonder how much the London manager of a firm like Mr. Paradene's would get a year."

Judson was impressed.

"I see what you're driving at," he said. "You mean the fellow's a crook. I can well believe it."

"Of course, he might have private means."

"That's true," said Judson, damped.

"But if he had he would hardly go on being just manager for someone else. He would be in business on his own account. A man in his position wouldn't be paid much more than a thousand pounds a year."

"If that."

"I don't see how he does it. . . . I want to think this out. You see, as far as I can make out from Bill, old Mr. Paradene has not paid very much attention to his business for the last few years. He is wrapped up in his old books and has just left things alone. It would be a splendid opportunity for a man in Mr. Slingsby's position to do something underhand."

"And he's just the man who would do it."

"He's so clever, you mean?"

"I wasn't thinking of that so much," said Judson. "What I feel is that there must be practically nothing to which a fellow who would offer another fellow cocoa on an evening like this wouldn't stoop. That's the way I look at it. And laughing nastily, mind you, while doing so!"

CHAPTER X

FLICK SHERIDAN and Judson Coker were not the only two people in London who were taking an interest in the affairs of Mr. Wilfrid Slingsby. Such are the ramifications of this complex civilization of ours that the movements of the manager of the Paradene Pulp and Paper Company had also come under the observation of no less a person than young Pilbeam, the real power behind that entertaining weekly, Society Spice, of which Roderick Pyke was the nominal and unwilling editor.

The morning after the conversation between Flick and Judson recorded in the last chapter, Roderick sat at the editorial desk of Society Spice gazing wanly at the galley proof of an article by his impetuous assistant which dealt with the nefarious activities of the race of turf commission agents—an article in the course of which, he pallidly noted, the name of Mr. Isaac Bullett was mentioned no fewer than three times, and not once in a spirit of genial praise. This series on Bookmakers' Swindling Methods, initiated by Pilbeam, discontinued by Roderick, and resumed at the express orders of Sir George, had always reached a fair level of zippiness; but never, its reluctant sponsor felt, had it so outzipped itself as in the present installment. Young Pilbeam, dealing with the swindling methods of bookmakers, and using as his leading instance the laxness of the commercial code of Ike Bullett, made Juvenal seem like a tactful pacifist.

The pallor on Roderick's brow would seem to have been caused entirely by the perusal of this inflammatory piece of prose, and not at all by anxiety as to the safety and whereabouts of his vanished bride-to-be. Flick's departure, though it had acted like an earthquake on others of the family group, had apparently left Roderick unperturbed. On his arrival at the office, ten minutes ago, he had been in a noticeably cheerful frame of mind. He had even been whistling. But at the sight of the very first paragraph of Pilbeam's philippic the whistle had died away and, like Flick, had not been heard of since.

To him, shrinking quivering in his chair, there now entered young Pilbeam in person, striding into the room with shining morning face, all pep, ginger, efficiency and alertness. This youth with a future was about twenty-three years of age, diminutive in stature and shinily black of hair. He wore a lively young check suit, and his upper lip was disfigured by a small fungoid growth of mustache.

He accosted his chief genially. A tactful man, he had never shown any disposition to rub his recent victory into Roderick. Roderick was still technically his superior officer and he always treated him as such.

"Ah," said Pilbeam, having passed the time of day, "I see you're reading that little thing."

Roderick, coming to himself with a start, dropped the little thing as if it had been an adder.

"How do you like it?" added the second in command; and without waiting for an answer proceeded, "I say, I've had a great stroke of luck. Happened by pure chance to stumble over something last night that looks pretty bubbly. We shall just be able to bung it into this week's issue."

Roderick licked his lips—not with relish, but because they felt dry and cracked. The thought of bunging into this or any other week's issue anything which a critic of Pilbeam's exacting standards considered pretty bubbly gave him a dull, aching sensation in the pit of the stomach.

"What is it?" he asked hollowly.

Young Pilbeam removed his coat, hung it on a peg, donned a faded blazer bearing the colors of the cricket club which enjoyed his support on Saturdays, and, wielding a skillful pair of scissors, shaped from the cover of an old number of Society Spice the paper cuffs which it was his prudent habit to wear when in the office.

"I happened to go and have a bit of supper last night at Mario's," said Pilbeam, "and there was a man a couple of tables off with a girl in pink. I didn't know the girl, but she looked chorus-girlish. I suppose she came from one of the theaters. The man was a chap I've seen around the place, named Slingsby. Know him?"

Roderick said he did not.

"Wilfred Slingsby. Does a good deal of putting up money for shows, and so on," explained Pilbeam. "Sort of man you're always seeing at Romano's and that sort of place. Well, that's who he is, and he was sitting there having supper with this girl. And suddenly —— Ever meet a girl named Prudence Stryker?"

Roderick said he had not had that pleasure either, and endeavored somewhat austerely to make it clear to Pilbeam that his knowledge of the more roystering strata of London society was not so extensive and peculiar as he seemed to imagine.

"American girl," said Pilbeam. "Was in the Follies in New York for a long time, but came over last January to join the chorus at the Alhambra. Big, dark, Spanish-looking girl with black hair and large flashing eyes."

Roderick shuddered. Miss Stryker appeared to be the exact type of girl he disliked most, and he hoped that the story was not leading up to the information that his young assistant proposed to bring her to the office with a view to securing her reminiscences.

"Well, Prudence Stryker suddenly came in with a chap, and no sooner did she see this fellow Slingsby having supper with this girl in pink than she gave a yell, rushed across the room, swept all the plates and glasses off the table, and then swung her right and plugged Slingsby a perfect beauty in the eye. How's that, eh?" said Pilbeam with the honest enthusiasm of a good scandal-sheet conductor. "Not so bad, what? The only trouble is that the poor girl was so instantly chucked out by the management that I didn't get a chance to have a talk with her and find out what it was all about."

Why Pilbeam should allude to the muscular Miss Stryker, who had apparently acted so dramatically in accordance with her second name and with so lamentably little consideration for her first, as the poor girl, Roderick could not understand.

"So what I thought I would do," said Pilbeam, "was to go and interview this fellow Slingsby and bring back a nice story for this week's issue. I find he's got an office in St. Mary Axe. I can pop down, get a statement from him and have the article in type by lunch time. I'll be off there as soon as I've cleaned up these proofs."

Roderick looked at the enthusiast with a growing horror. It seemed to him as if fate was going out of its way to make life difficult. An article such as that envisaged by Pilbeam must infallibly lead to his incurring in his editorial capacity the enmity of this Miss Stryker, who would naturally be sensitive about the matter and disinclined to see it exposed to the myriad eyes of London in the staring nudity of print. And last night's drama showed with a hideous clearness what happened to those whom Prudence regarded with disfavor. A vision of himself being plugged a perfect beauty in the eye came to Roderick as vividly as if he had seen it in a crystal.

"I don't think we want that story," he said tremulously. "I can't use it."

Pilbeam stared at him, aghast.

"But it's a corker," he urged. "Everybody who reads Spice knows Slingsby."

Roderick in his desperation snatched at the suggestion offered by this statement.

"If he's as well known as that," he said, "he may be a friend of my father's."

"No, no; not a chance of the boss knowing him."

"There is," persisted Roderick. "Why shouldn't there be? The man may be his closest friend for all you know. And you remember how furious he was the time you put in that story about Sir Claude Molesey and the Brighton bungalow. I shouldn't run the risk of having that sort of thing happen again if I were you."

Pilbeam looked thoughtful. Roderick's words had given him pause. The incident to which he had alluded was the only existing blot on the Pilbeam escutcheon. As

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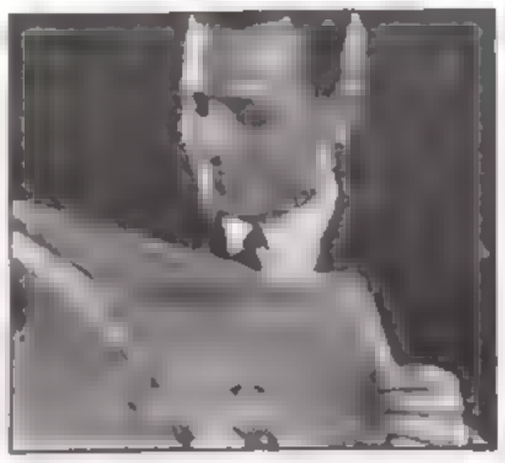

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nice a little Things We Want to Know, Don't You Know paragraph as he had ever written, and then it had turned out that the victim at whom it was directed was one of Sir George's most intimate cronies. Most certainly he did not want that sort of thing to happen again. A way out of the difficulty came to him.

"I'll go up and see the boss," he said, "and ask him."

He removed the paper cuffs, changed the blazer for his check coat, and thus suitably attired left the room.

Up in his office on the fourth floor meanwhile Sir George Pyke was in conference with his sister Frances, and had been for the last half hour. The subject before the meeting was, as usual, the total disappearance of Flick.

"Just think how long it has been since she ran away," Mrs. Hammond was saying, "and how little we've done. Why, we're no nearer finding her than we were two weeks ago."

"I know," sighed Sir George, "I know."

The proprietor of the Mammoth Publishing Company was looking more like a stuffed frog than ever. This matter of Flick's mutiny was weighing hardly upon him.

"You surely do not suggest, I hope," he said, having taken a couple of Napoleonic turns up and down the room, "that we should give in to her and insert that advertisement in the Daily Mail?"

The last two words escaped him in a sort of miniature explosion of pent-up disgust. If Flick had only known, the one thing in the whole unfortunate business that had smitten her uncle most sorely was her tactless request that the family capitulation should be announced in the alien Mail and not in the home-grown Daily Record.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Hammond decidedly. "Of course not. Nothing could be farther from my thoughts. I am only saying that we ought to take some definite step of some kind, and you, George, are our only hope. Sinclair is perfectly useless. Sometimes I am not sure that he does not in his heart of hearts secretly sympathize with the girl. You must do something, George, and at once."

Sir George frowned thoughtfully.

"I did put the matter into the hands of a private detective, you know."

"A private detective!"

"Using the utmost discretion, of course," Sir George assured her. "I told him that Felicia was the daughter of an old friend of mine. Suggested that she must have been stricken with amnesia, which I thought rather a happy idea. But there have been no results. The fact is, these private detectives are no good—no good whatever. They exist only to take fees in advance and do no work to earn them."

The telephone buzzed discreetly.

"Mr. Pilbeam would be glad if you could see him for a moment, Sir George."

Sir George turned from the instrument with the air of one whose troubles have been divinely solved.

"Good gracious!"

"What is it?"

"I never thought of him! What an amazing thing! The one man ideally fitted for —— Young Pilbeam wants to see me," he explained. "You remember him? Does all the work on Spice. One of the brightest, keenest fellows in the place. A man in a million. The finest young chap for this sort of business in London."

"Have him in at once!" cried Mrs. Hammond excitedly.

"I will."

To Frances Hammond's keen vision one glance at the assistant editor of Society Spice was enough to justify her brother's eulogy. Percy Pilbeam was not an ornamental young man; æsthetic critics would have found much to cavil at in his check suit, and physiognomists might have clicked their tongues disapprovingly at the sight of his mean little eyes and the unpleasant smile on his badly shaped mouth; but for the task in hand his qualifications stuck out all over him. He looked what he was—a born noser-out of other people's coyly hidden secrets. She bowed amiably as Sir George, with a brief word, made them officially known to each other.

"You wished to see me, Pilbeam?"

"Just a trifling matter, Sir George. I am on the track of rather a good story about a fellow named Slingsby—Wilfrid Slingsby. I just thought, before going any farther, that I would make certain that he did not happen to be a personal friend of yours."

"Slingsby? Slingsby? Never heard of him. Who is he?"

"He has some sort of business in the city, and he is rather well known in theatrical and sporting circles about town. He has had a finger in backing one or two musical comedies."

"Just the sort of man the readers of Spice are interested in."

"Exactly what I thought, Sir George."

"What has he been doing?"

"He was mixed up in a rather spectacular affair at one of the night clubs last night. I thought it might be worth following up."

"Undoubtedly. Most decidedly. By all means follow it up."

"Thank you, Sir George."

"Oh, Pilbeam," said the big chief as that promising young man turned to go, "one moment." He went to his desk and took out the photograph of Flick which he had recovered from the Whitehall Detective Agency after dispensing with that organization's disappointing services. "I want you just to glance at this."

Pilbeam took the photograph and studied it deferentially.

"That," said Sir George, thrusting his fingers into the armholes of the Pyke waistcoat and speaking in the loud, bluff, honest voice of the man who is about to do some hard lying, "is a photograph of a Miss - Miss ——"

As is always the way on these occasions, he found himself utterly unable to think of a single name that sounded even remotely like the sort of name a girl would have. Mrs. Hammond stepped adroitly into the uncomfortable pause.

"Miss Faraday," she said brightly.

"Exactly," said Sir George, relieved. "Miss Angela Faraday." The name pleased him and he repeated it. "I want you, Pilbeam, to find that girl for me. She is the only daughter of a very old friend of mine."

"She left home recently," said Mrs. Hammond.

"Just so," said Sir George. "Disappeared."

"In fact," said Mrs. Hammond frankly, "ran away. You see, Mr. Pilbeam, the poor child had only just recovered from a severe attack of influenza. You know how it is when you are recovering from influenza."

"Quite," murmured Pilbeam; "quite."

"One is not responsible for one's actions."

"We think," said Sir George, feeling on solid ground once more, "that she must have got amnesia."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hammond, "there must be some reason like that to account for her staying away. There was no ——"

"—— trouble at home," said Sir George. "None whatever. Don't imagine that for an instant. The girl was quite happy; perfectly happy and contented."

"Quite," said Pilbeam.

He spoke with unruffled calm, but inwardly he was a tortured man. His memory for faces being excellent, he had recognized the photograph the moment it was handed to him as a very good likeness of Roderick's fiancée, that pretty girl, the boss' niece, who had called for Roderick at the Spice office a week or so ago. And the realization that he had stumbled upon the most gorgeous scandal of his whole career and that there was no hope of being allowed to use it in the paper was the bitterest thing that had ever happened to him. Not even on the occasion when, piqued by his persistent questioning as to the motives of his wife in suddenly removing herself to East Uganda, a large husband had kicked him down a full flight of stairs, had Percy Pilbeam felt sadder.

"You are a fellow who goes about a good deal," said Sir George. "I know that you have a sharp pair of eyes. Take that photograph, Pilbeam, and see if you can't find that girl. She must be somewhere. I must ask you, of course, to treat the matter as entirely confidential."

"Quite, quite."

"That is all then."

"Very good, Sir George. I will do my best. And in regard to the other matter of which I spoke, I will call on this man Slingsby directly after lunch and see what I can find out."

"Just so. And touching this business of Miss—er—Faraday, you will of course charge to the office any expense in which you may be involved."

"Oh, quite," said Pilbeam; "quite."

There was a ring in his voice which told his employer that in that side of the affair at any rate he might rely on him implicitly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Maine Coast, painted by M. H. Pancoast

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IN the several months that USCO Cord has been under national scrutiny the car owner has seen the upsetting of every former meaning of tire value in the low-priced cord field.

Month by month—from the day his first USCO Cord went into service—his ideas of how much money's worth can be laid down by a tire in actual road miles have been readjusted to new figures.

The inauguration of the USCO Cord standard of economy has come as the most dramatic episode of tire progress that the experienced car owner is able to recall.

USCO Cord is being made today in clincher—30 x 3 and 30 x 3½—and straight-side—all sizes.

For light fours and sixes—*especially*.

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SOCKS
Wear as well as they Look
Good looks make the first impression, and with Monito it's a permanent impression. Because Monito Socks wear as well as they look.
Perfect fit, 100% comfort, fast colors, long wear, authoritative style—you will find them in every pair.
Monito style number 565 is tremendously popular right now. Ask at the men's wear counter.
Look for the Golden Moor's Head on each pair
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MOORHEAD KNITTING CO., Inc.
HARRISBURG PA.
Makers of Men's Socks Exclusively

THE TWENTY-HOUR DAY

(Continued from Page 8)

food is sure to be bad. We might try Aiken or Santa Barbara, or perhaps we could do Egypt again, now that King Tut has arrived; or how about India? I have always meant to see India, and we could be back in time for the closing of the children's school."

This is in the spring, and then comes a short season in Newport; a sort of outdoor edition of the same thing which goes on in New York—same people, same dinners, same conversation, except that tennis and golf take the place of the theater and opera, and the whole is leavened by a sprinkling of people from Boston and Philadelphia.

"No use going to Europe any more," as one fashionable New Yorker lately observed to me. "Since the war everything is so crowded; all the railways, steamships, all the hotels, and with just the objectionable people one never sees at home. Much better to stay here, where at least one has the privilege of closing one's own front door."

Autumn comes, and from Newport to Bar Harbor many people are turning their faces toward the Carolinas and Virginia, where golf and riding await them. It would be interesting to figure out just how many weeks of the life of women in New York society are actually spent in what they still call home. The great houses open and close with so little effort that it appears almost automatic.

"Yes, we've moved in and are quite settled," a debutante lately said in a tone that was only half joking. "I'm so glad. Now we've done New York for this year and can move on."

She was speaking of one of the great houses on upper Fifth Avenue, sumptuous as a royal palace.

One sits beside a friend at lunch or dinner and six months later it happens again, or perhaps it is a year, or even two.

"You were saying the other day ——" one begins, referring to an interrupted conversation; and then learns that in the meantime the friend has encircled the globe. Literally such things happen between people who are, or should be, close friends. To return after a great experience to find that even one's nearly intimates do not know one has been away is a disappointment, but only a minor one. Parents die and children are born, but in the vast maelstrom of what New York still calls society the fact makes the faintest of ripples.

My children are no sooner off to school than that terrible machine gun, the telephone, begins its clatter. It goes on with brief intermissions until after eleven—until Josephine, my secretary, and I are exhausted.

The Problem of the Divorcés

I am not one of those who resent Central's prevaricating "busy" or "wire out of order"—at least when it is said of my end of the line. During a breathing spell I consult my calendar and lay out the business of the day. I interview my housekeeper and look over her schedule. Often I have to straighten out some difficulty between her and my butler. They are equally perfect, invaluable; but the righteous appreciation of their own perfection does not always make for peace. The child of one of the footmen is dangerously, critically ill. I do not think that I lack a normal woman's sympathy; but I give instructions that my own physician shall attend the little sufferer, and turn to something else. Hours afterward, perhaps, I realize that under the manner of Lady Bountiful I have denied the human impulse that should be deepest and strongest.

The secretary lays before me a list of thirty guests whom I have invited to dinner that evening to meet a visiting nobleman.

As I run through it my gaze turns to frozen horror, for the list includes a *divorcé*, and his former wife lately remarried.

Probably I should not have noticed it except for a story I had lately heard. So mechanical has social intercourse become that at large dinners all the guests at a certain moment cease talking to the neighbor on one hand and turn to the neighbor on the other. The signal is generally given by the arrival of the roast, the effect of which is almost as dramatic as a new figure in an old-fashioned quadrille. At a recent dinner a couple in the center remained with their backs to each other, with the result that the table was completely out of balance for the rest of the meal and the hostess sadly disturbed.

As the ladies were sipping their coffee in the drawing-room she approached one of the guests and said, "I was so sorry to see that you did not get on with Mr. Talbot. He is really delightful and I am sure if you could know him better you would like him very much."

"That was not my experience," the guest replied, smiling. "When we were married I was very much in love, but long before I divorced him I disliked him intensely."

In my own case, what is to be done? The morning has slipped by, jangled by, and I have to decide on the instant. Ordinarily I could ring up my *divorcée* and make a clean breast of my blunder, assured that she would understand and at least pretend to laugh it off. But she is a new acquaintance, and, moreover, newly married. Furthermore, she is a brilliant talker, intimate in half the remaining courts of Europe—familiar with the woes of the others, too, of one of which the guest of honor was a member. I had planned to seat her beside him. Such details are important. The success of the entire evening often depends on them. Come she must—and shall! But to ask her former husband to stay away is equally impossible.

A Social Calamity Averted

Not on his account, poor dear! I could even tell him why, and he would only laugh and thank me. Unfortunately, as it happens, unattached men are socially invaluable—quite as important as a *cordon bleu* or a bootlegger who has access to the stewards of incoming French steamers. Champagne can still be had in quantity by those who know, for five or six dollars a bottle. But conversable bachelors! In New York they are all snapped up a week, two weeks, in advance. Time and again I have desperately tried to get one, only one, at the last moment—and failed. If two women sit together it is a social calamity; but pairs of men may be sprinkled round the table, and the more there are the greater the appearance of social success. In politics I believe in the equality of the sexes—worked for the vote as others did; but to put two women together at a formal dinner —— Well, at least I know my own base weakness, my illogic. So I seat my two guests as far apart as possible and tell my secretary to see to it personally that the central mass of flowers is high enough to screen them completely from each other.

Somehow I have managed to glance through the morning mail, circulars, advertisements mountain high, invitations and a few personal letters. One of these is from Italy, where my brother and his family are spending the winter. I put it on my right table for another reading. For the present, I rapidly dictate numerous notes to my secretary—business letters, acceptances to some of the invitations, regrets to others. It is not until I am tucked away in the corner of my limousine that I have time to catch my breath. Then, as I look back upon my correspondence, I realize another aspect of my deafness. I am now actually hearing more of my brother, of his children, our godson and goddaughter, than when they are living in New York; more of what they are thinking and doing, of the little intimate things that nourish character and sympathy and affection.

It is cozy beneath my warm fur rug and for a few moments I give myself up to the relaxation and enjoyment of the clear and bracing air; but a vision of the face of the presiding chairman of our board rises before me. She is never late herself and she hates all who are—at least at the moment of their arrival. I am always late. That is not the worst of it. Deep in my heart I don't approve of our "good work," or at least of the way we do it.

In itself it is admirable—an attempt to organize the amusements of the poor children of the city so as to give their impulse toward self-expression a normal and vigorous exercise; the play instinct turned to the field of art. That, we are all coming to recognize, is quite as necessary—if we are to make them contented citizens, law-abiding citizens, intelligent citizens, patriotic citizens—as a grammar-school education. But our chairman makes it a point of honor that the organization shall be self-supporting. "Mere charity pauperizes!" It does. "The pleasure we earn is twice enjoyed, twice profitable!" It is. So, to make our organization self-supporting, she gives hours and days of her time, and she very charmingly expects her board to do the same. We give exhibitions, selling tickets and teaching the children to sell them.

In a sardonic mood my husband once figured the time voluntarily spent in that organization in terms of the incomes of the volunteers. It was a matter of millions. Then he figured it in terms of the time of a plumber, a tinsmith. It was quite enough to finance the entire organization. Yet we continue to give our time; time wrung from our own self-expression, from the things which for rich as for poor make life worth living. And at the end of the fiscal year there is always a deficit. The situation is typical of half our modern welfare work. Why do we do it? For one reason, because if we don't no one will, and there is a very real need. For another reason, the chairman is a most intelligent and delightful person—except when members are late—and her board is made up of the socially elect of the city. What more is needed to subdue the hardiest doubt?

Suddenly I am conscious of the traffic, and the last vestige of my repose has vanished—that terrible midtown jam that holds one as if in a vise. There is no use fretting—pressing, as the golfers say. The only recourse is self-discipline—a self-discipline so severe that it is probably responsible for the daily living of score upon score of nerve specialists.

The present obstacle is a street excavation about which the checked torrent of traffic trickles in a tiny stream. As we edge forward by inches I see one group of the blest—those fortunate souls who are paid to work by the day. For eight hours they more or less labor—and laugh rather more than less. I am at it, frantically, for twenty.

The most that can be said for transit by limousine is that it is more comfortable than the Subway, and probably as fast as walking. Not always though. Our committee meets in the Broadway district and I gain time by doing the last two blocks on foot. The meeting is half over, but I am still in time to hear that some way must be found to raise the customary deficit.

Brutal Bridge

"The logical and the dignified way, of course, is to give another benefit. But if the members prefer ——"

The members prefer.

As the motion to adjourn is put I hurry away, and arrive only ten minutes late for an hour of bridge with three others under a well-known teacher. He could not treat us with greater candor if we were members of the infant class; but he has been an undisputed despot for so many years that he has lost interest in the language of diplomacy.

"Hurry up, Mrs. Van Smith. You are very slow today. Your table is holding back the entire room and I think it is entirely your fault.

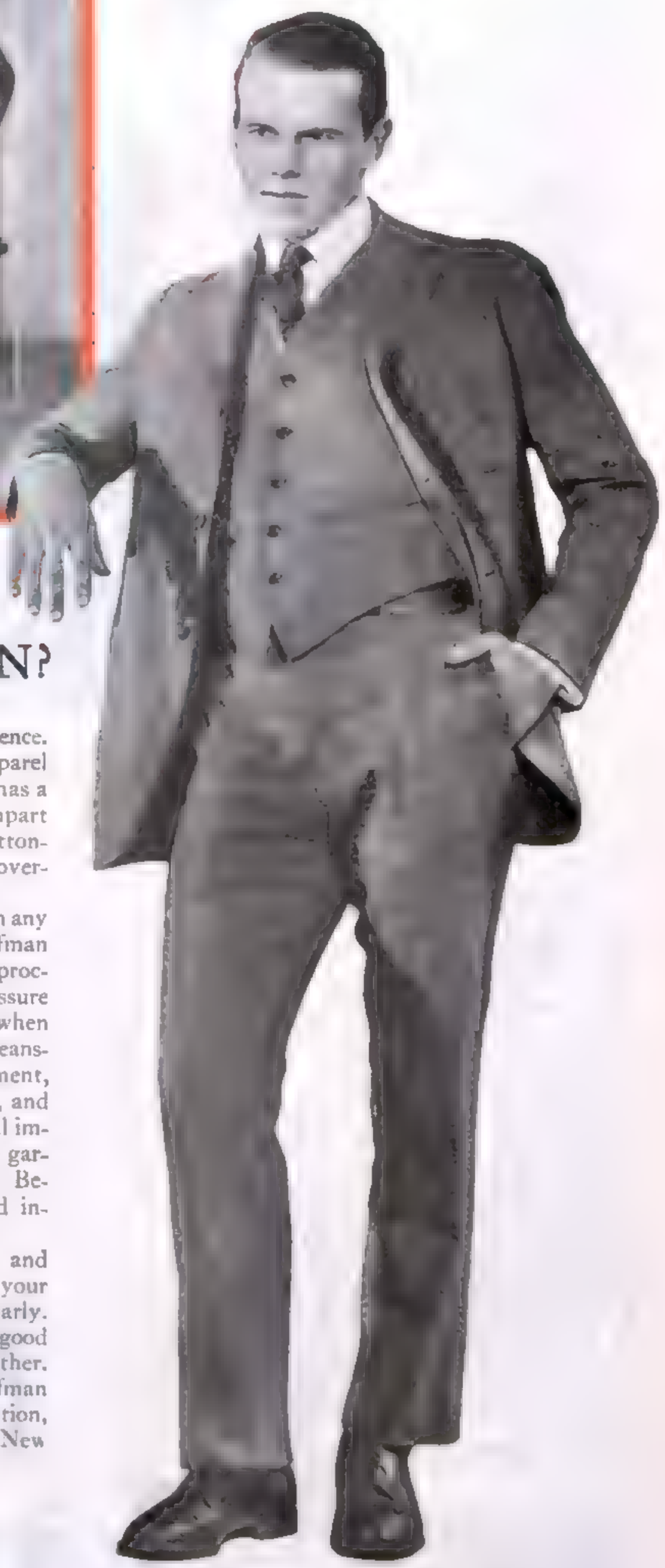
"How stupid of you, Miss Jones! You know better than to lead your ace. Now you have ruined the hand. You must remember that in this game you have a partner!"

The remark was probably not intended to be personal; but that is the way what he says always sounds to us. I have seen dignified grandmothers on the verge of tears. Often I have wondered why we, who are perhaps four of the most spoiled women in New York, accept such rudeness so meekly. But if I could answer that I could answer many things; for example, why, with battered brain and jangled nerves, I have undertaken to write this article. Perhaps only because both are new sensations.

Promptly at one the great man rises and hurries away to his next appointment, and once more I am in my car, struggling against the dead weight of crowded streets.

For luncheon I have to change my gown. Do you remember the old days of the picturesque fire engine before those splendid horses had given way to the soulless machine—the harness always ready to fall into place on the horses' backs at the instant of alarm? It is something like this in my room. My maid has everything ready and stands waiting. In an incredibly short time I am dressed and off again, arriving at the

(Continued on Page 131)



WHY IS IT THAT PEOPLE PREFER THE WELL PRESSED MAN?

You've noticed it often—

The business man employing an executive—or an office boy—insists upon neatness and good appearance.

The girl of good breeding is anxious that her masculine acquaintances shall be looked upon favorably by her friends and family.

You yourself, every day, show a preference for men and women whose appearance suggests prosperity, success and self-respect. Appearance *is* important. But remember—

While you are forming opinions of others, others are forming opinions of you—opinions based almost always upon appearance. And these opinions—these things which are thought and said, but seldom mentioned in our presence even by our friends—why incur the risk of their being unfavorable when good appearance is so easy to procure? Such a simple thing as good pressing can often work a transformation.

But when you send your clothes to be pressed, *be sure they are pressed, not ironed.*

Between the two is a very real difference.

Hand ironing, while ideal for apparel requiring a high or glossy finish, has a tendency to scorch, harden and impart a "shine" to the woolen and cotton-woolen materials of which suits, overcoats, skirts and coats are made.

Pressing, such as can be had from any modern dry cleaner owning Hoffman Presses, is much superior. In this process steam is combined with pressure—exactly the same method used when your clothes are made. Hot, dry, cleansing steam surges through the garment, raises the nap, revives the fibres, and restores the freshness of color—all important if the appearance of the garment is actually to be renewed. Besides, this newer, better method insures longer life to your clothes.

Phone a modern dry cleaner and try *pressing*. Have your clothes *pressed* regularly. Good pressing and good appearance go together. United States Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

HOFFMAN PRESSES

Well pressed . . . is well dressed

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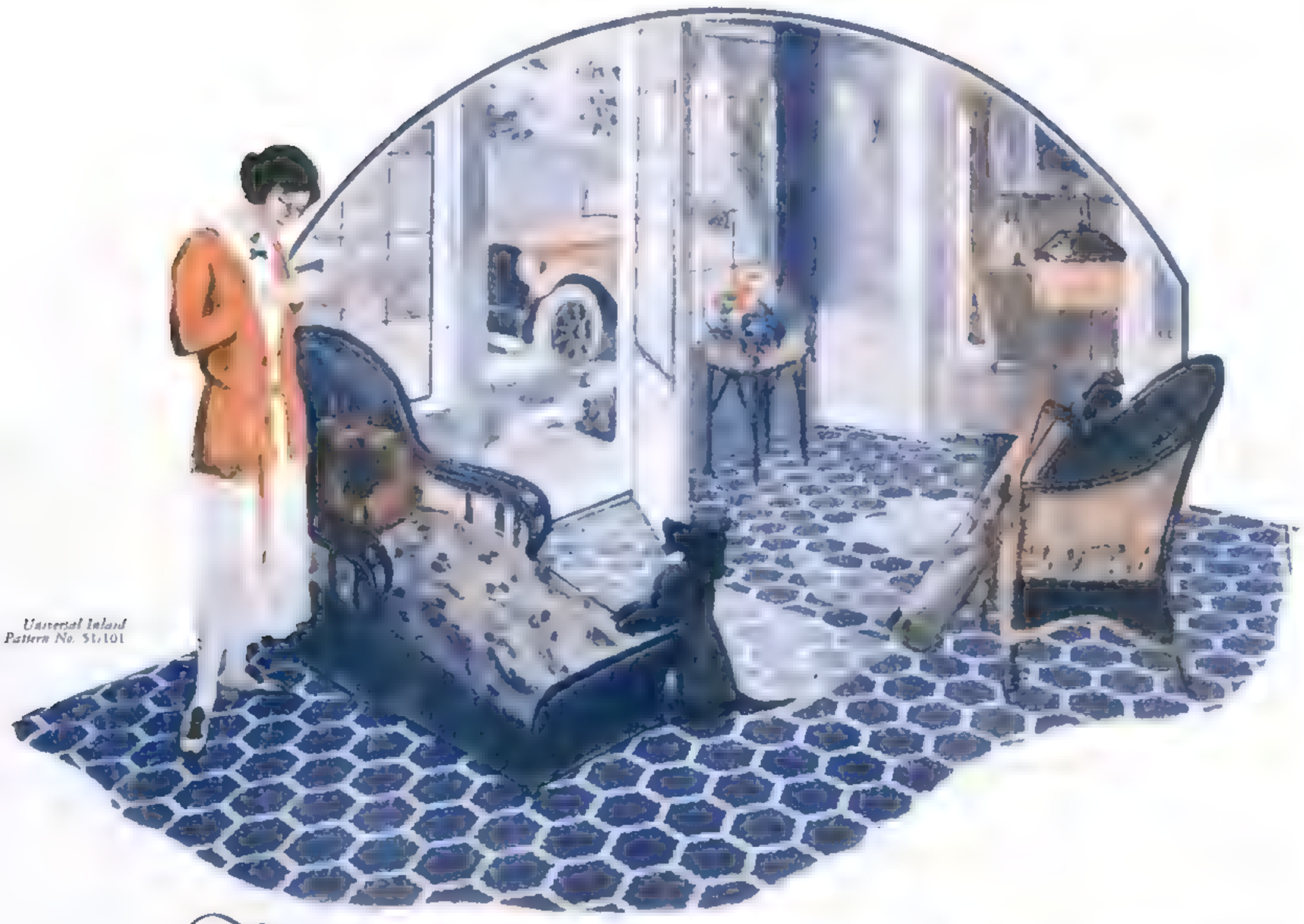

Universal Inlaid
Pattern No. 51A01

This cool floor just "makes" a sun porch!

HOW much you add to your outdoor living room when you lay a floor of Nairn Linoleum! By enlisting the aid of a Nairn dealer you can make your sun porch a true achievement in restful color harmony and good taste.

The cool, smooth surface without germ-collecting cracks, simply requires a damp mop to keep it clean. Muddy footsteps cannot hurt this floor—it is waterproof. Waxed, it becomes an ideal dance floor. It is quiet and resilient.

The tasteful patterns always look new for the colors go through to the burlap back. Hard wear merely proves Nairn durability and economy.

For the year-after-year country house or the one-season camp, Nairn offers labor-saving floor-beauty at decidedly reasonable cost.

Would you like our free booklet, "The Floor of Enduring Beaury," with patterns and interiors in full color? Write today.

THE NAIRN LINOLEUM COMPANY, 150 Belgrove Drive, Kearny, N. J.
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This Three Thistle trade mark is on the back of every yard of
NAIRN LINOLEUM

Straight Line Inlaid—clean cut inlaid tile patterns, machine inlaid.

Dutch Tiles and Marbled Inlaids—the mottled colors merge slightly to produce softened outlines.

Motif Inlaid—a rich two-tone, all-over effect

Granite and Marquet Inlaids—popular all-over mottled effects.

Battleship Linoleum—heavy weight plain linoleum—made to meet U. S. Gov't specifications. In five colors

Plain Linoleum—lighter weights of Battleship Linoleum. In six colors.

Cork Carpet—an extra resilient and quiet plain-colored flooring.

Printed Linoleum—beautiful designs printed in oil paint on genuine linoleum. Has a tough glossy surface.

Linoleum Rugs—linoleum printed in handsome rug designs

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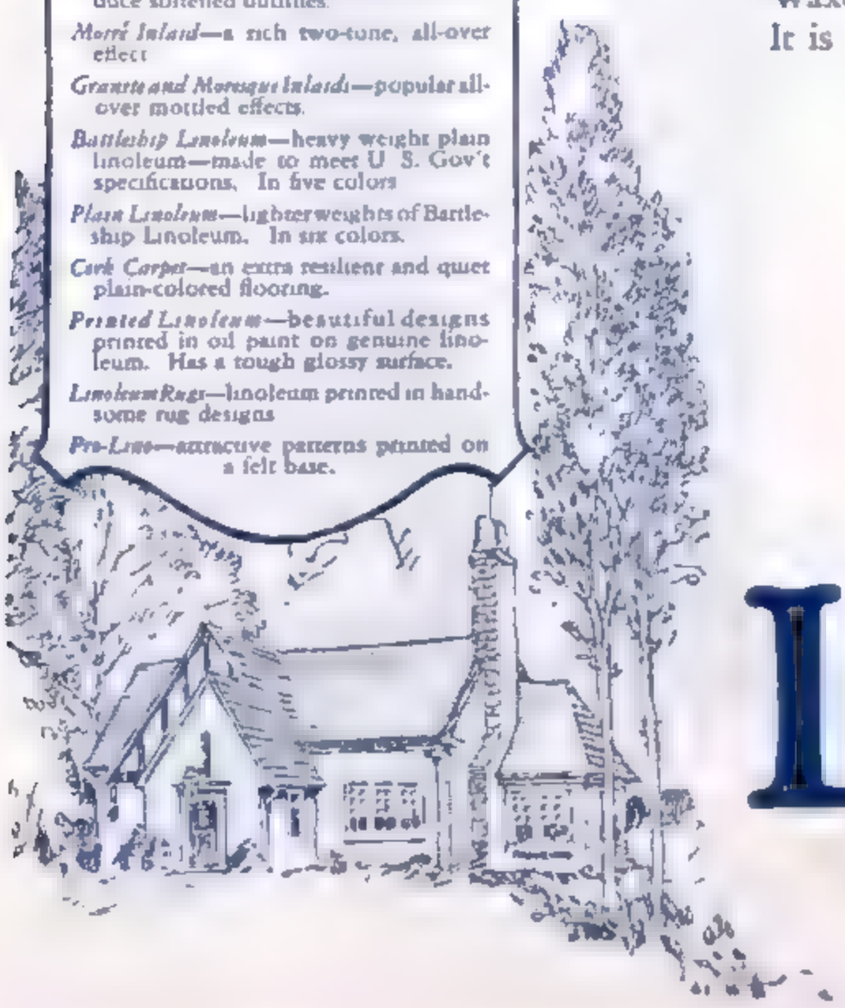


NAIRN Linoleum

(Continued from Page 128)

house where I am to lunch only a scant five minutes late.

In New York one is allowed from five to ten minutes' grace because of the unusual difficulties of navigation. It is more or less understood that the hostess shall wait a reasonable time and then go in, thereby saving the late comer from much added embarrassment.

Today we are a small party of six, bound afterward for a symphony concert. We are all intimate and so the talk is general. We touch lightly on the latest divorce, the latest scandal in Washington, whether we are spending the whole summer in Europe or returning for the Newport season.

Needless to say, there are no men present to ripple our feminine surface. As a rule, during the working hours of the day, New York men are far too busy at the other end of Manhattan Island, in the region of Wall Street and downtown—separated by impassable barriers of dense crowds and streets solid with vehicles. No chance to run up for the quiet hour in the middle of the day which is such a delightful feature of life in Europe, and so make the acquaintance of a growing family. If every morning the average business man, as he leaves the house, were to remove himself to the planet Mars, he could not be more remote from domestic ties.

We are so accustomed to this daily division that we take it as a matter of course until some fascinating visitor loudly bewails our fate—and more especially her own.

"What is the use," she says with Continental frankness, "of exhausting resources both mental and physical on a lot of women? Better a dinner of herbs where man is!"

As we are talking the butler announces that someone is very anxious to speak to our hostess on the telephone.

"Did you say that I am busy?"

"I did, madam; but the person is very insistent—says it is most important she should speak to you in person."

Reluctantly she leaves the table, returning a few moments later fairly spluttering with indignation.

"To think that in this free country it is impossible to enjoy a quiet lunch with a few intimate friends without being called a prominent society woman! What is the creature, anyway, and what do people mean who use the term?"

Society—What is It?

This leads to an animated discussion as to what is commonly understood by the term "society," and how it is possible to determine whether a person is in or out of that mysterious organization:

"In my grandmother's day it was comparatively simple. Either you were invited to old Mrs. Astor's annual function or you were not."

"There were also the Patriarchs and later the Assemblies."

"Yes, they counted; but there seems to have been an inner circle even in those comparatively simple days. Mrs. Astor was said to have dined on the plainest of fare in the seclusion of her boudoir before the guests arrived. During the whole of her long and formal dinner she sat majestically at the head of her table, touching none of the rich viands she had provided for her guests. These same guests always numbered those of the inner circle—the socially important. Later on came the lesser lights for the grand ball and supper. To be included in these lists was to be presented at the American court."

"Those were the days of Ward McAllister and his famous Four Hundred. Now our only standard is inclusion in the Social Register. As that useful institution is said to contain from ten to twenty thousand names, the social horizon has enlarged almost to the vanishing point."

"That comes of the fact that nowadays the true New Yorker refuses to be bored. It is no crime to be minus a grandfather, but to be dull—that is the deadliest of the deadly sins."

"Yes, and the thing which is supposed to be of such prime importance—money—in reality counts for so little. I suppose that is because with streets lined with millionaires there are not enough social houses to receive them; the supply far exceeds the demand."

"Poor things! There is nothing so lonesome as a dull millionaire, or so helpless. He gives his parties and nobody goes, or perhaps once out of curiosity and then never again. And so his sons marry chorus girls and winter at Palm Beach and his daughters choose from the job lots of the European title market."

"And yet there is still a kind of society—a group into which people have vaguely risen to a prominence at the top; those who entertain amusingly, those who are the most beautiful, those who are especially gifted in any of the arts, even the art of conversation. It is not well defined, but gradually the members of the group come to recognize a fellow member, and the public seems prepared to accept them at their own valuation."

"Time was when a visiting prince or even a lesser member of the European aristocracy was sure to inspire columns in our morning press. Now it is difficult to find any social function without one or two great names among its guests; names which are mentioned without distinction from any of the other guests."

"Does it mean that we are spoiled or only that our standard has risen? Formerly a hostess giving a musicale could use the occasion to introduce some protégé not always with conspicuous talent. Nowadays she must furnish only the best—Kreisler, or the shiniest operatic star."

"Speaking of hard-fought social struggles, I remember once a young girl at Newport. She was a recent arrival from the Middle West, with good looks, considerable charm and a very rich father. I happened to be by when she spoke to a woman of assured position, an acknowledged social leader. Her cordiality was returned with a scarcely perceptible nod. She flushed with a look of discouragement. 'I suppose I must expect that sort of thing,' she said. 'She had it in her turn when she was beginning, and I suppose there is nothing to do except accept it, and keep on bowing and bowing and allowing them to cut me until the time comes when they are ready to take me in.'"

"I know who that girl is; and it is interesting to state that after a prolonged apprenticeship she did finally penetrate to the inner circle, where she found it so little satisfactory that she has retired into a Protestant sisterhood and leads the life of a celibate and devotee."

"It must be heartbreaking to fight so hard for so little. Give me the free air of the prairies or the Canadian woods."

"Listen to the wild woman! She looks the part—in her Paris model and perfect hat!"

"Do you drive about the prairies in your fine limousine? Why, you, you've never been out of New York for six months in your whole life except for various sojourns in Paris and other European capitals!"

"Scoff if you must at this old gray head! I admit to a bad case of New Yorkitis. Once acquired, the disease seems incurable."

"Except in the very young. I know two cases of young men who have moved to smaller cities and eventually married there. Both declare that nothing would induce them to resume the mad scramble and unnatural struggle of life in New York. But the answer is probably that the disease had not established itself."

"Of course not; the disease is peculiar to adults. How many children do you know who are satisfied to live in New York? A decorous walk about the park in spotless raiment is scarcely a child's dream of bliss."

"Look at your children and mine! They count the days from November to the middle of April and time for our return to the country—and this in spite of our weekly trips to the farm for over Sunday."

"That is why we gave up our big house in town. Now we have a small apartment where Jack and I can be for three or four nights a week, while the children are permanently in the country. They even go to school out there—a very good school, and everyone is satisfied."

"It means two places to manage, of course; but in the end I suppose we shall all come to it. It seems the only sensible solution. It does depend for success on the sort of governess to be left in charge."

By this time we have reached the coffee. It is time to be off, and as three of us have ordered our cars to come back, we pair off two by two and start for the concert hall. No well-conducted party of fashionable folk has ever been known to arrive on time either for the theater or the opera; but curiously enough, the custom still prevails of strict punctuality for a symphony concert.

It is still a mark of respect for the conductor and the serious audience of music lovers who have gathered to hear him. As a matter of fact, it is probably due to the rule that late comers must wait at the back of the hall until the end of each number. In this way a precedent has been established which affects even the box holders. We arrive therefore as the conductor is making his bow.

A Breathing Spell

In the intermission two of my friends indulge in a somewhat heated argument as to the respective merits of this conductor and the one in charge of a rival orchestra. Neither sees the slightest merit in the other's man, and each is convinced of her infallibility as a musical critic. They turn to draw me into the discussion.

"I like them both," I say; "the one for the arrangement and variety of his program, the other for his exquisite interpretation."

Like most compromises, this only serves to arouse the contempt of both contestants; but fortunately the soloist is taking his place and I can sink back into obscurity.

An hour or so remote from the noise and bustle outside, a brief chance to come up to breathe, and then back to the burden of metropolitan existence. We part on the steps and two of us turn our faces toward the house of a friend where we are expected for tea. We have dismissed our motors and go on foot for the fresh air and exercise, two rare luxuries in the narrow paved cañons of our city.

Arriving, we find a small company composed this time not only of women but, as our hostess is popular and her house beautiful and fashionable, a fair sprinkling of men who have straggled in from downtown and elsewhere. France is represented; Hungary, Italy; and of course there is the inevitable Russian.

The lights are soft and restful, a wood fire burns gayly on the hearthstone, and beside it our hostess dispenses tea to her thirsty guests. Presently the latest Russian violinist begins a carefully selected program. Add to this a comfortable armchair, and what more perfect way of listening to music could possibly be devised? I contrast it with the hard lights and uncompromising seats of the concert hall and mildly regret that all music cannot be presented in this fashion.

Nevertheless, long before the program is ended, the guests begin to fade away into the night outside, for it is almost a tradition that in New York no one ever stays for the end of anything; lecture, concert, theater, opera, it is always the same—a steady stream of exit toward the close.

There are several who still remember a famous occasion in a fashionable women's

Electric Hose stands hard greenhouse use

Even in hard greenhouse service, ELECTRIC Hose proves that new hose every year is extravagance. It stands more twisting and dragging over cement than any other, because it is built of tough new rubber and braided stout cords, built up layer upon layer like a sturdy cord tire.

ELECTRIC GARDEN HOSE

It cannot kink

The price of ELECTRIC is just a trifle more per foot than common hose. But it lasts several seasons longer, so it really costs less.

Almost every professional gardener knows this durable ELECTRIC Hose. If he has once used it, he insists upon ELECTRIC. And for the same reason that thrifty greenhouse owners buy this long-wearing hose, home gardeners will find it pays to look for the red trade-mark "ELECTRIC" and the length figures that are moulded in every foot.

Ask your hardware dealer for genuine ELECTRIC Hose. If he does not have it, he can easily procure it for you.

ELECTRIC HOSE & RUBBER CO.
Wilmington, Del.

As large a stream of water is delivered from the nozzle of ⅝ hose as ¾ hose. It throws the stream farther! This ⅝ hose is lighter as well as cheaper, and being lighter it does not wear out so quickly when dragged over rough cement or cinders.

club. A distinguished foreigner had come to lecture on an appealing subject and the lecture room was filled to the last chair. Unfortunately, he proved to be so great as a scientist that he had never cultivated the art of speaking to an audience. The lights were lowered to show some slides, and when they came up again there were just three people in the room, two members of the committee on entertainments and one member who thought it bad manners to run away.

As I have said before, a true New Yorker refuses to be bored. There is no one of the seven deadly sins he would not find it easier to forgive. As he is chronically tired from too much work and too much play, he is a difficult problem for a hostess. If he is a man and unattached the law of supply and demand goes into operation and his value soars to abnormal heights. This grows out of the fact that no dance is regarded as successful unless the proportion of men and women is at least four to one.

As biology and the Good Book tell us that male and female created He them in about equal proportions, the result is easily imagined. No successful bachelor need ever provide his own dinner or spend an unwelcome evening at home, and he can nearly always choose from among five or six invitations.

These thoughts pass through my mind as I hurry home through the frosty air. Glowing with exercise, I arrive for the promised hour with my children at their supper. The enthusiasm of my reception makes me wonder why I have not been there hours before, and as we are seated cozily before the nursery fire their father comes in.

Friends in Need

It occurs to me as a curious and striking thought that, although I am not a widow, this is the first place in which the mention of my husband seems to belong; and yet he is a very nice husband, good-looking, attractive and successful. Perhaps it is in the word "successful" that at least part of the difficulty lies. Often he is away before I am awake; on his way to the office when my maid is knocking at my door. Lunch is, of course, out of the question; and on the way uptown he stops at his club for a round of bridge or a game of squash with the other husbands who are doing the same thing—no less an important part of his day than the hours at his desk downtown. It is here that many of his most valuable connections are made, and a regular attendance is a vital part of his schedule. The competition is so desperate, the struggle so fierce for even the most successful, that no New York business man can afford to neglect one phase of it. It is true that many of the husbands of my friends have no serious occupation except the difficult one of amusing themselves, but this has always seemed to me worse than the other extreme.

However, for a brief half hour our little family is united. We hear about the colonel's visit and Dorothy's medal for progress in dancing. It is pleasant and gay in the nursery and we should be glad to linger. Even in this short time, and in spite of strict orders to the contrary, I am called twice to the telephone. Three of my dinner guests have come down with the flu and have only now let me know that they are too ill to dine out. It is seven o'clock and the dinner is scheduled for 8:30, so I call my pet young literary couple from their remote retreat and beg them to help me out. They are charming and amiable as always, and promise to bring with them the new English playwright who has just landed in town. My dinner is saved in its entirety.

And just here a word must be devoted to these friends in need. They are indispensable to any hostess, delightful people with brains and good looks, no money of course and living up impossible flights of stairs. They are still comparatively unknown; and so, though they are seldom scheduled for large and formal parties, they are invaluable in emergencies. They are asked cordially and often to small and informal parties; they become intimate friends, and when the time comes they well repay any hospitality.

Even this brief moment with my husband and children has been constantly interrupted, and as I kiss my son and daughter good night I have a baffled sense of something wrong. There is no time to seek the remedy, and so I hurry down to the bath which my maid has prepared for me. Soon I am ready and a diminutive Frenchman appears to dress my hair. We talk, and I discover that this gentleman has been all through the Great War, twice wounded and decorated. Now he devotes his serious attention to showing every line of the head to advantage; and when the long and careful process is ended my gown and jewels complete my toilet.

"What a Delightful Young Man You Gave Me for Dinner, and What a Pity He is Married! Where Did You Manage to Pick Him Up?"

Once in the drawing-room, I note with satisfaction the arrangement of flowers and lights. In my mind's eye I can see the red carpet stretching across the sidewalk from the door to the curbstone, where a footman stands to open the doors of the arriving guests' cars; inside, another footman at the door and several stationed about in other parts of the hall.

At the head of the stairs I can see the immovable face of the extraordinary being who is my butler, without whom, I may as well admit, the pressure of my life would be intolerable. The extreme gravity of his face fills me with a hysterical desire to giggle, which I do, nervously and foolishly, as my husband enters the room. He looks at me anxiously, but it is after 8:30 and the first guests are announced and I have no time to explain.

For fifteen or twenty minutes they arrive in pairs, like animals boarding the ark: Mr. and Mrs. ——, Mr. and Mrs. ——, Mr. and Mrs. —— until I am ready to scream with the sheer monotony of it all. Just in time to save my reason arrives my distinguished guest of honor. He is a diplomat and a prince of the blood and many things besides. Time was when his presence in New York would have meant headlines on the front page of every newspaper; now his movements are scarcely chronicled.

Since the war New York has become a kind of cyclone cellar for the aristocracy of all nations; so much so that a lord or a prince or a duke no longer stirs the blood. Nevertheless, they still serve to give a piquant flavor to any large gathering, and so I am filled with a pleasant satisfaction as we descend the stairs to the dining-room.

The scene is brilliant, the food is excellent and the vintage wines are from the cellar of my late father-in-law, collected long before prohibition. There is, of course, no chance for general conversation; each person devotes himself exclusively to his neighbor. As I glance down the long line of faces it is easy to distinguish where I have succeeded in my seating arrangements and where I have gone astray. To my great satisfaction I notice that in the vicinity of my literary couple, he on the one side and she far removed on the other, the talk is unusually animated and gay.

"Good children," I say to myself. "In the future you shall head the list of all my most important occasions."

As the ladies straggle upstairs for coffee in the drawing-room one of them exclaims in my ear, "What a delightful young man you gave me for dinner, and what a pity he is married! Where did you manage to pick him up? I can only ask the same ones over and over until I am ashamed to ask them to meet one another."

At 10:30 the men rejoin us and other guests begin to arrive for the music. Mindful of New York's spoiled temper, I have engaged two of the best-known singers in the world. The program is short and carefully chosen, and is received with a mild enthusiasm. Toward the close one or two grow restless and slip away in the normal fashion.

A light supper, and by one o'clock the last guest has disappeared—the last but three, another woman and two men.

"What are you four cheerful idiots proposing to do?" asks my husband. "No idea of anything so rational as going home and to bed, I suppose. You were all out until late this morning and I should think you would now and then feel the need of a little sleep."

"We are off for the Fletchers' dance; and if you had any blood in your veins nothing could keep you from coming along too."

"Not for me, my dears. If only I could work as hard as you can play it makes me sad to think of what I could succeed in accomplishing."

The End of a Hectic Day

"Good night, then, and sweet dreams of us;" we call out as we trip down the steps. The waiting motor takes us a few blocks away, where we find the dance in full swing. The ballroom is large and crowded, and many of my former guests are present. Thanks to them, my good time is assured and my dances are cut like a debutante's.

Supper is served continuously in the dining-room, and occasionally we go there for a quiet chat. On one of these occasions a certain matter which has hung fire for several weeks comes to a head and I find it necessary to calm a certain excitable gentleman who has broken all restraint to tell me how much he adores me. It is not too agreeable, as I am quite sure he can be overheard, and I have no desire to be the latest and dearest joke of my friends and acquaintances.

It is nearly four when I finally leave, and a little after when I reach my house. I take myself up in the lift and go quietly to my room. It is a rule of the house that no servant shall wait up for me beyond midnight, not even my personal maid.

It is well after four when I turn out my light; and as I lie there in an effort to compose my thoughts, it comes over me that this has been a typical day—the twenty-hour day, a day so exacting and cruel that no employer since the Dark Ages would ever dream of demanding the half of it. It is incredible that any sane and right-minded person could be content with a life of such days—the maximum of effort with the minimum of accomplishment.

Would it be possible to live such a life if one were really a sane, normal and right-minded individual? And if we have lost these attributes, what has happened to take them away?

The answer is that terrible and insidious disease, New Yorkitis. It is this dread complaint which takes hold of thousands of erstwhile healthy and contented souls who have rashly left their homes and farms for the privilege of exposing themselves to the contagion.

Does this preposterous day sound like an exaggeration? Believe me, it is true; one day differing from another only in detail; sometimes more time devoted to charity or politics, sometimes to play, but never to tranquillity and inviting the soul. To live as a society woman in New York means a sentence to the hardest kind of hard labor. People struggle and strive for years to achieve a kind of suicide—to arrive at the point where they in turn may snub the new crop of ambitious aspirants. And in the end, what does it all amount to? For me, I believe we should all be much better off if we should go quietly to work to cultivate our gardens.

100 Million People Make the Price of Meat

STRANGE as it might seem, the public has only an indirect part in determining the *quantity* of meat it eats, but it has a direct and important part in determining the *prices* it pays.

The public consumes the quantity of meat that happens to come to market—no more, no less. From week to week the supply changes, but always all of the live stock that the farmers send to the stockyards markets is bought and turned into meat.

Naturally every merchandiser of meat (or any other product) tries to get the best price he can—and the price tag shows what he thinks he can get. If the price on the tag fails to bring about the sale of the product, then the price must be reduced, for the product is valuable to the merchandiser only when sold. Demand for the best grades is more stable than for other grades. Consequently, there is less fluctuation in the price of the former, but fresh meat of any kind is highly perishable and must be sold and consumed with the least possible delay.

There is but one way to insure sale—and that is to set the price low enough so that the public will buy all of the supply available at the time. If supply happens to be large, prices must go down so as to encourage greater consumption. If supply is small as compared with demand, prices go up.

In effect, therefore, meat prices are determined by *what the consumer is willing to pay for the supply available at a given time.*

There are many things that have a bearing on this "willingness to pay."

The degree of prosperity among the nation's workers is the most potent influence. There are seasonal influences, such as heavy receipts of fresh vegetables and fruits, fish and game. Even the state of the weather has marked effect on the demand for meat.

Just as supply varies, so does demand, but the variation in demand is not measured by the amount of consumption. Rather it is the price which the consumer is willing to pay which indicates the strength of consumptive demand, and whether the demand be strong or weak, it is the function of the meat packers and the retailers to keep meat channels open and products steadily moving. Poor demand might mean a low price on a small quantity, while good demand might mean a larger price on a big quantity, but price, not quantity consumed, is the measure of demand.

Thus the ultimate consumer actually fixes the price of meat even though he does it unconsciously in response to the price put upon the tag by those who have meat to sell.

The producer of live stock, the packer and your retail meat dealer are all equally powerless to dictate arbitrary prices. They can only seek to keep in line with the true values created by supply and demand. Failure to do this would quickly result in their business being captured by wiser competitors.

The purpose *of the series of advertisements, of which this is No. 4, is to answer the most frequently asked queries about the packing industry. Ten such questions were listed in the first of the series, which appeared March 29. We shall be glad to hear from anyone who desires information about our business. What question have you? Won't you write us?*

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

Yard's Orange-

Lime-CRUSH

PAT'D JULY 20 1920
ORANGE CRUSH
BOTTLE
6 FL OZS

The "Krinkly Bottle" insures a good drink — identifies the genuine, too.

CRUSH

Lemon CRUSH

THREE HUNDRED MILLION bottles of Ward's Orange-Crush, Lemon-Crush and Lime-Crush were served last year.

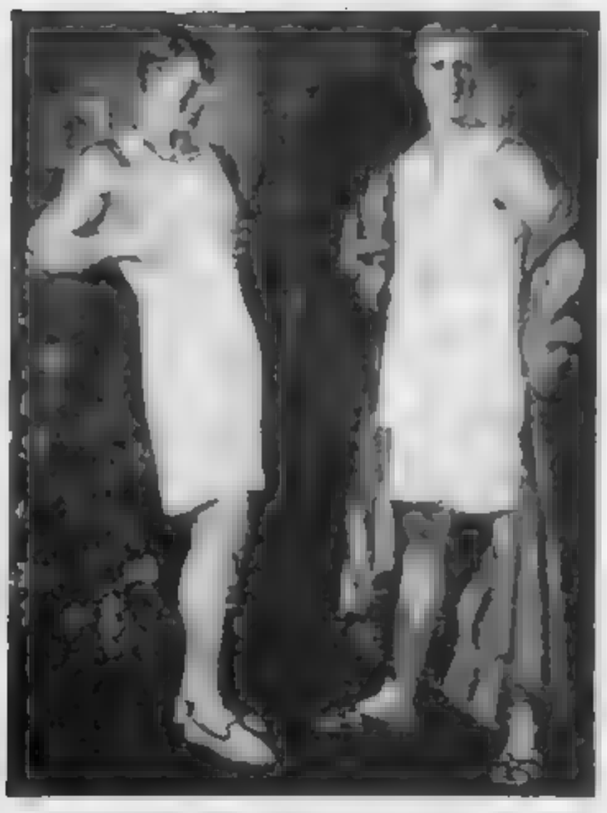
Ward's ***secret method***, which made these drinks world leaders over night, has prevented successful duplication. Imitations do not equal the genuine article.

Try the real thing—make sure you get it. Then—the fullness—the bouquet—the inimitable something that imitations lack, will make you an enthusiast.

✧ ✧ ✧

Ward's Crushes are more than merely delicious—they are wholesome and have a real food value. ***Read our formula.*** Here it is: To the natural fruit oils of oranges, lemons and limes are added citrus fruit juices, carbonated water, fruit acid, U. S. Certified food color and pure cane sugar.

ORANGE-CRUSH COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.
47 Gt. Tower Street, London, E. C. 3
Orange-Crush Company, Ltd., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada
Butlers (Australia), Ltd., Sydney, N. S. W.



"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best"

The Thrill of a "Homer"

Finds the Fans Cool in "B.V.D."

"B.V.D." developed an entirely new principle which completely revolutionized under dress.

For its Coolness, Comfort, Long Wear and Famous Fit, "B.V.D." is *everywhere* the underwear of men who demand these qualities in their Undergarments.

From raw cotton to the finished garment, in every stage of manufacture, ceaseless care assures the Unvarying Quality which has brought world wide preference for "B.V.D."

The cool, durable nainsook of "B.V.D." is woven in our own mills from selected cotton and finished in our bleachery.

In our factories vigilant inspection guards every process of skilful cutting, sturdy stitching, well sewn buttons and accurate finish.

"B.V.D." Union Suit

Men's $1.50 the suit, Youths' 85c

"B.V.D." shaped elastic insertions at shoulders and *encircling* waist make these cool, loose-fitting undergarments instantly responsive to your slightest movement. These *ever-elastic* insertions are knitted by us on spring needle machines from yarns spun from selected cotton in our own yarn mill.

The perfect "B.V.D." closed crotch (patented) completely covers the crotch *without surplus trunk length* and uncomfortable needless material at crotch or seat.

The patented elastic shoulder construction and waist band reinforcement are additional guarantees of comfort and long wear.

"B.V.D." Shirts and Drawers

85c the garment

"B.V.D." Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers are the *constant choice* of millions of men who wear two-piece underwear. They know that they are correctly cut as to size and that there is a shapeliness to the garments that makes them hang smoothly and evenly with neither too much nor too little fullness.

The garments are tailored with noticeable balance and drape, which they retain no matter how long worn or how often washed.

There Is Only One "B.V.D." Underwear
It Is Always Identified By This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE

(Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

The B.V.D. Company, Inc., New York

Sole Makers of "B.V.D." Underwear

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ADVENTURES IN GEOGRAPHY

Continued from Page 4

the actual results incommensurate. It is as when the big round horse ambles about the circus ring and the band plays hard and fast to make you think he is going faster than any horse could go. The schooner is not large, but it will lie there for weeks and weeks, having lumber noisily but with fine deliberation wrenched from its vitals.

Up one of the radiating streets there are other sounds of travail and we learn that an addition to the brewery is forward. Such has become the tide of color seekers who presently seek nepenthe, the old plant has had to be enlarged. Other streets become winding verdurous lanes between native homes whose jig-saw architecture is often kindly obscured by cascades of bougainvillea. We still follow the shy-tinted lagoon under an avenue of blossoming trees. To one of these a pink bill is nailed and we pause to read of a soirée memorable that the management of the Théâtre Moderne alone can offer. At the demand of all spectators it is happy to repeat; but regard you the synopsis of the film. There have been some minor infelicities of translation, but we divine that the simple island natives must be learning a lot about life on the other islands:

"The son and daughter of an old New York family who has gone down through the fail of alcohol, find themself without abundant resources. The daughter, a beautiful young blond neurotic, goes rapidly along the mad pace and finds herself enamored of a painter who is veritably chased by ladies of the high life to whom he is indifferent, but will render their expensive portraits in his rich salon. . . . The Théâtre Moderne, always desirous of satisfying its clients, has imposed upon itself a great effort to present this drame social in seven parts, in the last of which finds itself a danse lascive veritably fairy."

Buried Treasure Beckons

Motor cars honk by as we read. Overdressed natives shuffle past. Pounding comes faintly from the brewery. A Mormon missionary, nobly bearded, crisps by on a bicycle. His beard is tucked in at the waist, safe from entangling wheel spokes. An itinerant Chinese vender wheels along his wagon of popcorn, peanuts and small fruit. And we are in the heart of the South Seas, treading the Pearl of the Pacific.

We are about to pass on, chastened, when a peering color seeker gives a cry of delight. At a little distance, on a bench at the foot of a flowering tree, sits something from all the books; a true bit of color, a magnificent specimen of the unplucked fur-bearing beach comber. He is dressed scantily, insecurely, disreputably. With one hand he combs absently at his matted hair and beard, with the other he importantly writes on a pad, gazing often out over the lagoon to where a droning surf edges the reef with white lace.

We stare, delighted. There was something in those books after all. Here we are, smack in a story from one, touching raw drama at last. We try to guess his part in it. Perhaps he was thrown on the beach this very morning or yesterday morning, his ship breaking to bits on the reef. But then it is deduced that his catastrophe can hardly have been so recent. Even at a distance, one is sure that he was not in the cruel sea this morning or yesterday, and, all too probably, not for weeks and weeks. He must for a long time have lived upon the breadfruit of open-handed natives. Such worldly looking natives as we have noted must by this time be wondering why he doesn't write home about himself. He is a bit of undoubted romance, but perhaps it were better not to read further, to leave him an unexplained figure in the foreground. He suggests mystery, the peril of salty adventure; but we have had cruel blows this morning.

We are about to pass on—the story beach comber is munching a banana, of which he has some today—when we are accosted by a businesslike native, who has approached unseen.

"You gentlemen staying over a boat, yes? Well, I think maybe you make it a fine trip to go treasure hunting." He looks about to be sure he is not overheard and comes closer. "This fine treasure island," he begins impressively. It is good. The island is two days' sail away. He has the bearings. On it many years ago was buried the treasure from a Spanish galleon. He has an old map of the island and a cross marks the spot where the trove lies. Also he has a trim schooner which he will rent with its crew to any party that may wish to go there and dig up the treasure.

It is all simple, though the speaker tells it less simply, and far more excitingly. But it has become evident that the supposed native is a half-caste; he has a thin, straight nose and blue eyes, and one is aware that in some old-time New England whaling port he must have half brothers and sisters who have never known about him. And he says, when asked, that he has never gone to dig up this great treasure for himself; some day he may go, but he has been too busy so far, and in the meantime if these gentlemen wish to charter his schooner he has ready the map with the cross on it. The gentlemen are unable to decide at once, so he gives them his card and leaves. If only he hadn't sounded so much like a Maine farmer talking about some land he might be persuaded to sell!

We go on past the beach comber to encounter a pale, tired-seeming white man who halts his loitering step to greet us

"I guess you've come here looking for that stuff the books tell about," he says.

I palter. It might be called paltering. I say no. I say we have merely stayed over a boat on our way to the West Coast of China. Our new friend from home says that a lot of folks do come looking for that stuff the books tell about. They get off every boat in droves, with their paint boxes or notebooks, and act astonished and very often disgusted when they find the stuff is considerable different from what the books tell about. He says the men that write the books are plain so-and-so kinds of a liar. They send people actually looking for stuff that never was anywhere but in books. But they'll believe anything after they've read a few. Of course it brings a little money to the island, but the people are a pest. Serves 'em right if they get took advantage of.

"Like there's one pretty sharp native here, with a white strain in him, that rents out his schooner to treasure hunters. Yes, sir. Got a little island near by and rents out the treasure-hunting privilege. Gives you an old map with a cross showing where to dig. And these parties sail over, at a good stiff rent for the boat and crew, and dig where the cross says. It's a different place on each map, so the island is pretty well dug, but the parties get a thrill, living on canned goods and hunting this treasure that was buried by some pirates a hundred years ago—probably."

"Ah, yes," we say, "and what about that man sitting back there under the tree? Is he a real beach comber, or is he hired to do it?"

"Oh, him? No, he ain't exactly hired. He's a no-good and going to be deported when the consuls find out who's to pay the expense. Meantime they let him out of jail every steamer day. He looks like the real thing, and the tourists fall for him and take his photograph and buy him gin and such. He ain't much, but he's the only beach comber we got just now."

Johnny, Son of Louvina

We thank our new friend and pass along. In the shade on either hand are many natives in attitudes of repose. There seems to be widespread unemployment in these French establishments of the ocean, but no resulting depression. There is no dejection among the reclining natives. We scan the groups for a certain activity familiar to the color scheme elsewhere. But there is not a dice game going.

Farther along the drowsing strand is our hotel, the Aina Pare. It fronts to the sea, and its latticed two-story veranda, green with climbing vines and the overflow of hanging baskets, promises a cool interior. Shrill sounds of scolding issue from the verdurous front, through which trunks are being conveyed by languid natives. It is our host who scolds. He is Johnny, son of Louvina, that Louvina whose genius for innkeeping is perhaps Polynesia's most fragrant memory. Johnny is a gentleman and a scholar, a bit flurried now by the advent of so many guests.

"My goodness! Quite an excitement arose. Your message was late because the wireless operator was for two days giving a party to his friends."

Quite an excitement still arises from the native staff and from Johnny, who is shrilly fluent in English, French and his own Tahitian. All stand to regard the languid natives who bestow the trunks. The excitement is only vocal. All movement is unhurried. The staff is showing a friendly interest in the strange trunks and the strange white people, who wear shoes and stockings every day. There is Teata, Eva, Mahateata and Ruroa, and they are unmoved by Johnny's piercing staccato. Johnny wrings his hands and appears to despair of hurrying those who move the trunks. But his gesture is a practiced one—a rubber-stamp gesture.

"My goodness! Let me make some rum punches while these disgusting natives place your luggage, if you will accompany me to the kitchen."

We follow him through the hall, where an effect of grandeur is achieved by a curving rosewood stair rail, and out to the detached kitchen. This structure is set in a garden of tropic loveliness, but fails decisively to blend with its choice surroundings. It is decrepit, drunken, a reeling wreck of a kitchen, with windowless windows and doorless doors. The floor lists fiercely to starboard and again one has a shiplike feeling. A shelf against the leeward wall holds dishes, and a black hen, now watchful, nests in the knife basket. At a battered and dismantled sink the chattering host cracks ice and squeezes limes. We sit at one of the openings—a door, or a window, perhaps—and observe that the staff has followed. This is more exciting than trunks.

Meet the Help

Ruroa, statuesque and amiable savage, squats just outside, his back against a palm. Eva patters in to lean against the dish shelves, first dislodging the black hen from its chosen nest. The hen mutters a complaining way through the door, casts a wide circle about the leaning kitchen, as if to allay suspicion, then appears on the window sill, sidling a still-hopeful eye at the knife basket. She is shooed from this perch by Teata, who now leans in the doorway. Back of Teata, the last of the staff, Mahateata, peers, rather like the hen, from around the bulwark, for Teata is four feet seven in height and broader in proportion.

Johnny is unconscious of his shirking staff, who stare delightedly. The finished rum punches are brought to the table by the open window. They are good rum punches, even memorable, for Johnny, in all matters of food and drink, is not only an artist but a poet. He rushes back to shoo the black hen—from the window over the sink this time—and returns to drink the health of his new guests. He hopes we shall enjoy Tahiti, though to be sure it is not as those disgusting books say it is.

We observe that the sink must have been brought out by Captain Cook in 1769. And in another corner is an oil stove, trembling with age as Johnny crossed the floor. We wonder if he trusts the senile thing with real oil. Then a telephone bell rings and in this heart of Polynesia, Teata, not so long from the jungle, ambles off to answer it, being presently heard in sharp Tahitian rebuke to Central. Her going has left Mahateata leaning alone in the doorway. They all lean on something.

Mahateata is nine—her name means Storm Cloud Dispersing—and is still cunning with her button of a nose and her pony's tail of black hair. She carries a dusting cloth rather ostentatiously. She is never to be seen without this badge of servitude, thus achieving all the dignity of labor while incurring almost none of its hideous penalties. She twinkles at us from her doorway and swipes absently with her cloth at the black hen, which has sought a way around her bare feet. From under the palm outside, that burly savage Ruroa, which means Great Haste, also stares brightly, but is embarrassed and looks away when caught at it. Johnny, in quite the civilized manner, says it is impossible to do a thing with native servants. Then he surveys them all fondly and summons Great Haste, who is told to procure another bottle of rum. Storm Cloud Dispersing he harshly commands to crack more ice and squeeze more limes.

Great Haste departs on a bicycle—though he belongs, strictly, in a canoe—and Storm Cloud Dispersing giggles as she sets about

It Buttons
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Kum-a-part is the original button for soft cuffs. Easy, simple, natural in action; doubly secure in use.

Clicks open with a flip of the finger; shuts with an emphatic snap.

No mechanism to fuss with or to get out of order!

See the smart designs for business, sport and dress wear at Jewelers' and Men's Shops.

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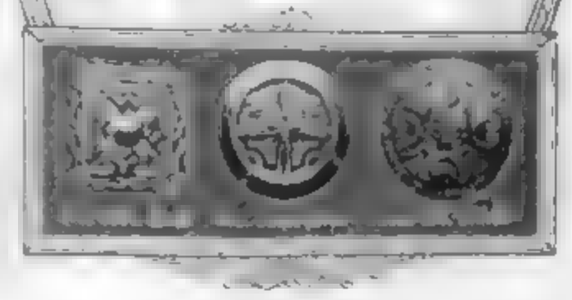

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Ditto is a machine that makes—direct from the one original—exact copies of practically anything typed, hand written, drawn or printed, on any kind of paper or cardboard. For instance, you can get up to 100 bulletins in seven minutes or 600 order sets a day.

Whether your business is large or small you have profitable use for Ditto. Send today for the Ditto Book and see what this nearly human machine can do for you.

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her task with dainty inefficience. She seems to be a society debutante slumming in this awful kitchen and being jolly about it.

Teata returns from the telephone and begins to speak at length in a soft voice, but with dramatic fervor and passionate gestures. Her piece goes on and on. We conceive that she has chosen this moment to recite one of those touching legends of her people now all but forgotten. She consumes three whole minutes in the rendering of this, rising to a climax of high tragedy. We feel that we must have an English version of the piece and ask Johnny about it. Johnny says she told him that the tailor had pressed his suit and would send it out on the next delivery.

Now there are no more sounds of dropped trunks. We are settled in the Aina Pare. Johnny says the name was his mother's native name and means Sanctuary, Rock of Refuge. The black hen has from the back door soft-footed a way to the knife basket. Johnny foils her and says she is a disgusting creature. Outside that back door is the real kitchen, with a smoldering fire of coconut husk and blackened pots and kettles simmering on the coral rocks that surround it. This wonderful apartment in which we sit is a merely formal concession to the white whim for elegance and artificiality. We are installed in our sanctuary, and Johnny's own establishment of the ocean—the trunks now silent—is again capably running itself. For some weeks the members of its staff will giggle at their tasks. Not one of them but regards work as a white jest of the most appealing humor, from Great Haste, bicycling on errands between naps under the sheltering palm, to Storm Cloud Dispersing, with the dust cloth about her feet, who giggles continuously as she skates over the floor of the hallway in pretense that she brightens its luster.

And here in Johnny's kitchen, after the white manner of another island, with its fearsome list to starboard, its shameless wreck of a sink, its prehistoric fossil of an oil stove, its weakly shaking table by the window through which the black hen forever comes to nest in the knife basket—here was the last shred of romance left in this particular Pearl of the Pacific, for not one of Johnny's staff knew how to accept a tip. Receiving a tattered five-franc note, which was all of thirty cents at the time, they stubbornly believed that they were wished to make a purchase for the giver; cigarettes, perhaps, or limes or ice.

The Heavy Hand of the White Man

Brought with desperate struggles to understand that this and other sums were proffered for the good will with which they performed or neglected their service, they were sunk in confusion and immediately came back with tips of their own; wreaths of hibiscus, crowns of shell, baskets of plaited fiber holding still-life compositions of fruit. Here was the last spot on the globe we inhabit where a tip not only caused embarrassment but entailed often embarrassing consequences. Here one vice of the white man had not penetrated; at least up to that time.

Of course it was too good a chance to miss. How few of us ever find a bit of innocence that can be utterly corrupted at the cost of a few French bank notes. It is to be feared that even Storm Cloud Dispersing will in future, below her cool little gurgle of a laugh, accept largesse with a knowing hand. Nor is that the worst to be told of this particular invasion, for two other outer-island vices were imported by it. A still at least partly simple people whose national weapon had been the accordion received their first ukulele and a peaceful native soccer club was taught to play baseball, to its violent disruption into warring factions and the implacable ostracism of the pioneer umpires by all factions. Heavy has been the hand of the white man upon all the earth's unspoiled.

Of all Tahiti's primitive charms, only the sunsets have stayed inviolate to white corruption. From the Aina Pare, at sunset time, we cross the road—dodging motor cars and bicycles of home-seeking natives—to a glassy irideacence reaching out to the reef where the surf croons, and beyond that, crinkled now to the green-based jutting crags of Mourea a dozen miles toward the low sun. It is a sunset compact of pearl and opal waters with a sky of silver and faint azure; a thing of delicate boudoir tints, innocent fathomless rose and the shyest of pinks and lavenders; an utterly effeminate sunset, but quite up to the advertisements. The only hint of boldness comes from Mourea itself; but its lifted peaks have their lines softened by the pistache gauze of clouds, so the boldness is no more than hinted. The highest peak, a knife edge of a peak, should show its circular opening made some years ago by the spear of a peevish god, but one of the lavender clouds now cowls it to the shoulders. As the light fades there comes a strain of the masculine in indigo, purple, deep rose and bronze; but it is only a faint strain, as of a distant tenor serenade just reaching the boudoir casements.

Under the play of color we forget the honking motors behind us—driven with open mufflers to make a jolly noise—and try to believe that the books have not been wholly misleading. Just beyond the white-edged reef a native stands erect in a canoe, his spear poised, to contribute a persuasive detail. The girlish background fades to dusk, a single star is lighted above Mourea's leaping summit, and further persuasion ensues. From some distant jungle glade the fainting stillness is stirred by sudden drum beats, muffled but savage, with a sinister, urgent rhythm. It is answered almost at once by a second far-off drum, and presently a third from still another hidden retreat takes up the slow, relentless measure, insistent, inciting, stirring calm blood to rebellion, telling that savagery lurks beyond the first fringe of palms, that this well-policed tameness is but a veneer. We cross the strand to our rock of refuge, surmising that Johnny's kitchen would not long hold out against a native uprising. The drums have a threat in every beat. Does romance still endure under a flimsy cloak of bicycles and breweries?

More Illusions Shattered

Our pale friend of the morning saunters languidly up from town. He seems unperturbed. He is unperturbed.

"Now it's begun," he wearily says. "You'll hear that din for two weeks. I've had it for fifteen years. Practicing their dances for the fourteenth of July. I've got so I never want to hear another oil can beat on; that's what they use for drums—oil cans."

On went the native rhythm, but its import was no longer sinister. It had become a tinny parody of a threat, celebrating the fall of the Bastille. Our pale friend speaks again:

"Sure, the island is civilized from end to end. You'll see dances on the fourteenth, because the natives can get enough rum to feel like dancing; but they live in jig-saw houses, with phonographs, and they wear more clothes than I do. The only native houses on the island are a couple built at great expense by white men, after another white man had architected them, and the only people that wear waistcloths are these same white men that sit around half bare playing at native life—with their native help wearing regular pants. If you want to get out into the untamed jungle where they live, you can take the motor stage twice a day or rent a bicycle or call up a taxi, phone 940.

"Once a lady writer told me she was going to take her life in her hands and go all around the island looking for wild life and local color and this and that. She showed me a gun a foot long she was taking to protect herself. I didn't want to see her pack unnecessary baggage on the stage, so I said the gun wasn't needed. I said these benighted savages had never molested a white woman. This one would have been safe even on an island where the molesting was good. But she took the trip and still writes stories where the stranded college halfback takes up with the island princess and gets nearly murdered by her father. If you believe that, just talk to one of these fathers. I know a few that wouldn't chase you, unless you run, and then with no design of murder. Not at all."

From afar in the moonlit jungle glades came the savage rhythm, but this is a century of disillusion. His rhythm is all the white man has left the native.

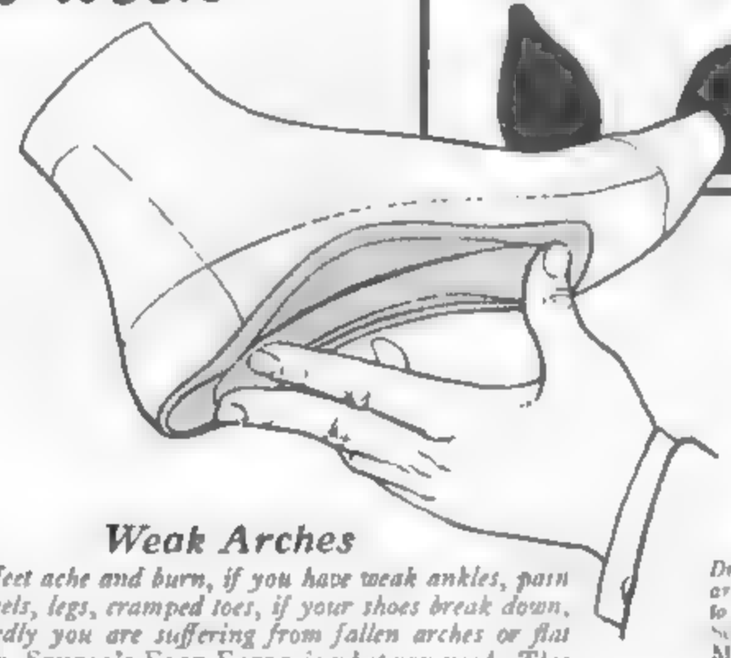
The Théâtre Moderne is packed to its open sides and the adventures of the beautiful young blond neurotic are followed with an audible suspense. An educated native of noble voice stands somewhere aloft to read the subtitles and explain the subtleties—if any—of the picture:

"You see the rich chief of this other island; he is so rich he wears shoes and

(Continued on Page 141)

What is *your* foot trouble?

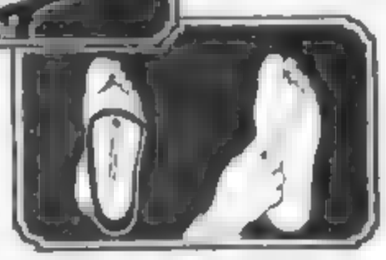
No matter what it is, you can get quick sure relief this week



Which pair is yours?

Impressions of normal feet and feet with fallen arches made on DR. SCHOLL'S PEDOGRAPH. This machine makes an exact impression of your bare feet and shows if your arches are normal. A Pedograph of your feet free.

Dr. Scholl's Appliance are adjusted accurately to YOUR feet with DR. SCHOLL'S ARCH FIT-SO MACHINE. Arch Supports to give permanent relief must be adjusted to fit feet, and gradually raised as the condition improves



DR. SCHOLL'S ARCH SUPPORT *corrects pain, callouses, tenderness and cramps* AT THE BALL OF THE FOOT. *Light and comfortable. $5.00 per pair*

Weak Arches

If your feet ache and burn, if you have weak ankles, pain in the heels, legs, cramped toes, if your shoes break down, undoubtedly you are suffering from fallen arches or flat foot. DR. SCHOLL'S FOOT-EAZER *is what you need. This scientific device positively relieves all strain and tones up the aching muscles to give permanent relief. Shoes wear longer. Light, cool and comfortable. Worn inside any shoe. $3.50 per pair*

FROM *every* foot ill you can now have instant and certain relief. Tired, aching feet; fallen arches; turning ankles; tender heels; flat foot; rheumatic-like pains in the feet and legs; excessive perspiration, corns, callouses and bunions—you need not endure these tortures another day.

This week is Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Week—a nationally recognized effort, participated in by leading shoe and department stores everywhere, to end foot troubles.

Practical, scientific relief

Dr. Wm. M. Scholl has given to foot sufferers the most practical and scientific devices ever designed for the permanent relief of their pain. Dr. Scholl's Appliances and Remedies relieve by *removing the cause of the trouble.* And they make it possible for you to wear good-looking stylish shoes with comfort.

In addition to this, he has also organized a nationwide Foot Comfort Service, so that foot sufferers everywhere can have, at leading shoe stores right in their own town, a careful fitting of the Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy needed to remove *their* foot trouble. Personal service in each store is given by a foot expert especially trained in Dr. Scholl's methods.

Don't put off any longer the relief which you can surely have from the tortures of foot trouble. Millions have secured relief in this way.

A valuable booklet, "The Feet and Their Care" sent free, in plain envelope. Use Coupon.

The Scholl Mfg. Co.
Largest Makers of Foot Comfort Appliances in the World
213 West Schiller Street, Chicago 62 West 14th Street, New York
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For Corns

DR. SCHOLL'S ZINO-PADS *stop the pain of corns in one minute. Then antiseptic, healing. 35c at drug and shoe stores*

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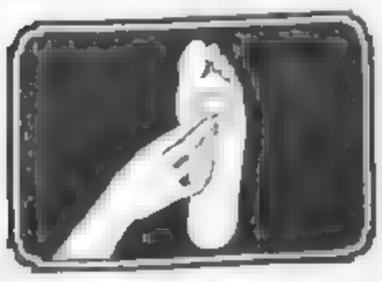
DR. SCHOLL'S BROMIDROSIS POWDER *quickly stops excessive perspiration and bad foot and body odors. Leaves skin in healthy, sanitary condition. 50c at drug and shoe stores*

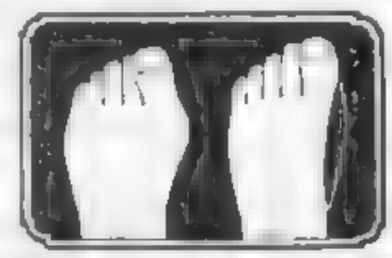


For Callouses

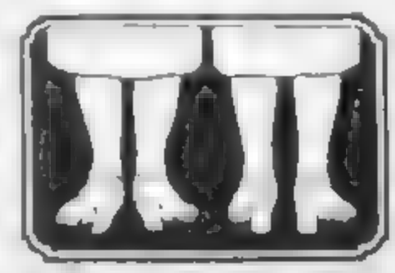
DR. SCHOLL'S ZINO-PADS *for walking, healing and give instant relief to tender callouses. 35c at drug and shoe stores*

For Bunions

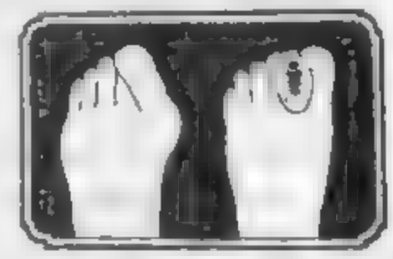
DR. SCHOLL'S ZINO-PADS *bring relief to bunions. Prevent shoe friction and pressure. 35c at drug and shoe stores*



DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION REMEDY *instantly relieves burning pain. Reduces size of enlargement and preserves shape of the foot. 35c and $1.00*



DR. SCHOLL'S WHITE SATIN HEEL PADS *prevent shoes running over, preserve their shape and correct faulty walking. All sizes. 35c per pair*



DR. SCHOLL'S TOE-FLEX *gradually straightens the crooked toe brings it back into position. Made of soft, flexible rubber. 75c each*

Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Week

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Welcome

to Madison Square Garden and the Madison Square Theatre

THIS is the historic "Garden," famous for thirty-five years as an amusement center for the whole of America, and now more than ever in the public eye as the scene of the Democratic National Convention. In the foreground you see the sign of the Madison Square Theatre, which, like the rest of the Garden, was designed and decorated by Stanford White, and which has now been placed at the service of delegates to the forthcoming Democratic National Convention by New York's great department store, R. H. Macy & Co., Inc.

To DELEGATES

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION - JUNE 24, 1924

New York City welcomes you and its great institutions are eager to make your visit a pleasant one. The Democratic Convention Committee has accepted from R. H. Macy & Co., Inc., a rent-free lease of the Madison Square Theatre, to be your official reception room, post office, telephone exchange and cloak room.

YOU are coming to New York City, and the city will welcome you as no city in the world has ever before welcomed a group of honored visitors. You come with a high purpose. You will nominate a successor to Jefferson, Jackson and Cleveland; and you will draft a platform for the nation's welfare.

All New Yorkers are eager to make your stay in this city a memorable one, to facilitate your deliberations, and to give you the conveniences which you rightfully expect of the nation's largest community.

At Last—a Comfortable Convention Building

Most political conventions in the past have been notoriously uncomfortable, especially for ladies. A diligent search has therefore been made for rooms to serve as a convention annex, in which you will find a luxurious clubroom, a headquarters for all your activities as the delegate or alternate of your party, and as the city's guest.

New York's leading department store, R. H. Macy & Co., Inc., has solved this problem by leasing from the theatrical company which occupied it the Madison Square Theatre, which is part of the Garden and directly adjoins its main entrance on Madison Avenue. Macy's has now turned the theatre over to the Convention, having decorated and furnished it, and laid a flooring over the orchestra seats.

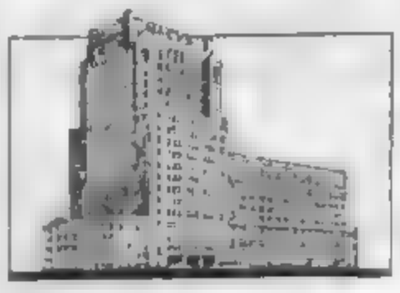
R. H. Macy & Co Inc.

And Macy's has placed in the theatre attendants to wait upon you, an information desk, a theatre ticket agency, and many of the other conveniences of a first-class metropolitan club; together with the Convention's official post office and telephone booths.

Use This Annex Freely During the Convention

What the famous "cloak room" is to the Senate, in Washington, this annex will be to you and to your family and friends during the Convention; it is presented to you with the conviction that you will find it both pleasant and useful.

WHEN Seymour and Blair were nominated by the Democratic Convention of 1868, in New York City, Macy's occupied a tiny store downtown on Fourteenth Street. Here Mr. Macy, a retired Yankee whaling captain, originated his famous policy of buying for cash and selling for cash, and guaranteeing his prices to be the lowest in the city. Every article displayed for sale was plainly marked with its price. This policy, sacredly maintained for 66 years, has made Macy's the largest retail business under a single roof in America.



AS you stroll up Broadway from the Garden, you will see Macy's amazing new sky-scraper addition, the highest department store building in the world. Inside the store a special reception committee will be at your call, and will show you its many novelties, such as the ascending and descending escalators, the big jumbo elevators that carry loaded five-ton trucks, and the 138 departments which make Macy's store one of the six most interesting sights in the city—not only a local institution, but a national institution as well.

(Continued from Page 138)

stockings every day and he has more than one hat, even a cap besides, a joke cap that goes and comes at once. He is having a feast at his hut. See, the pig is brought on by servants, who are also rich. The guests are rich too, though many of them wear only a few clothes. They have many other clothes in their own huts, but it is a native custom in this island to wear but one or two clothes at a feast. If it is known they are rich, they need not wear all their clothes at once. See, they dance their hula!"

The audience breathes noisily and breaks into knowing "Ah's" when the rich chief lures the blond neurotic to his foul den for no good purpose, at least by the stern Hollywood standards. The audience is drawn to a high tension, broken by shudders of delighted sympathy that billow hundreds of fat shoulders. The interpreter becomes baldly explicit in a tongue that seldom palters with indirection of speech. But now there is more than pity felt for the endangered girl. There is a slight impatience. It is seen that she could very simply save a lot of trouble for everyone. After all, the chief is rich. And what is a man more or less? Tomorrow the sun will bring light for another day.

Still, there is rejoicing when the girl is rescued from the foul fiend by the also rich and younger native of the other island, who has hair like gold. Perhaps he is even richer than the chief. But they really shouldn't do what they are doing now; that long, so long, time of kissing the lips—that cannot be a nice habit among those natives. And their land is so flat, miles of it without one tree of coconuts or bananas. How do they make their pigs fat?

Dressed for the Camera

Back at the Aina Pare a most stubborn color seeker, dismal from the moment of landing, is found in a state of bubbling elation. We have come to the wrong island. Papeete isn't the real thing. But he has been told where it is; on Mourea, now spectral in the moonlight, that mystic isle of the cloud-piercing shaft just to the west. There the native life is still unspoiled. Come with him to Mourea, where primitive ways are uncorrupted. And we half believe, and follow him to the Mourea launch on a morning of promise. That book-born faith in native huts and pareus, breadfruit, golden-dusky ingénues, trepang, pearls and enchanting savagery is longer dying than ever a Stuart king was.

The leader suggests taking a stock of beads and calico for which the natives of Mourea will barter their spears, poisoned arrows, primitive musical instruments and other choice museum pieces. He is dissuaded only when three of the Mourea natives, homeward bound, are pointed out to him. They wear kampus-cut clothes and yellow shoes; and their wives, arrayed in modish launch gowns, carry parasols and have used powder, rouge and the lipstick as skillfully as any schoolgirl back home. The only visible weapon is an accordion borne in a threatening manner by the youngest native. The leading color seeker is a little dismayed, but says we might as well go on. So we go on. And across a dozen miles of opal sea the accordion plays; not some wild native chant that heats the blood to savagery, but late song hits picked up on the outing to Little Paris.

Hope a little revives as we thread the opening of a reef and make the wharf of a little harbor. For there, mirrored in the glass of the lagoon, is a noble native fitly clad in but a white-and-scarlet pareu. There are other lounging natives in civilized overdress, but the rosewood brawn of this splendid elderly savage eclipses his drab brothers. Nor does he flinch when cameras are leveled and snapped. Indeed, his unconsciouaness of the performance seems just a bit overdone.

A skeptic among us feels that he expected nothing less than immediate photography. The color seeker says he will get this unspoiled savage and a few others of his pareu-clad band—including some wild native girls—to pose in an outrigger canoe for a magazine article to be called The Lure of the South Seas.

Accompanied meekly by the only bit of human color found in Polynesia, we stroll through a coconut grove to the hotel. It is not a native hut. It is a real hotel, tastefully fronted with a broad veranda, upon which an entirely civilized luncheon is now served. In front, guarded by a trimly suburban fence, is a conventional lawn, landscaped with a few coconut and breadfruit trees. Against one of these leans the fine old savage in his pareu. His pose hints that he would not be appalled if the cameras again came into action. But his present background is less savage than he. It consists of a modest suburban dwelling across the street, ornate with jig-saw trimming. All the houses we have noted have been of this type. The grizzled old boy with his waistcloth is as incongruous here as he would be lurking in the purlieus of Nutley, New Jersey. It is time for the horrid truth. The manager is summoned.

Yes, these suburban villas are native houses, built with money from a bumper vanilla crop three years ago. There is one native hut out back of the hotel, built for a painter who wanted native color. No, the natives are not so very primitive. They haven't any poisoned arrows. They never did have any arrows of any kind.

How about the bathing? The water looked good down where we landed. Could we put on our suits here and walk back there? Well, the men might, though it would be criticized. But it wouldn't do at all for the ladies to walk along the road in bathing suits. It would make a real scandal in the village. Yes, the natives are pretty strict about dress, but it's what they've been taught. And by the way, ladies in the cool of the late afternoon often start to walk out with no hat on. This won't do either. You won't see a native woman or girl over seven without a hat. That would make a scandal too. No bathing suits on the street and no lady beyond the gate without a hat. Of course inside the yard here ——

This is not a crude attempt at humor. Such words were truly spoken in the heart of Polynesia. We had found a Puritan stronghold. But how about the old half-naked boy under the tree there? Well, old Mauri there would much rather wear regular pants and a shirt, on account of the mosquitoes; but people that come looking for the primitive South Sea stuff like to see him that way, and he has to do it to hold his job. Yes, some of his friends also have pareus, but never wear them unless a writer comes along that is writing a magazine article on Lotus Eating in Restful Mourea, or something like that. Then they'll put on the waistcloths and pose around a canoe over on the beach for ten francs a head. They make a good picture, too, with old Mauri looking like a chief in front of the coconut palms. And ten francs is only sixty cents. They've been in more than one magazine.

The Salon de Jazz

The leading color seeker now speaks of another island he has been told about, still farther west, where primitive natives still lead the old savage life; but no one heeds his chatter. Though disillusioned again, we linger in the Puritan shadows, for the hotel is attractive; it serves real food from the cunning hands of a Chinese cook and its beds are of the British instead of the Tahitian school, Tahitian beds being harder than the heart of Pharaoh before the Lord wrought upon it. And we do bathe from a distant beach in a lagoon of liquid light, where gayly painted little fish confidingly swim up to nuzzle and nibble one; while old Mauri, in his white-and-scarlet garment—printed in England after the design by William Morris—slaps mosquitoes on his mahogany legs and chest, which spoils too often his favorite camera pose.

But local inhibitions drive us back to that licentious Little Paris, where a woman may stroll quite unbonneted at the cool of day and not fear the fangs of slander. Mourea is beautiful, but why travel so far to encounter a suburban enthusiasm for correct public deportment? Why leave home to find mere moral perfectionists? And yet let us not leave Mourea under more than these specific stigmas. For in the actual valid essentials of a free life her people are not a bit narrower than the convinced hedonists of any other Pearl of the Pacific. She has her simple taboos. Observe those and your merry moment's whim may be a sufficing guide.

Papeete now gives itself to festal preparation. More oil cans have been found to be drummed on in the dusk of jungle glades and the strand is lined with booths festooned with palm fronds and three-colored bunting. The one nearest our hotel declares itself as Salon de Jazz Américain. A side street running from the wider avenue promises less sophisticated recreations: shooting

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Established 1853
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galleries, thrilling swing chairs, games of chance for pigs, hanging lamps and other treasure. Choice knives may here be got by tossing rings over their handles. This will be an avenue to try the coolest nerve. And through the reef come schooners with celebrants from other islands, Bora-Bora, Makatea, Mourea, Raiatea, Huaheine. They are tiny schooners, but when they have made fast to the stone quay they emit an unbelievable number of natives and babies and pigs and bananas, putting to shame the high hat of any prestidigitator.

A bit of shade being found for the babies, each visiting clan forms an artful group and marches off to pay its respects to the queen. Pigs, bananas, oranges, are borne on poles; baskets of plaited fiber overflowing with smaller fruits of many colors are shouldered, all with a pleasing effect of pageantry. In the palace courtyard one caught briefly a flash of the old dignity, a fierce beauty of bearing and gesture from a day when there were no French establishments of the ocean and the white man's meretricious clothes were still but a menace.

The gift-bearing subjects post themselves before an open window within which sits the queen, who is seen to be a queen indeed. Her face—one should speak of it as a countenance—is fine and a little grim, her bearing regal, even as she sits to smoke a condescending cigarette. A himine is sung, a dance—barbaric enough—is given. The gifts are formally presented to her majesty, who goes through the form of accepting them. She then goes through more than the form of sending out some French money, which is accepted in fact. The queen, it must be, can hardly avoid remembering days when a queen was also a ruler, but her mask of slightly amused indifference is perfect. The lately accepted gifts are resumed—a proceeding supposed to be invisible—and way is made for another clan bearing gifts that would make it look—but for the clothes—like an illustration in a very old book. The queen has many cigarettes to smoke before all the produce of her islands has been lavishly laid at her feet.

For the Glory of France

In these latitudes of plenteous leisure it will take a whole week to fell the Bastille; a week in which one tune endlessly played in the Salon de Jazz Américain will poison forever the memory of one harassed color seeker who would often fain have slept on his hard couch too near by; a week in which the child natives seek shrill ecstasy in the two creaking swing chairs, swinging through all of a fearful arc of eight feet, or incur the possession of pigs and hanging lamps at the raffle board, shoot wildly wide at targets—except those who came back from France—and rain metal rings upon the boards in which knives are stuck. This is not a gainful sport. The knives have large blunt handles and the rings are too small to go over them. Patient inquiry failed to reveal that a single knife was won during the week, but the rain of rings on the dozen boards was incessant. It was fun to throw them, and so, in the native psychology, why not?

In the wider avenue of the dancing booths beer is sold, and a too, too sweet champagne whose label—and libel—is American Taste. Here for a week the natives are allowed to buy, for the glory of France, what they will of strong waters. And they flock to buy while the francs hold out, bringing their accordions. As they drink they sing what has been the outstanding song hit of the isles for many years, a lyric composed by a prince of the royal house in a moment of high delight that would seem to have demanded no intricate self-analysis. It has but one verse, which is:

Oh, how happy I am,
Oh, how happy I am!
Oh, how happy I am,
Oh, how happy I am!

This is sung slowly, to one of the most abjectly dismal hymn tunes that ever depressed an early Christian to a right understanding of his plight in a world of sin; but the singers contrive somehow to put their undoubted happiness into its doleful strains—their happiness and, to the outlander who can appraise their reasons for being happy, a moving note of pathos. But they seem unconscious of any tragic implications. They sing it singly, in duets, trios, quartets, choruses:

E maruru e vo',
E maruru e vo'!

They sing until the beer has prevailed, when they fall happily asleep, either bowing their heads on the table or faltering out to lie like tired children along the grassy margin of the lagoon.

Let us mix a bit. Outside one of these open-air saloons we are accosted in Tahitian French by a wide-smiling giant of a native whose late companions have already fallen to slumber. He has taken much beer, but is still good. He says the *temps* is *très beau* and will monsieur perhaps consume something with him as a friend? Monsieur consents; to decline would be rude. We find a table and *quelque chose* proves to be a bottle of beer, commanded by the giant and paid for, after a fumbling search through many pockets, with a five-franc note that seems to be his last. Formally we pledge each other in the brew.

The host bursts into song, inspired by an accordion blaring from the next table. He rises and essays a merry dance step, but persists no great while at this, sitting again to smile widely and confess that he is *très fatigué*. We finish the beer and he tunefully hums "E maruru e vo'." He presently discovers with chagrin that the bottle is empty. He studies it profoundly. It is bewildering. He fumbles again in the pockets, but finds no more francs.

"*Désolé*," he murmurs, then shrugs off the desolation.

Little Pet of the Moon

His smile extends itself charmingly. He brings out a finely wrought mother-of-pearl fishhook with its hank of line. This gift is winningly pressed upon his guest with an incredible, further widening of the smile, after which he bows his fine head—a head of real but slightly debased magnificence—and softly sleeps, a not unaffecting exhibit of what the white civilization has done to the brown.

Outside, against the railing, stands a native family who have been entertained by our modest merrymaking. The father is an elderly grizzled savage with a sternly lined face. He is conspicuously neat of dress and carries two sleeping infants, one under an arm, another over a shoulder. All up and down the line savage-looking fathers are carrying babies, while mothers stalk freely ahead. The broad-faced mother, with the Tahitian woman's sole beauty, her hair, is also neated beyond reproach, and so are the two small boys and the girl of eight. They exude and glow with neatness in their newly washed and laundered whites.

As tactfully as may be, we extend to this family an invitation to join our party; one of our members is for the moment not too vivacious and we would have other convives. After grave consultation, the invitation is as tactfully accepted. Seats are taken about our table with great care not to disturb the slumberer. The mother regards him amiably and murmurs "*Pauvre enfant!*" The two babies in white blue-sashed dresses are laid in the sawdust beneath the table, still careless of the Bastille's fate.

Beer is commanded for the grown-ups and a nonalcoholic but viciously tinted stuff for the little ones. The father and mother are gravely cordial in their salutations as we drink. The Tahitian is unable to believe that he is not the social equal of anyone; therefore, he very admirably is. And his manners are perfect. Our present guests are pleased to be guests, but they express this with a dignity that has no flaw. We chat, chiefly with smiles and pantomime, but with helpful French words here and there, for the girl of eight goes to school and already considers that she has learned French. I gather that they have been watching the *danse Américain* at the second booth beyond. They are scrupulously delicate, but one is compelled to believe that they found it shocking. Tahitians would not embrace while dancing. It would not be *convenable*. Besides, is there not a time for everything?

An accordion at a near table wheezes into the song hit and the new guests softly sing, Oh, how happy they are! We engage the children. The name of the little girl, who is also in white, with a blue sash and a straw hat with scarlet ribbons, is Teipootemarama, a name not of overwhelming music until we learn it to mean Pet of the Moon. That is a lot better, so into the astounded hand of Pet of the Moon we press a poor tattered bit of paper with quite illegible words printed upon it. Pet of the Moon regards it with shocked eyes, her reverent hand refusing to close upon it.

(Continued on Page 145)

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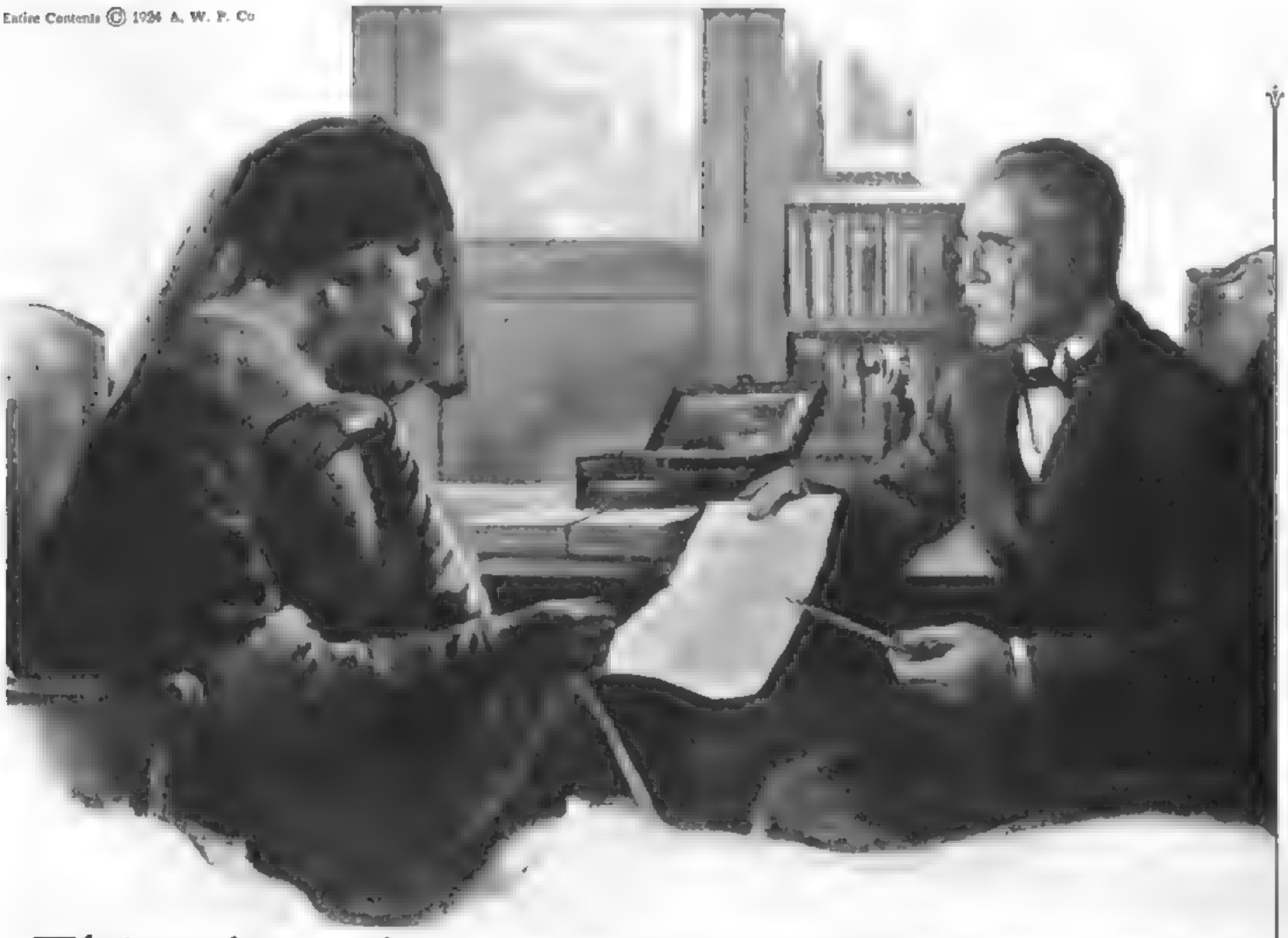

This situation *would have been prevented by using the Specification Chart!*

A PARTNERSHIP agreement—an important document—with one vital clause rendered questionable because of a *break* at the fold in the sulphite paper used in executing it.

If the Specification Chart could have been consulted at the time this agreement was made, it would have saved considerable trouble, worry, and expense.

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* * *

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One of the first steps taken was to put its own house in order. Bond paper grades that were duplicating in price, grade, or purpose, were ruthlessly eliminated.

This simplification and standardization of the manufacture and distribution of bond paper was carried to completion until now only Nine Grades are produced by us. *These Nine Grades of Eagle-A Bond Paper scientifically and economically cover the entire field of Bond Paper requirements.*

Each of these Nine Grades of Bond Paper is produced on a quantity basis, and reflects all the consequent economies of mass production and volume purchasing power. *This is your assurance of buying Bond Paper at the right price.*

In the accompanying Specification Chart, these Nine Grades of Eagle-A Bond Paper are grouped under three master classifications, and are further sub-divided according to the specific use for which each is produced. *This is your assurance of buying the right Bond Paper for the purpose.*

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AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY
Makers of Eagle-A Bonds, Linens, Ledgers, Covers, Book Papers and Announcements
Holyoke, Massachusetts

THE SPECIFICATION CHART
BOND PAPER USES

Each of these nine grades of Eagle-A Bond Paper is produced on a volume basis, with all the resulting economy in manufacture and distribution.	The Controlling Factors in the use of all Bond Papers									
	PERMANENT			SEMI-PERMANENT					TEMPORARY	
	Rag Content Papers							Sulphite Papers		
Chief uses of paper in modern business	Coupon Bond	Agawam Bond	Persian Bond	Contract Bond*	Airpost Bond*	Chevron Bond*	Acceptance Bond	Norman Bond	Telephone Bond
Letterheads	A1	1	2	2	3	3	3		
Invoices	A1	1	2	2	3	3	3		
Statements	A1	1	1	2	2	3	3		
Checks				1	2	3	3		
Drafts			1	2		3	3		
Notes			1	2	2	3	3		
Purchase Orders		1	1	2	2	3	3		
Contracts	A1	1	1	2	2	3	3		
Receipts			1	2	2	3	3		
Inter Dept Letters							1	2	3
File Copies							1	2	3
Acknowledgments			1		2		3		
Price Lists				1		1	2	3	
Mortgages	A1	2	3	3					
Deeds	A1								
Stock Certificates	A1	2	3						
Permits	A1	2	3	3					
Inventory Forms				1	1	2	2	3	
Requisitions				1	2	2	3	3	
M'f'g. Orders				1	2	2	3		
Receiving Reports							1	2	3
Stock Reports				1	2	2	3	3	
Time Slips							1	2	3
Memo Slips							1	2	3
Reference Booklets						1	2	3	

KEY TO ABOVE CHART
'A1—Extra First Choice 1—First Choice
2—Second Choice 3—Third Choice
*Recommended for Offset Lithography

Four factors are considered in the above classifications: (a) Appearance, (b) Long Life, (c) Printing qualities, (d) Probable handling (in office, in mail, and at destination). First choice provides maximum protection; others a slight sacrifice of one or more of the factors.

Coupon Bond A strictly First Grade, Pole Loft Dried Paper, made from new white hard rags. Will retain strength and color indefinitely. Supremely impressive in appearance, with the 'feel' and 'ring' to be found only in the very highest class of Bond Paper. *Made in White and Six Colors*

Agawam Bond A High Grade, Pole Loft Dried Paper, containing a very high percentage of the best new rags. Clear white in color, of impressive appearance, and designed for general use where a very substantial paper of extremely long life is desired. *Made in White only*

Persian Bond Pole Loft Dried Paper of High Rag-content, having much the appearance of higher grade bonds. A popular paper combining quality appearance with moderate price. Will last for a generation. *Made in White and Three Colors*

Contract Bond Pole Loft Dried Paper of substantial Rag-content with high factors of strength and resistance to wear, smooth finish, and particularly adapted to Offset Lithography. *Made in White and Eight Colors*

Airpost Bond Festoon Loft Dried, Rag-content Paper with much of the strength and rich appearance of a higher grade paper. It combines Quality-Appeal and moderate price. *Made in White and Six Colors*

Chevron Bond Pole Loft Dried Rag-content Paper. Maximum Bond Paper opacity. Smooth finish. Especially adapted to high speed Offset Printing. *Made in White only*

Acceptance Bond Air Dried Rag-content Paper with a rich surface appearance, and clear white color. In great demand for large edition work on forms, circulars, letters, etc., because of its low price and wide range of colors. *Made in White and Seven Colors*

Norman and Telephone Bond are Sulphite Pulp Papers, recommended to be used for temporary purposes only. Made in White and a wide range of Colors adapted to Factory and Office Forms. Norman Bond is a No. 1 Sulphite Grade. Telephone Bond is a No. 2 Sulphite Grade.

A request on your letterhead will bring a copy of this chart and the booklet "The Correct Use of Bond Papers"

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Cedar Falls, Iowa
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Cheyenne, Wyo.
Chicago, Ill. (3)
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
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Madison, Wis.
Mankato, Minn.
Mason City, Iowa
Memphis, Tenn.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Minot, N. D.
Nashville, Tenn.
New Orleans, La.
New York, N. Y.
Ogdensburg, N. Y.
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Parkersburg, W. Va.
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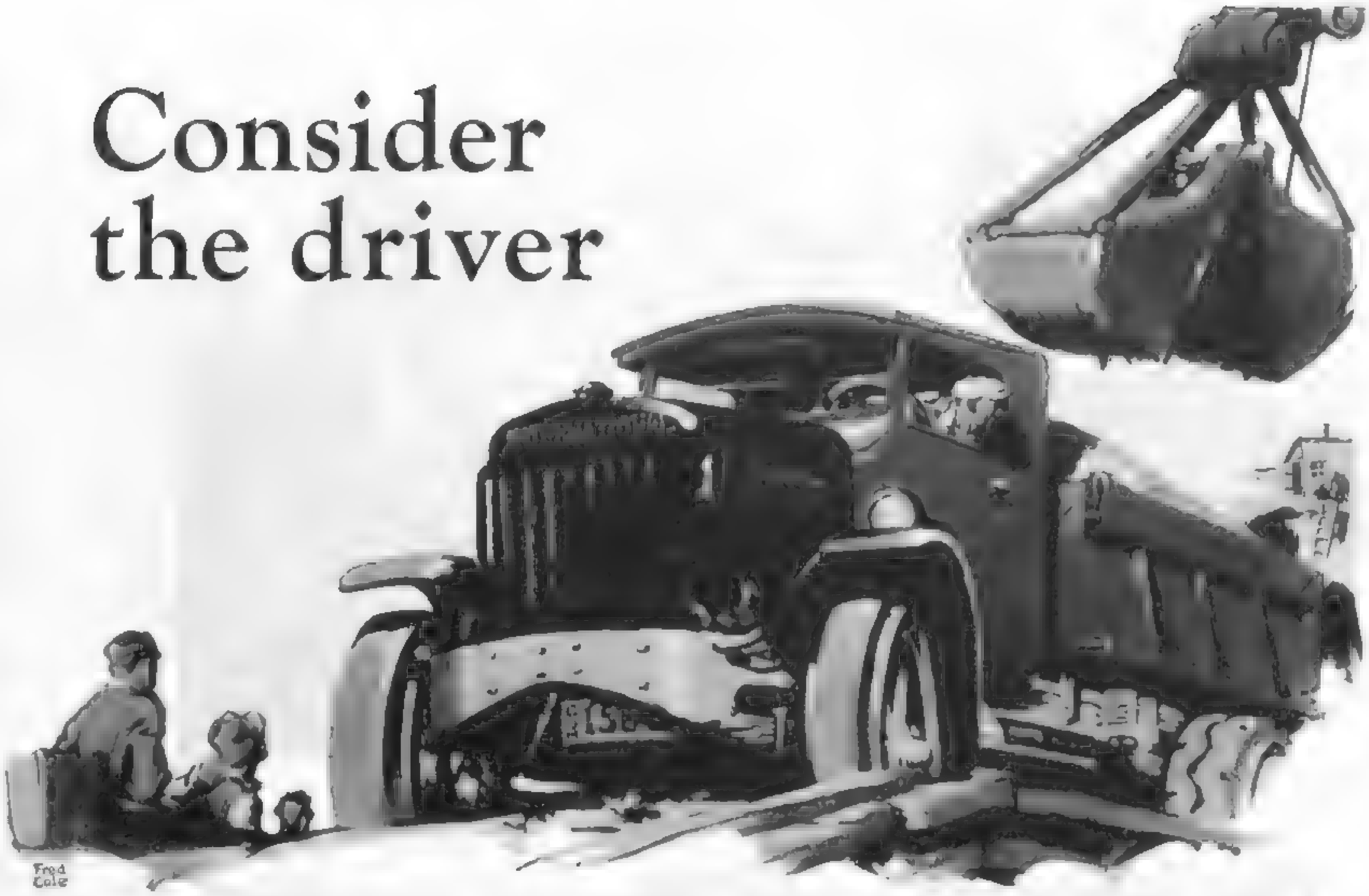
Consider the driver



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A complete departure from present-day truck steering design. Does away with cramped, tiring position without loss of loading space. Improves driver's efficiency and strengthens his morale.

International Heavy-Duty Trucks are built in 3000, 4000, 6000 and 10,000-pound maximum capacities with bodies to meet every requirement. There is also a sturdy Speed Truck for loads up to 2000 pounds. Busses are supplied to meet every passenger transportation need. Upon request we will gladly supply you with names of International owners in your own line of business and the address of the nearest showroom where the full line of new models is on display.

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INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
606 So. Michigan Ave. (Incorporated) Chicago, Ill.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY TRUCKS

FOR LOW-COST HAULING

(Continued from Page 142)

Though it looks worthless, she yet knows that certain venders thereabouts will insanely part with objects of great value to have it for their own. It is explained to her that she is to purchase rare gifts for herself and the *petits frères*. Her shocked look brightens to one of believing delight, but there is only a flash of this before she is up and off. She is not polite then; gone without a single maruru of thanks. The *petits frères* stare solemnly after her until the throng has shut her in. E maruru e vo' is still being sung by merry vocalists, unconscious of its pathos.

Ten minutes go and Pet of the Moon returns breathless. She brings two ripe mangoes which she prettily presents to the rich friend from another island. He is profoundly grateful for the gift, though he considers that mangoes taste too much like varnish, even if they could be gracefully consumed, which they can't. One is again warned to beware of making gifts in this curious land.

After declining more beer, the guests courteously take their leave. It is a real pleasure to have met them; but the mangoes, half the size of a football, would make an inconvenient burden for a color hunter. Making certain that Pet of the Moon has led her family to the street of candy shops, the recipient stealthily rolls the things under the chair of the sleeping fisherman and briskly goes away from there.

Half an hour later, in a distant booth, making new studies of color, he is found by Pet of the Moon, who grins a joyous triumph and extends the cast-off mangoes. Monsieur in his haste has forgotten the *très belles* fruits. Monsieur expresses the deepest chagrin. It is quite honest chagrin. He hopes that Pet of the Moon will take it as the chagrin of one all but thwarted of a mad passion for mangoes. She seems to. She and the brothers are chewing on the ends of sticks of an apparently indestructible sweet.

Day and night for a week the festival continues, with a brief surcease from one o'clock till dawn; though even at those hours the environs of Little Paris are unquiet with the accordions of celebrants who are continuing the function unofficially. They are conscientious. They believe one should be thorough with a Bastille.

The Scorning of Mataiea

And with all the drinking by natives, there has been no disorder. One observer of Nordics in their cups has watched for brawls, for at least some slightly ill-natured clash such as would abundantly enliven the occasion in Northern latitudes. But the Tahitian grows more and more happily childish as he drinks, widening his friendship to encircle the earth, and falls appealingly asleep when the drink has done its work.

But one bit of near-truculence is observed. Weaving dreamily past the drinking booths is an elderly bedraggled but regal looking native woman. She is Mataiea—Lightning Flash in the East—still slender and high of spirit, of whom rumor says positively that she has never been any better than she should be. Before each canopied entrance she pauses, though still weaving, while her dimmed eyes loosely scan the inmates. At short intervals a hand wavers up to readjust the wreathe that garlands her venerable brow, a lovely wreath of maire fern interwoven with red pandanus tips and snow-white Tiare flowers.

Her eyes are shocked to steadiness when they rest upon a male of rare beauty. He is a half-caste with reddish hair and a quite red mustache. She patently ogles this compelling vision, she smirks a coy challenge, but he is not for dalliance. He is singly occupied in serving beer to many clamorous patrons. Succumbing to her love of sheer beauty, Lightning Flash in the East sways forward to take her victim unaware with an amorous clasp of his neck and melting murmurs. He protests, unclasping the arms. But his wooer is determined, herself utterly won; what is petty commerce to her? This is not only the man but the time and the place. She clinches again, and again the chosen one disengages himself.

They are both vocal now, she with blandishments, he protesting. He stands off to shake his bar cloth at her rebukingly. He turns to exigent patrons and once more the longing arms of the smitten one entwine him. He seems to realize that harsh measures must be taken. His left hand amasses the slack of his worshiper's blouse at the back and she is propelled, not ungently, toward the nearest exit walking, not running. She writhes in the clutch and her choice wreath falls to the ground. Her captor, still clinging to his handful of blouse, stoops, recovers the wreath, shakes from it vagrant crumbs of sawdust and gallantly replaces it upon her iniquitous gray head. Then swiftly he resumes his work of ejection.

The spurned victim of his beauty, now outside his domain, where any lady has a right to be, is a little dazed, but more than a little indignant. She blazes abhorrence and blasts her repulser with pithy Tahitian that is regrettably interspersed with morsels of old English undoubtedly learned from seafaring men. She bereaves him of moral character and all the major attributes of his sex. Once more he shakes the bar cloth at her as one saying "Naughty, naughty!" And the incident is closed. But if a lady must be chucked out of a saloon, this was the nice way to do it. Nordic chuckers-out never pause to restore fallen garlands.

Where Plenty is Enough

Thus the Tahitian, as he joyously loiters through the short last act of his piteous drama. He is a tragedy, but he will never know it. Kindly, humorous, never with the greed to be really warlike, he had achieved a high civilization of his own; he had his sufficing gods, his well-fitting morals, his poetry, his legends, his music. His political economy was superior to that of the invaders. His national anthem might have been, Yes, We Have Nothing Much But Bananas—Help Yourself! Strangely, inhumanly to the white man, it had never occurred to him to corner any staple. He lacked the wit to see that a few leaders by simple manipulation could acquire all bananas so that the common herd would have many less than enough. Worse, he was quite unable to wish that anyone should have too few bananas.

And white civilization, though built on grander lines, has never been able to iron out this kink in his brain. It has civilized him to death, happily, which was only fair, giving him a religion that would save his soul in the hereafter to which it hurried him; but his industrial creed has proved unconquerable. He still stubbornly believes that everyone should have enough and that more than enough is an economic fallacy.

As our observing white friend bitterly puts it: "The darned cusses haven't any gift for civilization; they're plumb hopeless. You can't get 'em to work for more than they happen to need. When they get enough they quit and have a good time."

Against what white civilization can this shameful indictment be brought? As a result of their guilt, a stock passage in Stewart's Handbook of the Pacific Isles runs about like this:

"The natives of this island were found to be a handsome, brown-skinned, peaceful and hospitable folk who had attained a high skill in their arts and handicrafts. Their number was estimated by Captain Cook and the early arriving missionaries to be well over 100,000. Pop. today 2387. Cause of decrease, disease peculiar to white races, resulting from drink, immorality and the careless use of European clothing."

The Bastille is resistant. On the final night of its storming there is no intermission of effort. Dancers step to tireless accordions until well into the morning. But at eight o'clock the festival officially closes and the booths begin to be diamantled into heaps of palm fronds and bunting and piles of lumber. On the ground amid the falling ruins of one sits a group of five natives who have survived the week's ordeal. Oblivious to the workmen about them who wrench apart their late shelter, they still blithely chant to the accordion that one of them ecstatically draws out and compresses. They have had the forethought to provide some bottles of beer and they drink from these. A gentle rain falls unheeded upon them. At intervals a hand goes up and a poor little shower of pink and blue confetti falls damply back to lodge in the shaggy black manes. Oh, how happy they are! The slow, dismal hymn tune winds and winds again as the rough voices harmonize in:

E maruru e vo',
E maruru e vo'!

And now let us learn from all this to stay properly at home and read the charming books with an untroubled faith. It is often better to believe than to find out.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Wilson. The next will appear in an early number

A Style for every occasion

No. 220
Tan Cf. Sport

FOR the past half-century the "Just Wright" Shoe in appearance, in character, in quality of leathers and workmanship, has been exactly what the name implies. Wherever well-dressed men assemble the "Just Wright" Shoe is outstanding. The prices, $10.00 and $11.00, represent unusual value.

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC.
Dept. S–208, Rockland, Mass.
Makers also of Men's Arch Preserver Shoes.

THE JUSTWRIGHT SHOE

Write for "Correct Dress Folder" and nearest Just Wright dealer

PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

If you could look *into* wide garters as well as *at* them, you would emphasize Paris Wideweave. Most men do. Buy two pair for double comfort and cleanliness

As low as 50¢ and up to $1.00

Chicago A. STEIN & COMPANY New York

Time for a fresh pair?

SHALER

5-MINUTE VULCANIZER

Don't Forget This!

With a handy Shaler Vulcanizer in your car you can make your own tube repairs quickly and easily—anywhere on the road—in just a few minutes. Shaler repairs are *heat-vulcanized* (the method used by tire manufacturers and tire repair shops) because it is the sure way to make punctured tubes as good as new.

The Shaler is so simple and easy to use, and so inexpensive that more than two million motorists carry it for emergency use. Get one for your car today from any auto supply dealer. Vulcanize first and make it LAST.

Costs only $1.50

Slightly higher in Canada and Far West

Complete outfit includes Vulcanizer and 12 Patch-&-Heat Units—ready to use.

Standard Equipment on Many of the Leading Cars

C. A. SHALER CO., 1403 Fourth St., Waupun, Wis., U. S. A.

For protection from Sun, Dust, Wind or Glare

WILLSON Goggles

For out-of-door comfort, equip yourself with WILLSON Colored Goggles ~they are comfortably restful to eyes, nerves and body ~ ~ ~ ~

The WILLSON *name on every frame*

WILLSON GOGGLES, *Inc.*, READING, PA.

OMBOMPOM

(Continued from Page 11)

lines about the presentation of the bag, won't you? It will please Wally."

"Yes," said Jolliffe with a sharp cardiac pain. "I'll print anything you want about him." Then he brightened up considerably, as a tender thought came to him. "I suppose he'd better write out a short obituary for the office morgue, in case—anything" a deep breath—"should happen to him"

"I'll have him do that," replied Reeves, with a grin of perception.

"What line is he going on?" asked Jolliffe, almost brightly.

"Cunard."

Jolliffe became gloomy again. He recalled quickly that it was the slogan of the Cunard Line that they had never lost a passenger in times of peace. And there was no war.

II

ON BOARD the Iberia, Wally Parsons was the life of the party. He may have originated in a hick town, but he was one of those happy mortals whose overflowing personality sheds pink trading stamps of joy to all and sundry who have no work to do. Before the boat passed Nantucket Lightship he was the white-haired mastodon, the companion of the peptic and the hope of the seasick. By presiding in a centrally located spot he steadied the ship, so to say, and kept her on an even keel.

Benson Reeves, indescribably lonely and glum after his fellow whale had left the Record office, could scarcely be comforted, even though Jolliffe became almost human again, and the atmosphere of the city room oozed new optimism. He was immensely cheered when Wally's first letter came across. It was not a contribution to the Record. It was merely a personal communication to the boss. But Reeves read it avidly, and found in it all the comforts of a classic style.

"I sure had a great time," wrote Wally. "Finest lot of folks you ever saw. Some important people too. Two or three millionaires, but not a bit stuck up. But the best fun was furnished by a half dozen French girls who had been in New York for a year at the expense of the French Government, studying American business methods. Awfully nice girls, perfectly ladylike, but full of fun, and bright as a dollar. They could all talk English too. Knew all the latest New York slang, had seen all the best shows at the theaters, and all that. You ought to have heard the kidding between me and those dames. I said something, one day, to one of them, about the troubles of a fat man, and she came right back, 'Oh, you're not fat. You mustn't use that word. You just have the *ombompom*.' That was the word, as near as I could get it. *Ombompom*. Somebody overheard it, and after that everybody on the ship, even the captain, called me Ombompom. I'll say we were a real party."

Benson Reeves uttered the word "ombompom" several times, and then touched the button for an office boy. "Where's Grant?"

Grant was found. Grant was the only person in the Record office who was likely to know what *ombompom* meant, he having spent three or four years at college, preparing for his life work as head office boy with the Record. He had overstudied, or something, which made him slightly perplexed if you asked him to carry more than one idea in his head on any one day. But Grant was a shark at languages.

"Grant," said Mr. Reeves, leaning back in his chair and caressing his waistcoat, "what's *ombompom*, in French? I mean, what's it in English?"

Grant took solemn thought. "In what connection, Mr. Reeves?"

"In connection with—with Mr. Parsons."

The overstuffed student worked on the problem a moment. Then he cried with the joy of one who is about to be helpful, "Oh, yes! *Embonpoint!* That's the French word meaning plump, inclined to be corpulent, or you might say ——"

"I get it," intercepted Reeves. "Thanks, Grant. Tell Jolliffe to fix you for the moving pictures tonight. Look out! That's the door to the closet you're trying to go out of!"

Reeves didn't tell. But Grant must have chattered. Never, thereafter, was Mr. Archibald Wallace Parsons called anything but Ombompom by the office force.

Careless of this fact, Wally Parsons made his triumphal march through the best restaurants of Western Europe. His only French was restaurant French, but that was enough. He got acquainted with sauces that the great Escoffier had kept under cover for royalty. He sampled every good eating house on both sides of the Seine, and ran down to Marseilles to see what the original *bouillabaisse* was like. He became an expert on *tripe-à-la-Caen*, *poulets du Mans*, and the fluffy soufflés of the Basses-Pyrénées. Whenever there was a new Bohemian food cellar uncovered, near the Place Pigalle, Wally Parsons presided and reviewed the cuisine in single file. Once in a while he remembered that he was the European correspondent of the Everton Record; that the readers of that newspaper were panting to hear from him on important matters, and he wearily penciled a column or so, with the aid of the Paris editions of the English newspapers, and shot it over. Wally's correspondence was marked, "When room." There was never room.

Finally Mr. Reeves took the correspondence in hand, edited it himself, and marked it "Must." This means, in a newspaper office, that the boss himself insists on seeing the thing in print. Whereupon the copy began to get mysteriously lost on the way from the copy desk to the composing room. Rats ate it; it blew out of the windows; strange men with false beards crept into the Record office and stole it; at least, if these things didn't happen to Wally's correspondence, stranger things must have. Wally Parsons attained the eminence of being the best-fed and least-published correspondent in Europe.

After he had exhausted the possibilities of French cooking, Wally Parsons moved on to Copenhagen. Somebody must have told him about Copenhagen. Previously to embarking for Europe, Wally had always considered Copenhagen the name of a kissing game. He found it was a city, surrounded by water and infested with superior cooks.

A man who wishes to eat the best food in Europe, and gain in weight by obvious leaps, can do no better than Copenhagen. The Danes apologize for their cooking, saying that too much butter is used, that it is too rich. Wally found it just rich enough. He put his feet under the ample tables of Nimb's and the Tivoli Restaurant, leered upon the delicious *smörrebröd*, and decided to remain in Copenhagen the rest of his life. Perhaps he would have done so, except for a strange accident which took place in Everton, at the Record office, one day in April.

Benson Reeves, whose weight had lately stood still at 271 pounds, on account of his pining for his playmate, ambled out of the elevator into his office one morning, sat down at his desk, took up a pen and tried to write. His fingers wouldn't work. He felt a cold shiver at his spine. His right arm became as an arm which had been buried at Gettysburg. He tried to raise the arm from the desk, and couldn't move it. Then, with chilly sweat dripping from his forehead, he took off the telephone receiver with his trembling left hand, and got Doctor Hahn on the other end of the wire.

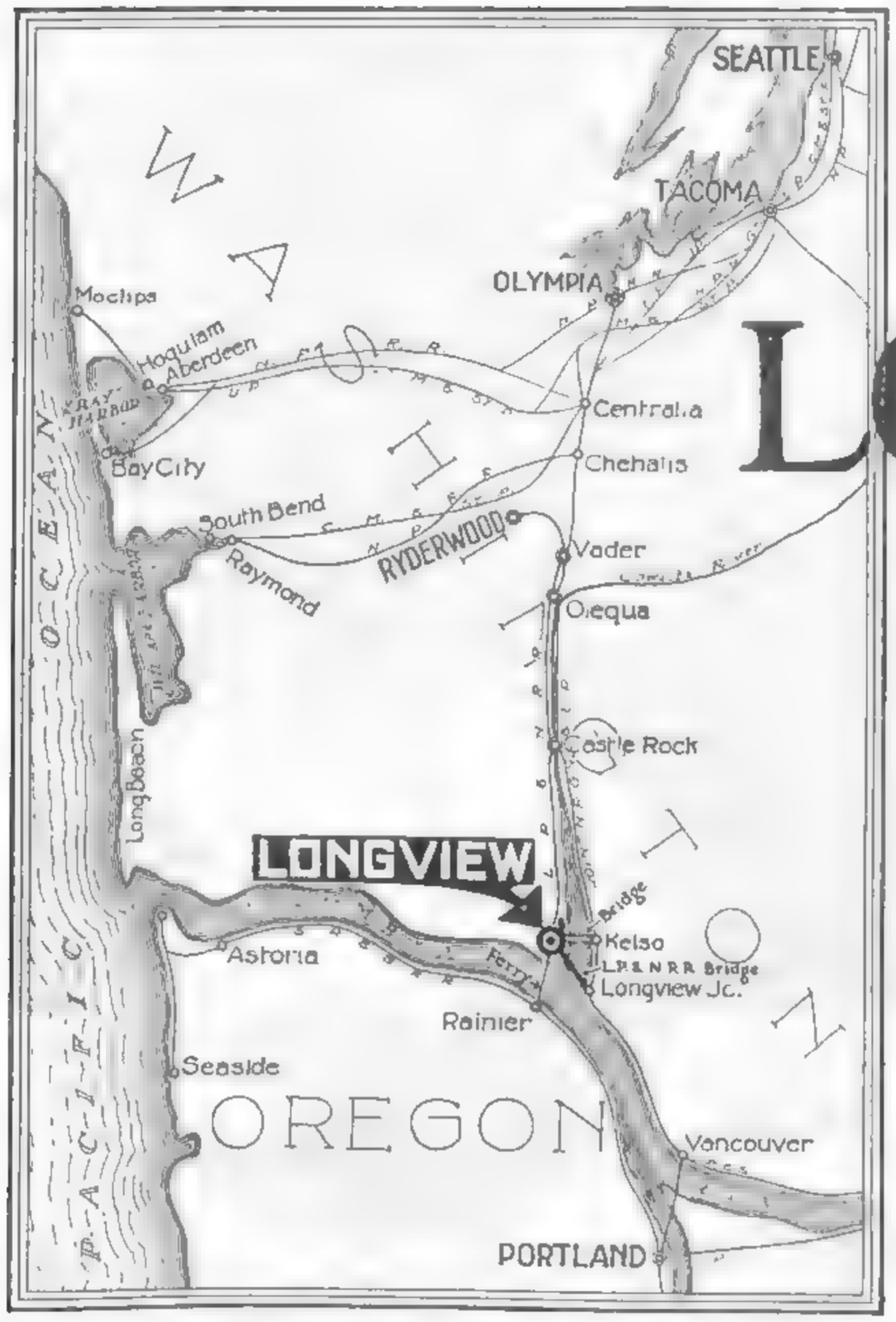
Doctor Hahn, a capable, youthful doctor about six years out of the hospital, had an office in the Record building. He knew Reeves and had been watching him as a boy waits under an apple tree on a windy day, waiting for something ripe to fall. He had no desire to shake the tree in advance. He knew that he had a fine prospective client upstairs.

Reeves' face was white and his lips were blue when Hahn came into the room, case in hand. "Something's happened, doctor!" he moaned. "I can't move my right arm. Is—is it—a stroke?"

The doctor listened at the fat man's heart, lungs and other accessories. He prodded him sufficiently and then stood back and delivered an oration, in a somewhat impertinent but knowledgeable and impressive manner.

"Your heart is all right, strange to say," he began. "But it won't be long before it isn't all right. You have no shock, but you deserve about three shocks. You're a walking mountain of fat, and no insurance company would risk six cents on you. I don't say I understand it myself, but the idea is that the fat has begun to press on a nerve in your shoulder and put your arm

(Continued on Page 149)



The New Industrial City of the Pacific Northwest

LONGVIEW

Washington

Offers Unusual Advantages to Manufacturers, to Jobbers and Wholesalers, to Investors, to Merchants, to Home Builders, to Suburban Farmers.

IN the heart of the prosperous Pacific Northwest is Longview, Washington,—a live, thriving, growing, thoroughly American city that offers these essentials to enterprise and invites the most searching personal investigation:

—Transportation by river, by sea, by rail and by highway.
—Accessible markets, domestic and foreign.
—Expertly planned industrial districts.
—Reasonable land prices.
—Raw materials.
—Fuel and power.
—Labor.
—Unexcelled climate.
—A modern community.
—Populous contiguous territory.
—Scenic environs.

Though the new city of Longview is less than two years old, those locating there are not pioneering in a raw, backwoods country, unless it be pioneering to live in a modern, up-to-date young city and have a hand in turning to profit and use vast undeveloped resources.

Longview has today:

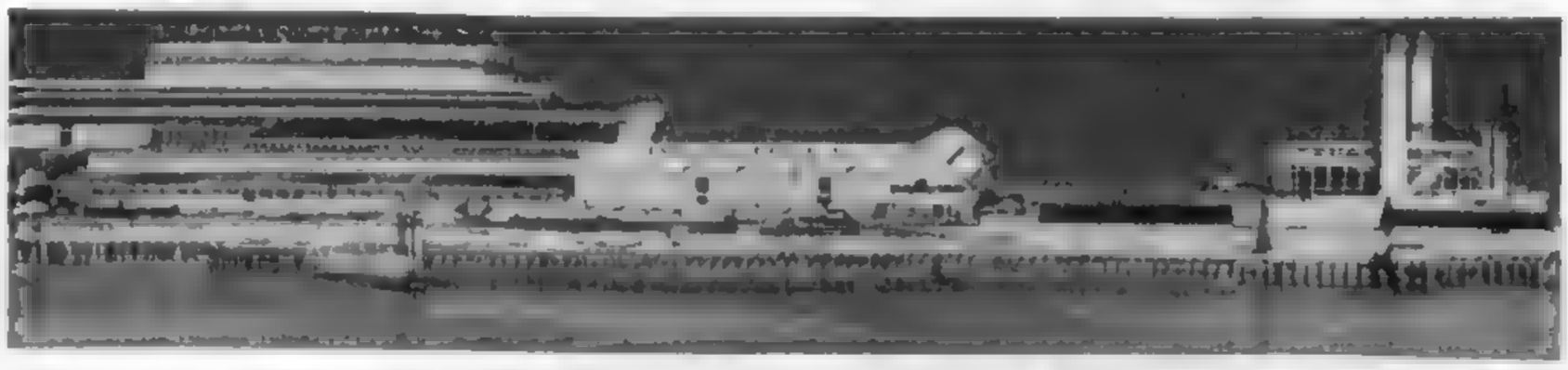
Population, 5,000; paved streets, concrete sidewalks; sewers; water system; many permanent business buildings; three modern hotels; daily newspaper; electric power plant with an ultimate capacity of 36,000 kilowatts; more than 700 modern homes and many others under construction; churches, lodges, a Community House, replete with gymnasium, swimming pool, auditorium, etc.; modern street lighting system; parks, boulevards, golf course, athletic field, tennis courts; a complete municipal government; suburban garden lands;—in all, you will find in Longview every facility found in any other carefully planned, typically American city to make life comfortable and enjoyable.

Include Longview in your travels this summer. It is in the direct line of summer tourist travel in the midst of wonderful scenic grandeur, at a point where the paved Pacific Highway, running north and south, first meets the famed Columbia River Highway. Three transcontinental railroads are at its door; pleasure steamers ply up and down the Columbia River and the Pacific Ocean is but 50 miles to the west. Longview will give you a true Western welcome and you can see the marvelous spectacle of a city being built before your eyes.

Transportation by Rail, by Water, by Highway

LONGVIEW is fifty miles from the Pacific Ocean on the Columbia River, with its ocean-going commerce to all leading ports of the world. Three transcontinental railways—the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific and the Great Northern—using a double track line between Portland and Seattle, are at Longview's door. The Longview, Portland and Northern has Longview for its southern terminus and taps the rich Cowlitz River valley to the northward. Across the Columbia River from Longview passes the Spokane, Portland & Seattle Railroad. Forty miles to the north, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul has a southern terminal of an important branch line. The Southern Pacific, reaching the lengths of Oregon and California, connects with Longview's transcontinental carriers at Portland. Two internationally famous paved highways—the Columbia River Highway and the Pacific Highway—serve Longview, the former connecting Portland and the east with the Pacific Ocean, and the latter, via Seattle and Portland, connecting Canada with Southern California and Mexico. A third paved highway, designated as the Ocean Beach Highway, now under construction on the north bank of the Columbia River, will connect Longview directly with the Pacific Ocean. Motor traffic may pass from one main highway to another via the Longview-Rainier ferries plying on regular schedules on the Columbia River.

Hotel Monticello in Longview is equal in beauty and service to any in the Pacific Northwest. It is thoroughly modern, fire-proof—a mecca for tourists



LONG-BELL PLANT TO OPEN IN JULY

IN JULY of this year, the Long-Bell Lumber Company will begin the operation of its great fir lumber manufacturing plant in Longview. To see it in operation is well worth including Longview in your trip to the Pacific Northwest. This Company owns large tracts of fir timber adjacent to the new city and, after a most careful investigation, selected Longview for its plant because of its perfect location. The above photograph is a view of the Long-Bell plant taken before its completion, from a point nearly a mile away on the opposite bank of the Columbia River. Thirty-four acres of buildings are under roof. The docks in the foreground are 1400 feet in length.

Summer railroad rates of approximately one-half fare for the round trip to Longview and other Pacific Northwest cities now in effect.

THE LONGVIEW COMPANY, LONGVIEW, WASHINGTON

Use this coupon to write today for carefully prepared and profusely illustrated literature on Longview and what it offers to industries, large or small—what it offers as a clean, modern city in which to live and work contentedly.

THE LONGVIEW COMPANY, Longview, Wash. Dept. 11

Gentlemen: Please send me literature concerning the new city of Longview. I am particularly interested in its opportunities for:

(Make a check mark in the square)

- [ ] Manufacturing
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Address _____

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When Life Depended Upon Safe Lubrication!

AUTOMOBILE owners can profitably follow the judgment of men who stake everything upon motor performance.

When, for example, Lieutenant James Doolittle, army aviator, made the first successful one-stop transcontinental flight from Jacksonville, Fla., to San Diego, California, lubrication was vital to success.

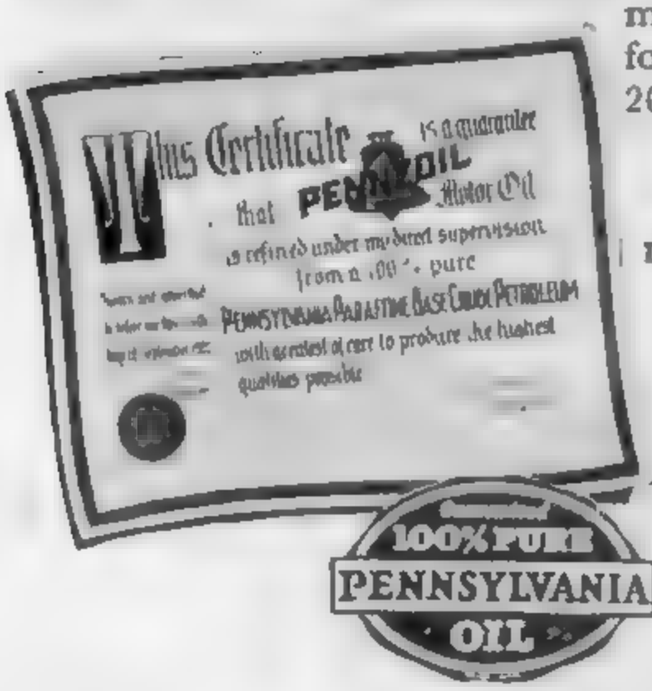
The start was made at 10:30 at night. Almost immediately he ran into a violent thunder storm, and found himself driving at 100 miles an hour speed through darting flashes of lightning and blinding rain in inky darkness over a territory which did not have a possible landing place within a hundred miles in any direction.

It meant certain death if his motor failed. But the motor, lubricated by Pennzoil, performed perfectly and 21 hours and 20 minutes later he landed at San Diego, 2200 miles across the continent with one half hour stop at San Antonio for oil and gas. The choice of oil was a vital matter, and Pennzoil repaid with safe lubrication.

Pennzoil also provided safe lubrication when Lieuts. Kelly and Macready set a world record of 36 hours, 5 minutes and 30 seconds continuous flight at McCook Field, Dayton. Pennzoil again was used when this famous team made the spectacular history-making non-stop flight from New York to San Diego.

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS

will find the same identical Pennzoil, in the correct grade for any particular motor, available at any garage or service station bearing the Pennzoil sign. *Enjoy smoother motoring, eliminate needless repairs due to faulty lubrication, and lessen your oil consumption by taking the trouble to demand and get PENNZOIL.* If not at your dealer's, write our nearest division office.



Official Insignia of the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Ass'n

THE PENNZOIL COMPANY

Refineries, Oil City, Pa.

Division Offices: Buffalo, Detroit, Oil City, Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Oregon

SUPREME PENNSYLVANIA QUALITY

PENNZOIL

SAFE LUBRICATION

(Continued from Page 146)

out of business. It's nothing but fat. If you want to use your arm again, there's one way to do it. You've got to take off some of that lard. If you want to live to see beers and light wines again, you know how as well as I do. If you want to fall down in the street some day and have them take you away in one of those carts they use for dead horses—why, go right on gorging yourself and sitting in your chair."

Reeves flushed with indignation. "I didn't call you in to pull that rough stuff on me! It may all be true, but you could be gentlemanly about it."

"Coarse words for a coarse case," responded the doctor irreverently. "I'm giving it to you straight, and asking no charge. If you don't believe it, or you think I'm a rude Muldoon, call in some other man. You're not a case for drugs; you're a case for a mean guy in a sanitarium, where you obey orders or get kicked into the street. I know you fat boys, and I've got no sympathy with you. I don't care if you die tomorrow. Get me?"

"Is—it really that bad?" Reeves began to whimper.

Doctor Hahn was not really a roughneck. As soon as he saw that Reeves was in a receptive mood he began to talk like a proper practitioner. He really wanted this case. He wanted to reduce Reeves. He wanted to be able to point Reeves out as the athletic-looking mammal he had saved from ruin. So, by alternately bracing and frightening the big fellow, he exacted a promise that he would obey orders. And the regimen began then and there.

At first Reeves felt that he was being starved to death. He almost wept as he munched a finger of hard toast, unbuttered, and thought of colossal bacon and eggs. He was asked to believe that a piece of lean ham, the size of an inkstain, would keep him from falling in a dead faint. He was led away to the awful tortures of a gymnasium, and forced to play handball with a low-browed person of no education, who delighted in socking him in the eye with the ball and then claiming accident. But—when he thought of the cart that removed deceased horses from the roadways, he swallowed hard and went on with the punishment.

Then, gradually, he began to get interested in the scales. It became a sporting event to see whether he had lost a pound or only eleven ounces. Little by little he got acquainted with the sight of his feet, which had been strangers to his vision for a long time. He began to work back through his wardrobe to the clothing of yesteryear. His collars went from size nineteen to eighteen, seventeen, and then to a mere boy's size—sixteen and a half. One day he thought he had discovered his biceps. But it proved to be only a false alarm. It was a place where the fat had remained on.

But when the miracle was in the way of coming to a consummation, when Reeves one day found himself breathing without a wheeze, doing a two-mile walk without hailing a jitney to get home, felt the surge of life once more abounding in his frame, and forced the scales up only to a stingy one hundred and ninety-six pounds, which Doctor Hahn allowed was a reasonably good weight for a big-boned man of six feet—then Reeves became an addict. He became a proselyter, compared with whom the early Christians were men and women of reserve. The joy of telling the world filled the nostrils of the former victim of fat. He could hardly resist the temptation of plucking strangers by the arm and saying firmly, "Better lay off the eats, old chap. You're near the danger line. Now once, I myself ——"

It is in the nature of the convert to hate the error from which he has been so providentially rescued. Reeves, like other reformed sinners, began to abhor the advertisements of his former weakness. A fat man began to be obnoxious to his view. He cautioned the office force to beware of the sin of gluttony. "Exercise, my boy! And moderation."

If Wally Parsons had been present at this period he would have been deluged with good advice. But Wally was in Copenhagen, ordering freely from the bill of fare, and washing it down with dark brew—and gaining in weight so fast that his favorite restaurateurs were reserving a sofa for him instead of a chair. He had ceased to write correspondence for the Record. He had ceased to correspond with anybody at the Record office except the cashier. The cashier mentioned this fact weekly to Reeves.

But Reeves was too busy with his physical exercises to think of Wally just then. He said, "I'll speak with you later about that, Ferguson. Just bring up that matter next week, will you?"

But the miracle had been performed. Reeves was free from sin. He was advertising the virtues of his diet, and showing people how to live the fuller life. And in that juncture the cashier, Ferguson, brought him a copy of a cable message from Copenhagen, calling for more money.

Reeves studied the cable a moment, and exclaimed, "What the devil!" It was as though he had been asleep for a year, and waked to find his watch, diamond pin and automobile gone. "Not a blamed cent!" he cried. "You cable Parsons to report for duty at this office at once! Er –he might be broke. You can send him two hundred dollars. Let him travel second-class. Make the cable good and strong, and tell him to get back here on the hop."

"Ombompom!" murmured Reeves. "The big fat loafer! I ought to have jerked him home again long ago. Why, he hasn't done a blamed thing but spend my money. Ombompom! So the French girls called him Ombompom, did they? Huh!" The picture of the great hulk rose before Reeves' scandalized eyes, and he shivered in disgust. That he had ever been like that! It was a ghastly recollection.

He seized a slip of paper and wrote, lest Ferguson's cable should miscarry or fail to impress Parsons: "I want you back right away. Signed personally by Reeves."

"I want that to go Marconi," said the boss, handing the paper to the head office boy. "Tell them to send every word of it, including the words 'Signed personally by.' Understand?"

Then Reeves settled back in his chair. He placed his hands where his stomach used to be, and found the spot to be vacant. His frontage had been moved back by inches. He stretched out his arms and flexed them with the satisfaction of a high-school hero. "In great form!" he murmured. Then he added darkly, "Ombompom! The fat loafer!"

III

BEING neither clairvoyant nor clairaudient, nor skilled with the divining rod, Mr. Wally Ombompom Parsons, in Copenhagen, had no clew concerning the remarkable conversion which had taken place in the soul and hide of Benson Reeves. And when he got the peremptory cablegram, followed by the more insistent marconigram, Wally sat up and inquired of his pride what had occurred in the Record office. At first it flashed to him that something had happened to Jolliffe, and that the boss naturally reached for his playmate in his emergency. But on reflection it seemed to Wally that Jolliffe was the sort of man that nothing happened to. He had that lean and hungry look which the insurance actuaries say doth constitute a fine risk. He was of the ilk who would always look ill, and have black blotches under the eyes, but who would live to bury the last Bulgarian sour-milk drinkers. It seemed more reasonable to believe that Reeves was going to take a vacation and leave Wally in complete control of the newspaper.

He regretted leaving Copenhagen, but duty was duty. He bought passage to New York direct from Denmark, and spent his last ten days basking with his beloved *smörrebröd* on the Danish steamship. On the afternoon of the eleventh day Wally entered the city room of the Record office, looking traveled and important. To show that he had no hard feelings against Jolliffe he began by sitting on the edge of the city editor's desk.

There are some crimes worse than others. To sit on the edge of a city editor's desk has always called for the maximum punishment. Ordinarily Jolliffe wouldn't have waited even to call for a gun. He would have used his scissors. But, strange to say, on this occasion he merely smiled blandly, shook hands with all the fervor of a wet towel, and inquired if Wally was well. Wally was. He said so several times. He remarked how different America looked. He commented scathingly upon American provincialism. The boys gathered round and received him with kindness and compliments. Then, having made a good entrance and got his breath, Wally started for Benson Reeves' room.

"I wouldn't go in just now. The boss has a caller," suggested the city editor.

"Oh, that's all right; he won't mind," assured Wally.

N. W. Anderson
$1.50 an hour

What is Your Age

Frank W. Lyon
$14.00 in one day

It doesn't matter whether you are this side of twenty or beyond fifty, you have an opportunity to make money as a representative of this Company—*extra money*, which you can easily earn even though you have never had previous experience.

If you want a spare-time position, our proposition offers you a chance to earn up to $1.50 an hour. If you want a regular full-time job, we have one waiting with fifty or sixty dollars a week as the reward to the right person.

The men on this page, and hundreds like them, are making good with us. Why not you too?

These next few months several hundred thousand orders for our three publications will be placed. You can share in this business—and in the profits! Whatever your age or position, if you want more money, let us tell you about our plan for making it.

Clip off the Coupon and Mail it Now

O. W. Hendee
$175 a month

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
900 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: Please tell me, but without obligation, how to make money by your plan.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

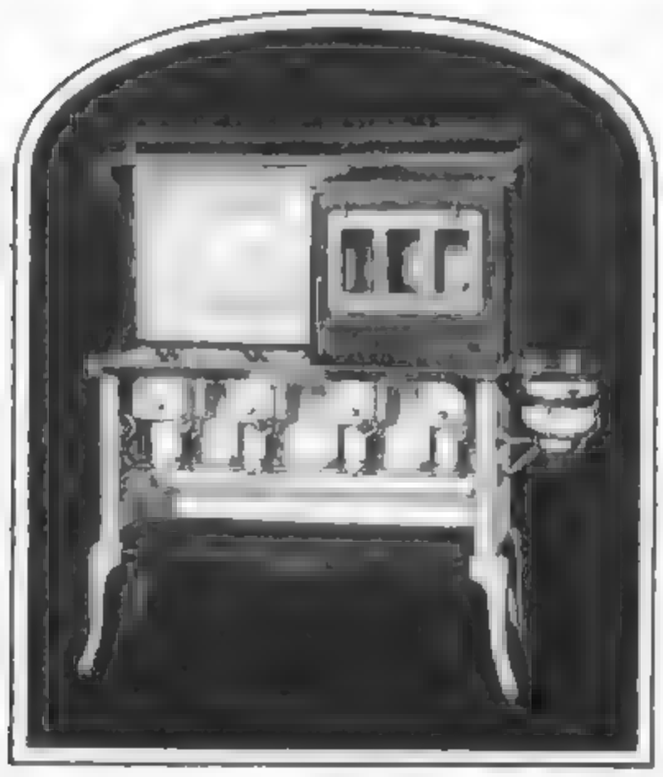
Floyd Parks
$200 in one month

"travelo"

knit jackets & vests *for* men & boys

Ask your dealer for this free book, or write to Peckham-Foreman Inc. 1909-1915 Park Ave. New York

THEY HOLD THEIR SHAPE



Famous Alcazar
Kerosene Gas Cook Stove

Cooks Like a Gas Range at Much Lower Cost

Thousands of kitchens are now equipped with this wonderful Alcazar Kerosene Gas Cook Stove. Made in every desirable style and size. Cooks as easily and as perfectly as the city gas range—but fuel bills are much lower.

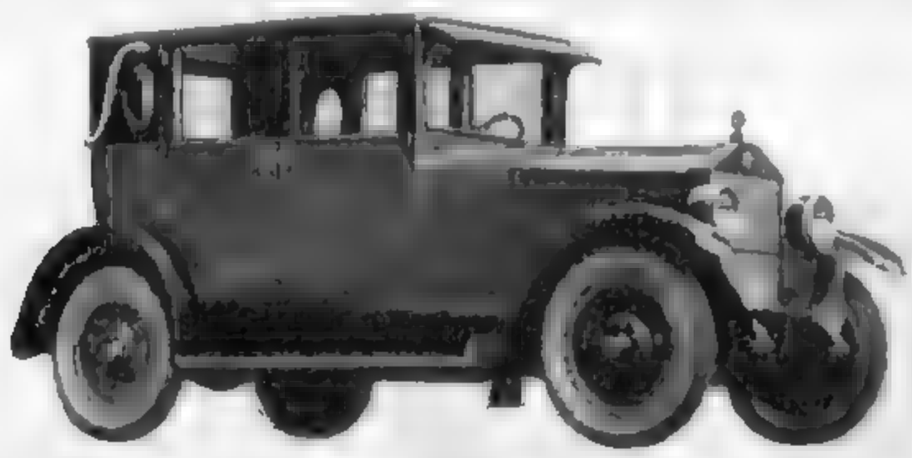
When in need of a kitchen range, insist on seeing the Alcazar variety of models. Includes styles from the big Alcazar Oil-Duplex, burning wood or coal and kerosene oil, singly or together, to the finest coal and wood ranges.

See the Alcazar dealer or write us.

Alcazar Range & Heater Co., 436 Cleveland Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Alcazar

Quality Kitchen Ranges—*Every Type, Style and Price for Every Fuel*



The remarkable side of ELCAR

ELCAR

A great factory and ponderous machinery can lower production costs, but only the skilled hand of the craftsman can give to a motor car the touch of individuality. Hence it is that ELCAR, largely custom built, has a character distinctly all its own. But that character has not been over-valued.

The 6-50-B Brougham, shown above, fully equipped—

$1490

(f. o. b. Elkhart, Ind.)

DEALERS *Write today for details of* ELCAR *agency in your territory*

ELCAR

A WELL BUILT CAR

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He went in. Then he came out again, looking dazed, sat down heavily upon and through a chair, picked himself up, kicked the remains of the chair aside, and sat on a desk and waited.

Finally the boss opened his door and beckoned. Wally entered; the door closed, and Frank Corby, Leach and Earle joined hands and did a silent war dance around the city room.

"You ought to know better than to break in without knocking," said the boss severely, while Wally blinked. "That may be form in Denmark, but it's no good here. You're a monstrosity! You've gained seventy pounds! It won't do, Parsons; it won't do! Do you know what's going to happen to you? You're going to fall down in the street some day, and those men that operate the dead-horse cart are going to come after you. You'll just pass out quick—like that! You're a walking mountain of fat, and no insurance company would risk six cents on you. It's indecent! Gluttony! Disgusting! Look at me! Hard as nails, and can do thirty-six holes at golf and come in fresh as a daisy."

Wally stared. He hardly heard the tirade. He was gazing helplessly upon the changed figure, the changed face of his boss. His brain waggled. This wasn't Reeves at all. It was some new proprietor.

"Now look, Parsons," the voice went on, "you've had a good long vacation at my expense. I'm not kicking. I really had a brainstorm when I sent you over. But the point is, you've got to buckle down and do some work. Forget the past. I'll take all the blame for your footlessness—only you must back me up by a little hustle. What you need is hard work, plenty of exercise, and a diet. I'll send you to a doctor who will start you right. And Jolliffe will give you the exercise. Glad to see you, Parsons. I'm busy now. Ask Jolliffe if he can give you something for tomorrow."

The wreck of a once popular European correspondent emerged from the boss' room and walked, as though doing a Lady Macbeth under the glaring mercury lamps, straight for the city editor's desk.

"Mr. Jolliffe," said Wally in strange faraway tones, "you were right. I shouldn't have butted in. It made Mr. Reeves sore. Er—how long has he been—like that?"

"Like what?"

"Emaciated," hoarsed Wally.

"Oh, that happened soon after you left. I've got a nice assignment for you, Ombompom. Chance to write a good sob story. Mother supporting six children by sweating silk shirts for the Upper Ten, in the tenement district. The place is on the seventh floor, and there's no elevator. But it's a good story, and you're the bird to write it—with your European experience."

"On the seventh floor—and no elevator!" gasped Ombompom. "I never could make it, Mr. Jolliffe. You're kidding me."

"Oh, I don't mean to rush you," sneered the city editor. "You can have one day to go up, and the next day to come down. Take your lunch with you, to eat on the third floor. When you get up to the sixth floor your nose will probably begin to bleed—but don't get frightened at that. It's only the normal effect of elevation. And I'm not kidding, Ombompom. Get that."

Wally understood at last that Jolliffe's turn had come. The boss had soured on him, for some reason—it wasn't clear to him why—and had thrown him to the lion. If Wally had possessed a hundred dollars in cash he would have marched from the scene with his head up. But he had not saved money. He jingled about forty cents in his pocket—the cash he had left after clearing the customs at the dock, and buying his ticket for Everton. Under the circumstances he felt that it would be unwise to ask the boss for an advance. It would be better to go back to his old boarding place and touch the landlady for enough to survive till pay day.

No fiend of the Inquisition ever showed more resource in cruel and unnatural punishments than did Jolliffe. Wally got at least six assignments a day, all arranged with diabolical precision, with the idea of covering the greatest possible mileage on foot. The city editor had a standing order with the elevator starters in the big office buildings. Whenever the elevator machinery went out of gear they were to call up the city editor of the Record at once. Then Wally was detailed to ascend to the fifteenth floor to inquire of a fourth-rate real-estate dealer if he had disposed of some eight-hundred-dollar parcel of peat bog in the outskirts. If there was a family row in some hovel out beyond the end of the car line, Ombompom was rushed out to inquire.

After the first week of this, Wally, through violent exercise and worry, got down to two hundred and eighty-three. It looked, for a minute, as though Jolliffe's cruelty were about to defeat itself. But Wally got down to two hundred and eighty-three and stuck there.

The more he walked, after that, the hungrier he got. The hungrier he got, the more he ate. The more he ate, the more he kept his weight. The more he kept his weight, the more walking assignments he got from Jolliffe. The more exercise, the hungrier, the more he ate—round and round and round the vicious circle.

Sometimes even the revengeful Iroquois at the city desk almost relented. Wally was no longer himself. He came into the office with a hunted look. Even the office boys guyed him. The reporters began to feel honestly sorry for him. Frequently, Pickering or Peters, the two call men, would offer to take a mean job off Wally's hands. But he refused, with sad melting eyes, like those of a fawn. He was game, and he was proud. And after all, the pity of the other boys was only momentary. When they remembered the halcyon days of Ombompom, when he was next to the boss, and cornered all the theater tickets, snitched the circus passes, intercepted the baseball complimentaries, and puffed contemptuous Havana smoke all over the city room, thereby contaminating the honest odor of their hard-earned threefers—the boys steeled their hearts. In the words of the great writers, the iron entered their souls.

Benson Reeves, meanwhile, though he gave Wally no encouragement beyond a pleasant good morning, was really watching over his former favorite with benevolent eye. He was waiting for the day when Wally's right leg would crumple under him, or his neck would refuse to obey his will. Then—Doctor Hahn! and oho for the obesity cure!

But, aside from the sad hunted look in Wally's eyes, he seemed to be in a state of perfect preservation. It thus became necessary for Reeves, who abominated obesity, to turn the screw a trifle. He called Wally into the death chamber and said, "Parsons, I never mean to interfere with the private affairs of the men who work for me. If they want to be thin or fat or wear red neckties or carry a cane—that's their business—unless they overdo it. Now I hate to say this, Parsons, but you're a sort of a joke around town. Jokes are all right on our editorial page, but the Record mustn't be a low comedian. People are beginning to laugh when they see you coming. They say, 'Here comes that freak the Record borrowed from Barnum and Bailey,' or 'Why should a newspaper reporter be allowed to obstruct traffic?' Now, if you want to eat yourself into an early grave, of course that's your business. But I don't like to have people pulling low wit at the Record's expense. Hadn't you better take off about a hundred pounds, and look more human?"

Wally's affection for the boss was real. He was serious minded and loyal. The upshot of the meeting was that Doctor Hahn was called in. Hahn went to work on Wally with all the roughness he had shown to Reeves, and some added. He began by putting Wally on a three-day fast—no food, no water, not even orange juice.

Wally was given a week's vacation to try the experiment. The first day he sat in his room. The second day he went to bed, from weakness. The third day he mentally made his will, leaving Copenhagen to Reeves. On the morning of the fourth day he tottered out to the nearest restaurant and ate three-fifths of an ox, garnished with a peck of potatoes, and washed it down with something less than a gallon of coffee.

"You disobeyed orders!" bawled Doctor Hahn.

"I was dying" wailed Wally.

"Finish dying. I wash my hands of you," said the doctor. "Pick out your lot at Mount Auburn, you big boob. You'll need it in three months."

"Give me another chance," begged Ombompom.

He got another chance. This time the doctor, feeling that Wally had almost obeyed orders, and that perhaps his regimen had

(Continued on Page 153)

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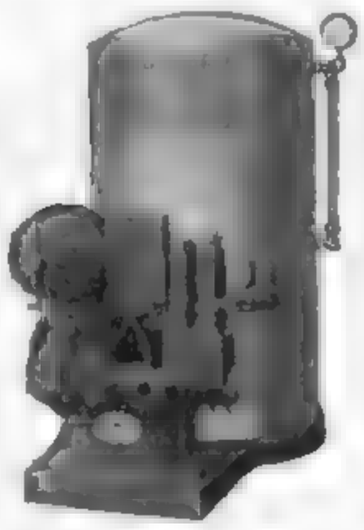

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(Continued from Page 150)

been too harsh, ordered another three-day fast, but with a little orange juice. Wally laid in a box of oranges. At the end of three days he paid a boy fifty cents to smuggle the forty-six pounds of orange peel out of his room. Doctor Hahn, coming in, met the boy going out. That was the end.

"Your fat suicide has no will power," the doctor reported to Reeves. "Nothing could help him but a firing squad. I'm too busy to fool with him. Give him an assignment to jump out of an aeroplane with a parachute—and sew up the parachute."

Reeves was disgusted. That a man should be fat he could understand—he had once been fat himself—but that a man should not take the advice of a man who had been fat, and had seen the light, was offensive in the extreme.

Ombompom didn't even have the decency to collapse from fatty degeneration. Reeves felt all the righteous indignation of a doctor who leaves his bed in a blizzard, drives six miles to save a life, and finds his patient sitting at the kitchen table eating a stack of wheat cakes.

"I leave Parsons to you, Jim," he said, albeit with a certain reluctance. "Give him plenty to do until the end comes."

"Now, on the level, Mr. Reeves," said Jolliffe, "if you feel that way, I want to put the cards on the table. Ombompom is no good, and never was. I don't need him, and never did. It's coming summer, and the work is getting lighter. Let me fire him. That's less cruel than walking him to death."

"No," objected the boss. "I don't like to do that. He's trying to do his best. 'Tisn't as though he was soldiering. Er give him a chance to resign. Dammit, I like Ombompom! If he'd get thin and respectable, I'd like to see him stay. Er don't fire him, but ——"

"All right," responded the city editor.

He knew what to do now. The boss had scruples. Jolliffe was happily born without such excrescences. There is just one big reason for firing a newspaper reporter, that holds good winter and summer, in all climates, under all conditions. Not immorality. No. Not inebriation. Not that. Not even murder. The one big reason is that the reporter in question has failed to turn in a good story which he could have got.

Jolliffe went to work on that basis. He had the guillotine all erected, even before his talk with the boss. All he needed was the assistance of Wally's neck, to make the ceremony complete.

The means of effecting the departure of Ombompom were at hand. It was the first week in June. The humid weather, earlier than usual, had driven most of the ambassadorial corps out of Washington. The world was at peace—except for one hovering cloud in Southeastern Europe. This cloud blew across the Atlantic to Washington, rested over the Potomac for a week or two, and then moved northward to the vicinity of Everton. Not that Everton was anything more than a manufacturing city of two hundred thousand population. But it so happened that, nine miles from Everton, in the foothills of the Pompatuck Range, there was a summer colony; and here, for some seasons, the ministers plenipotentiary of a number of self-determined and scrappy European countries had been accustomed to rest.

At the moment, half a hundred newspaper correspondents were camped in and around Everton, keeping a watch on the summer home of Baron Pazacz, the minister for a young and noisy republic which we can set down as Hostilia, so as not to create any hard feelings. The fact was, Hostilia had a little party preparing toward another neighboring republic of Wallopia. This was not in itself important. But if Hostilia and Wallopia bit each other in the neck, Hysteria and Anaesthesia, two more bordering countries, could hardly refrain from joining the fray. Experience has shown that you never can tell, in Europe, how far these pygmy riots will go. There was a big strife started once, in that very manner. It was publicly announced that France looked with kind eyes on the claims of Wallopia. Britain was inclined to favor Hostilia.

The ferment was going on under a tight-fitting lid. So far, the most industrious correspondent had been able to elicit from the Hostilia Embassy merely the fact that the crops needed rain. Wallopia's representative let himself become so garrulous as to say that he was a great admirer of Bret Harte's stories. But there were diplomatic pouches going back and forth from Washington to the summer colony, and strange men with black mustaches were arriving at the Everton Union Station, and alighting from Pullmans. The pot was evidently boiling.

Harry Frawn had been covering the local end of the story for the Record. That is to say, he had been disguising the fact, every morning, with two columns of artistic blah on the first page, that there was no news. He had already sunk so low as to interview the man who told the gardener that a truckman said that the baron's cook was a former member of the Russian nobility. But Jolliffe plugged away at it, feeling that the Record had its reputation at stake. The Associated Press might be content to say that there were no new developments. The Record had to prove that fact with a double-column head.

On the third of June, the day before Ombompom, though he didn't yet know it, was to depart for other fields of endeavor, Jolliffe called Harry Frawn over and explained.

"Harry," he said, "you get a one-day rest from that Baron Pazacz story. I'm sending Ombompom out today. Wait a minute and let me tell you! The boss has given me the high sign. All I've got to do is to give the fat boy a chance to fall down. He'd never miss the chance."

"But something might break, Jim," objected Frawn.

"Sure. The story is going to be covered. I've taken a fancy to covering it myself. I want you to sit in on the desk tonight. I've got a tip that may turn out to be something. Billings, the jitneyman, has an order to meet the 3:25 this afternoon and take a man over to the baron's."

"That sounds like something."

"Yes, particularly as it's a fake order. I've got that straight. Now the baron wouldn't give any fake orders unless to deceive somebody. Maybe the correspondents; maybe a spy. But there's something doing."

"It don't seem quite right to frame Ombompom," objected Frawn, after a moment.

"I'm not framing him! If he can get the story we'll hand him the flowers. But you know what he'll do. If he does get out as far as the baron's he'll beat it right back to his club and shoot pool the rest of the day. Probably he'll telephone out, being a warmish day. I'm going to put a real story on the front page tomorrow morning, if I have to murder someone to do it, and I want to show Reeves the truth—that Ombompom is no use at all."

Wally Parsons, unsuspecting as a college professor, and feeling that he must be improving in Jolliffe's regard, took the street car to the end of the line, five miles from the baron's summer home. Then he hailed a jitney. But the jitneys, lounging around the terminus, were all engaged. They didn't know when they would be disengaged, if ever. Jolliffe, who was not far away, may have known. But the jitneymen were perfectly sure they were waiting for someone. Wally looked back in the direction of the city. The road was empty of vehicles. The nearest thing to the purr of a motor was the droning of the bees.

"Five miles!" murmured Wally. "Oh, well, it's only five miles."

It may have been that at the age of thirteen Wally Parsons had walked five miles in one day. But he had grown since then. The sun ascended the heavens and smiled upon his portly form. He removed his coat. A few minutes afterward his collar removed itself, so far as being a starched collar was concerned. At the milestone, even his cravat had melted, and left bright green and crimson blotches on his shirt. His shoes were filled with water and pebbles.

Once in a while a motor car dashed by him and dusted him off. One suspender had fallen over his arm, and the heel of one shoe was gone; so the drivers of the cars passed him as quickly as possible. There had been holdups on that road.

Several times Wally threw himself down on the side of the road and waited for death to come. As he was still breathing at the end of a reasonable period, he felt that there was nothing to do but stagger on. At half past three he reached the gate of the baron's grounds. Outside, a cool-looking party of New York correspondents were playing auction under a tree. They looked at Wally and went on with their game. He didn't look like a newspaperman. He looked like an iceman. Wally entered the

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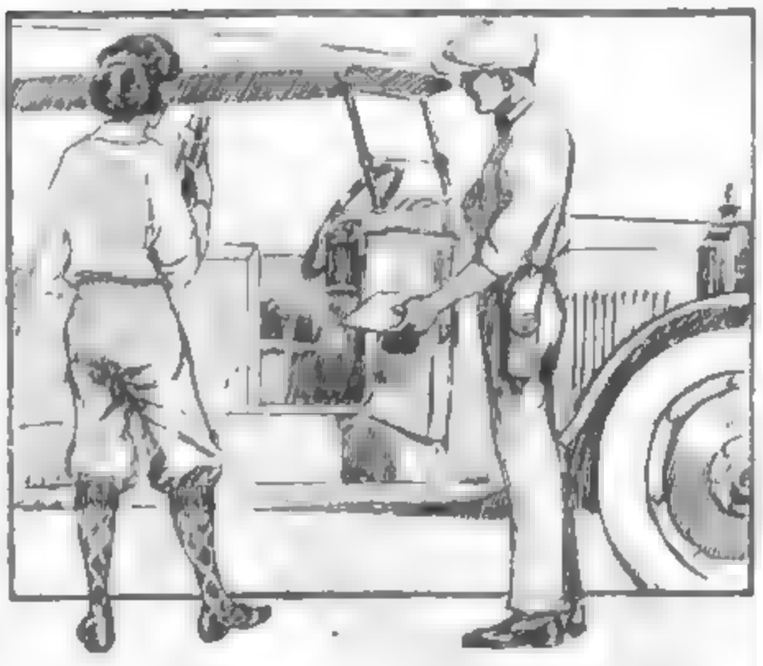

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gate and tottered to the foot of the steps. And there he promptly passed away.

When Wally opened his eyes he was on a couch in a cool corridor, and a sweet-faced elderly woman was bathing his forehead with a cold towel.

"Where am I?" asked Wally. Everyone asks this question under the same circumstances. There are only four original remarks every year.

"This is Baron Pazacz's house. The baron found you there when he drove up in his car. The baron is a very kind man. Some men would have had you taken to the servants' quarters. But he said, 'Take this poor fellow right in.' So here you are. Are you from Higgins' grocery? Is your truck outside?"

"I'm from the Record," said Wally. "I'm a journ—a newspaperman."

"Oh, my goodness!" screamed the sweet-faced woman, dropping the cold towel in Wally's eye and scampering away. Three weeks of incessant siege by newspapermen had convinced her that a serpent had been unwittingly admitted to the house.

But the baron came down to where Ombompom lay, grinning. "You're the best faker I ever saw," he confided to Wally, in perfect vernacular English. "I never saw a faint counterfeited like that one. Well, now that you're in the house, all I can say is 'No news.'"

"I didn't fake," replied Wally with weak indignation. "I'm not a faker. I—I had to walk five miles—I went blind all of a sudden—and fell down. I couldn't get a jitney—I had to get here—and I'm so fat ——"

"You poor devil!" said the baron softly. "Five miles on foot—carrying—how much do you weigh anyway?"

Wally had been talking without looking at the baron. But at this sympathetic remark he raised himself on one elbow and regarded his host. Then he gasped. He was gazing upon a man mountain, a colossus of flesh, a man who could give him twenty pounds and then make him look anæmic. He was looking upon the fattest diplomat in Southeastern Europe, the man who settled arguments by sitting on them.

Wally smiled faintly. "Two eighty-three," he answered.

"A mere starveling," said the baron complacently. "I weighed that much when I was eighteen. Regard me! Three hundred and thirty-one, and seven ounces!"

"You've got me beat," confessed Wally.

"And it's no joke," added the baron.

"No, it's no joke. They're going to fire me for being so fat."

"What! Fire you for being fat? Devil! Who is?"

"My city editor—my boss—the whole crowd. I tried to get thin. It wasn't any use. This is my last chance—this assignment—and the boss gave it to me because he knew I couldn't get any news here," said Wally with moist eyes. "I knew the game. But—I had to see it through."

Baron Pazacz clenched his great fists. "I know how it is," he said feelingly. "They make fun of us because we have a few spare pounds, because we are not dyspeptic crawling cowards. We dare to eat and drink, and we don't snivel and take to dumb-bells and phonograph exercises. You feel better. Come up to my room. I'll lend you some clothes. You shall have a bath in my tub. I had it especially built. I run it full of water to a mark I have made on the enamel. I get in, and the water rises to another mark I have made. If you make it rise to my mark I give you the Order of Merit and a sword."

Of course the baron was safe in this offer. Wally's best was two inches lower, flood tide, than the baron's. But while Wally splashed, the baron, at the door, remarked bitterly, "What kind of man is your boss—your city editor? A thin man, no doubt?"

"Yes," said Wally.

"I thought so. I wouldn't trust a thin man. Never would I trust a thin man. Never. And he would fire you because you are fat! We shall have a talk, and then dinner. It may be I give you a story, to put one over on this skeleton who would fire you."

A few hours later Wally Parsons, clad in one of the baron's evening suits, pushed back from the dinner table, and smoked reflectively upon a fat black cigar. He didn't understand the conversation, because it was in French; but he knew that he was in the room with three representatives of three scrappy European republics, and that great affairs were being settled under his nose.

Suddenly the baron looked at Wally Parsons and said, "We have a statement for the press. You shall have it. It is all typewritten and ready. It has been so for two days. Only minor differences remained to be settled. As a token of friendship I should like to give you what you newspapermen call—what is the word?—a scoop, is it not? My friends here do not think that wise. I must bow to their wishes. They say the news should come to the country through the Associated Press. The best I can do is to let you give the news to the Associated Press. Will that do you any good—with your boss?"

"I should say it would!" cried Wally, trembling. "I'll tell you how we can fix it! Let me have the statement, with your signature. The Associated has a man in Everton. I'll give it to him, and he'll run it with a line, 'The Everton Record this morning says ——' Every paper in the country will carry it. Would that do, Baron?"

After a few words in French the baron said, "That is satisfactory. Sit here and smoke, Mr. Parsons, till I look over the statement once more. It is now nine o'clock. You shall go back to your office in my car. You —— What the devil is that?"

All the diplomats jumped to their feet nervously as a crash and bang, followed by shouting, floated in through the window from the front of the house.

"It sounds like a fight," added the baron. A few stray curses entered the windows, and then all was still. The baron stepped to the wall and pushed a button. To the butler he ordered, "Send O'Flaherty here at once."

O'Flaherty, the personal guard and bouncer of the legation, entered. He was breathing hard, but had a victorious look.

"What was that disturbance, Patsy?" asked the baron.

"Oh, 'twasn't much, sir. A newspaperman got fresh and I punched him in the eye and kicked him out. He insisted on seeing you—tried to push past me and get into the house."

"You punched a newspaperman in the eye!" cried the baron, aghast. "You ought to know better than that. The newspapers ——"

"Oh, this is all right, sir. This wasn't one of the big correspondents. It was only a tall, slim, undertaker-looking fellow from a newspaper over in Everton—the Record, or something like that. A fresh guy. Tried to bluff me with the idea he was the city editor ——"

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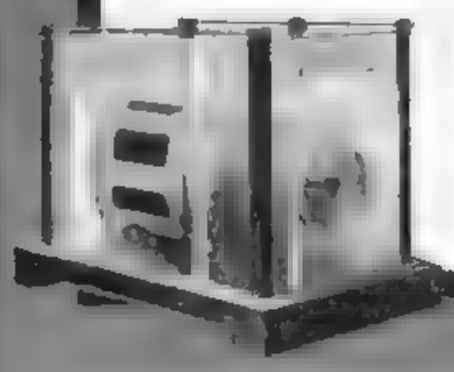

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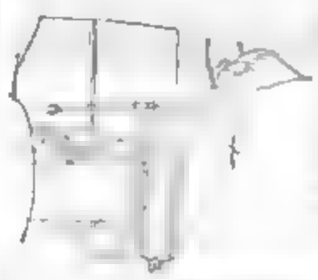

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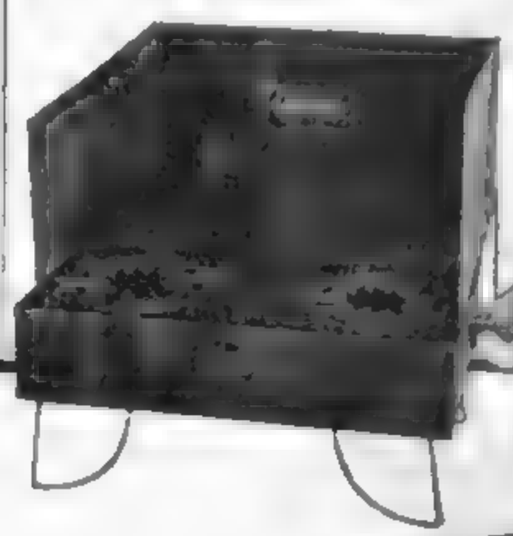

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THOSE REFUNDED MILLIONS

(Continued from Page 36)

the law. Of the 5000 who were recruited and trained in 1918, 1920 and early in 1921 more than 1200 had left before June 30, 1921, and these were for the most part the most capable as well as ambitious and desirable men in the service.

In order to relieve the bureau of some of its routine work a rule was made, effective January 1, 1924, whereby collectors' offices will retain for audit all forms for incomes less than $5000, together with those where the gross income is $15,000 or less. This procedure, it is expected, will result in an audit of all returns within six or seven months after they are filed. This system should make the duty of filing a return a more agreeable one, because all liabilities will be settled before the next return is filed.

The guns of criticism have been repeatedly trained on the Internal Revenue Bureau for admitting to practice before the department former employes who gained valuable knowledge and experience while in government employ. There is nothing in the law or regulations to prevent former employes from appearing as counsel for taxpayers. Some of the criticism has been well founded, because in isolated instances former service employes have gained definite knowledge with reference to particular cases and have resigned for the sole purpose of assisting the taxpayer in presenting his case to the bureau. Where such conditions have been found to exist the offender has been disbarred from practice, and where facts warranted it, has been prosecuted. The actual part the former auditor may have taken in the preparation of the case is occasionally camouflaged by the presentation of the case by others.

Nothing can be done to prevent employes from resigning, and unless they make application to practice before the bureau the Government has no means of keeping track of them. In instances where opportunities for refund have been called to the attention of taxpayers by former employes who have either reviewed or had some information of their cases, they have been unwilling to disclose to government officials the fact that advances have been made to them concerning their returns, fearing they might jeopardize their cases.

The Intelligence Unit

Applicants to practice before the department are now very thoroughly and carefully investigated. If the applicant has been a former employe his application is sent to the department head where he acquired his training and experience. A duplicate is sent to the revenue agent of the division in which he is to practice and a complete investigation is made as to the applicant's eligibility for enrollment, his qualifications, his general standing in the community and his methods of securing business.

Human frailty is a factor to be reckoned with in the administration of the income-tax laws. Temptations are numerous and one might say most seductive. To minimize the possibilities of fraud, collusion and other illegal practices among 20,000 employes requires first a most careful selection of personnel, and second a careful watching of these men. A special intelligence unit has been created to carry on this important work.

Cases of fraud and evasion of taxes, and charges against officers of the revenue service are assigned to them for investigation. Since the organization of the unit in 1919, 1400 cases, involving charges of every nature against officers and employes of the service, have been investigated. These charges have included the submission of fraudulent income-tax returns, conspiracy to defraud the Government and violate Federal laws, false representation, embezzlement of government funds, and solicitation and acceptance of bribes.

An interesting case recently brought to light in Washington involved an auditor in the income-tax unit. A Washington attorney who was in no way connected with the Government offered to turn over to a representative of a taxpayer the income-tax returns filed by himself and three associates for 1917 on which there appeared to be due an additional assessment of $1,000,000. All correspondence with the department was to be included with the returns, and all evidence of additional tax liability thereby removed. This was to be accomplished, it was later learned, through the auditor in the department who had handled the case, and who had given the attorney information on its "possibilities." For his services the attorney was to receive $160,000, which he was to divide with the auditor in the income-tax unit. An agreement was reached. Three of the returns were secured, and the attorney handed them all to an officer of the special intelligence unit who had been posing as the taxpayer's representative. The attorney and the auditor were indicted and pleaded guilty on January 18, 1924.

Indicative of the housecleaning process that has been going on within the bureau during the past three years, interesting figures have been compiled which show that 448 employes have been separated from the service as the result of investigations of alleged collusion, and that 149 were prosecuted on collusion charges, and that there are 597 cases pending. The majority of these were outside of Washington.

Compromise Unlawful

An important factor in the proper functioning of the revenue service is the office of the solicitor. It has four distinct divisions. One is concerned with the supervising and conducting of all cases pending in court, two others are concerned with answering requests for opinions on points of law submitted to the bureau, while the fourth devotes its time to work involved in settling cases in which there is apparent criminal liability and where a compromise is accepted. Under the opinions of the Attorney-General no compromise may be accepted from a solvent taxpayer, and approximately 50,000 taxpayers a year go through bankruptcy as a means of escaping the assessments made against them. Penalties may be compromised regardless of the solvency of the taxpayer. There is little doubt that a great deal of revenue is lost in the delay occasioned through closing up old cases. The tax does not become due until the year following the receipt of the income. Another year usually must elapse before the additional tax liability is determined.

A decision by the income-tax unit against the taxpayer is by no means the word of a court of last resort. A committee known as the Committee on Appeals and Reviews was created in 1919, succeeding the Advisory Tax Board. Its functions are to act in an advisory capacity to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and to hear appeals made by taxpayers from action of the income-tax unit, and to act in an advisory capacity to the commissioner in the preparation of treasury decisions and other rulings. In 1923 this committee heard and disposed of 3369 cases, and during the first two months of the present year 830 cases were closed. In 1920 only 351 cases were heard. The increase is due to a provision in the Revenue Act of 1921 giving the right of appeal prior to assessment. In 95 per cent of the cases which have been taken before the committee the taxpayer or his representative has appeared personally.

In order to facilitate the work of the committee and to bring the taxpayers living distant from Washington into closer personal touch with the department a field subcommittee of the Committee on Appeals and Reviews was established.

From all quarters there are indications of efforts on the part of unit, division and department heads to make the Internal Revenue Bureau an efficient and accurate organization. The obstacles in the path of progress have been numerous and not easily surmountable. Lack of a permanent and well-trained personnel, an avalanche of work that could not be cleared up within five years with an inadequate force, improper housing conditions, here and there an unscrupulous employe who could do more to besmirch the reputation of the bureau in one hour than a hundred men could do in a year to clear it, have been among the problems to be solved. The psychology of it all has been to elicit anything but words of praise from the critical.

Nevertheless, the department is gradually effecting changes and reforms for the benefit of the American people. It has sought to earn its salary, to give a good account of its stewardship in the face of many handicaps, and to prove worthy of the trust that the fair and the broad-minded have in it.

SPEED BUT NO CONTROL

(Continued from Page 15)

"The answer," he said, "to this matrimonial scheme is that you two hay eaters can go jump in the lake. What do you think I am?"

"Listen," Harmony said sternly. "You've got to do this, Omar. We are straight up against it. We must have money, and here's ten thousand yearning to be plucked."

"And," I put in helpfully, "maybe you won't have to actually marry Beda. She may come through with the reward before the ceremony, in which case we silently fade from the scene, and no harm done."

"If she don't come through, then I marry her," he said angrily. "Just a mere trifle like that. You and George then take the cash, get on a train and leave me here, married to a strange woman, who probably eats her meat raw. I'm your little bleating goat usually, but not this time."

"You use your common sense, will you?" Harmony snapped. "Even if you do marry her you can leave her later on, can't you, and with plenty of money? You can then join us in Chicago and the incident is ended."

The little man shook his head. He was wearing a battered straw hat and needed a shave and a haircut, and to me he certainly did not look like a man women would go wild over.

"It's a funny thing," he ruminated, sitting upon the sofa. "Whenever you and George dig up a fresh way to make money dishonestly, you always stand me under the falling safe. If there's a slight accident and somebody gets both his legs busted off, the name in the morning paper is always O. Gill. You do the planning and I crawl in after the bear. Here I just got out of one jail and you're readying me up for another. No. I refuse the job, whether we starve or not."

"If we put it over, it will mean about thirty-three hundred each," Harmony coaxed, "and considering that we are stranded here without a dollar ——"

"I know," Omar said irritably, "but I don't like it. Who told you I was a cave man, anyhow? The chances are this female will beat me up good, and I'm no woman-fighter."

"She's an uncommonly nice widow," we assured him; "a little eccentric, but pleasant."

"No doubt. What if she don't like me?"

We laughed heartily at the ridiculous idea of a woman not liking him, and it pleased the vain little fellow. By arguing steadily and earnestly for two hours we won him over. Harmony loaned him some collars and a suit of clothes, and I gave him a hat. Once won, he spent the rest of the day taking a protracted bath, having his hair cut and arraying himself for his first amorous onslaught, which, we pointed out, ought to occur immediately, in view of our flattened financial state.

We told him what we knew of the ranch lady and her home, and when seven o'clock came we offered to go with him at least part of the way, but he declined.

"I don't need any help," he said.

He departed from the Mission Hotel soon after seven, wearing a worried frown. Harmony and I played pool for several hours, picturing to ourselves all sorts of disaster, but at eleven he came back smiling and shook hands. His manner had undergone an entire change.

"Boys," he said heartily, "I owe you gratitude. I was all wrong. This lady is the goods and I like her immense."

"Yes," we said, "but how does she like you?"

"Fine, as far as I can see. We got along nice. Talked about music and religion, and she showed me her photographs."

"Did you make any progress?"

"Sure I did."

"When do you see her again?"

"Tomorrow," said he. "And I want to tell you birds, I'm some cave man!"

After the initial encounter, Mr. Gill began to manifest strange symptoms, and for several days we could extract no news except the vaguest sort of statements. The scheme, he said, was working out perfectly. The lady approved of him and he liked her, and what more did we want to know?

"I'll do this my own way," he said peevishly, "and you let me alone."

His manner was so supremely confident that when Martin Leech spoke pointedly to Harmony about our mounting bill, it was natural to think of Beda Halstead.

"We've got to have money," Harmony remarked. "Even if it's only a hundred dollars. These bills must be paid."

"Sure," I agreed; "and seeing Omar and Beda are getting on nicely, and the scheme promises to work out, maybe we could pry loose a small advance on our ten thousand."

"Hit on the head," said the boss. "We'll go out there this afternoon."

We searched for Omar, intending to take him with us as an evidence of good faith, but he had disappeared, and the two of us set forth to try for five hundred and take what we could get.

We found Mrs. Halstead dressed in white plush overalls and trying out a new tractor which had come in by freight from Chicago and which she distrusted. More like a viking than ever she seemed, sitting up on the iron seat, with her legs dangling.

"Good morning," she said. "How are the shoe-string merchants this morning?"

"Never better," said Harmony. "Your peach trees look nice."

"Yes, and you didn't come up here to discuss my peach trees. You have the furtive manner of people who want something."

"We do," continued our spokesman, with a slight trace of nervousness.

The lady continued to dangle her legs and smoke, surveying us with her friendly but fixed gaze.

"As you know," Harmony continued, "our financial affairs are in poor shape. The hotel man is looking for his money, and we thought maybe you would be kind enough to advance us funds, seeing how well the scheme is working out."

"Seeing what?" Beda asked calmly.

"Seeing how nice you and Omar are getting along," Mr. Childs replied.

"At your age," she said, "you should know better than to spoof a widow of mature years and wide experience."

"Well," Harmony argued, "you are getting on nicely with Omar, aren't you?"

"I haven't laid an eye on Omar," she answered, "or any other friend of yours. I've been patiently waiting to see this wizard in human form, but up to now he has denied me the pleasure of a call."

Harmony turned and looked at me wonderingly.

"You don't mean that, Mrs. Halstead?"

"I mean every word of it."

"George," said Harmony, "you hear what the lady says? Omar Gill has certainly been calling on some woman."

"Or making it all up," I ventured.

"Calling on a woman?" asked Beda, interested.

"Every night. He comes back to the hotel with the most glowing accounts. Would that little mussel be lying to us? He informs us that the lady is extensively pleased with him, and naturally we thought it was you."

"It wasn't me," said Beda, getting down from her tractor, "but I'm curious to know who it was. If you find out, let me know. Right now, I don't know whether you two are crooked or not."

"We're not crooked, ma'am," Harmony said as we started for the gate. "Just plain dumb."

We walked back the four dusty miles, discussing our running mate.

"A liar ought to get a punch on the nose," I remarked.

"Of course," Harmony mused, "he may not be lying."

When Omar started on his first visit to Beda we had given him explicit directions—so many miles out of Sterling City, on the Stone Road; a white house sitting back from the highway, with a wire fence, and nobody in the world could have made a mistake—nobody but Omar Gill.

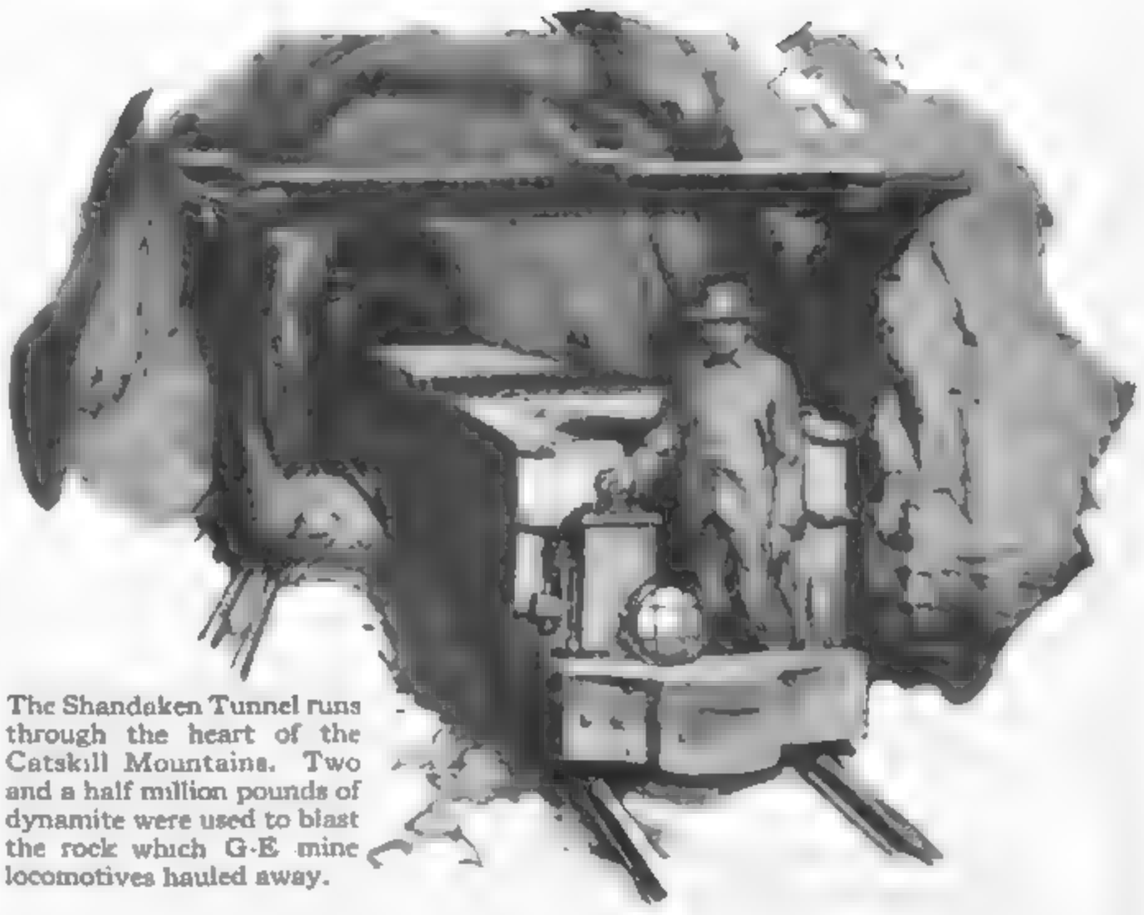
It was approaching suppertime when he drifted leisurely in, wearing a new necktie and gray gloves which he had purchased. We seized him and took him upstairs to the rooms.

"Now," said Harmony, "you egregious little cuckoo, explain it."

"Explain what?" Omar demanded, struggling violently. "Leggo me."

"What have you been up to and who is this woman—if there is any woman? Have you been lying to me and George?"

"You two know darned well what I've been doing!" he shouted angrily. "You fixed it all up for me and I did everything you wanted done."



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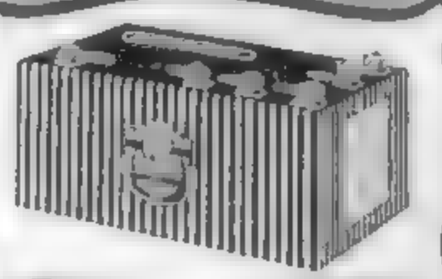

"Yes, you did! We've just come from the woman who means ten thousand dollars to us, and she says she's never seen you. What about that? What woman have you been cave manning?"

"Right where you told me to go," he snorted indignantly. "Out the Stone Road, one mile beyond the oil station, and the house sits back from the road, with a little gravel path. I went up and rang the doorbell."

"What's her name?" Harmony demanded. "It isn't Beda Halstead?"

"Certainly not," Omar grunted. "It's Mrs. Ness. Her name is Abby Ness, and a blamed fine woman, don't you forget it. I went where you told me, and if there's a mistake somewhere, it's your fault."

Harmony had been walking up and down angrily, but he now came to a full pause. Omar was scowling belligerently.

"Ness," our leader repeated, in a strangely altered voice.

"Sure. Abby Ness; not any too young, but mighty nice. She thinks well of me too."

"Would that be Mrs. Sam Ness?" I inquired.

Harmony swallowed hard and nodded. Our little woman-killer had unquestionably been spending a week courting the former mate of the gentleman who was now in jail, and whose feeling for us amounted almost to dislike. We asked Omar for details.

"Well," he said, "there was no reason why I wouldn't think I was in the right house, because she certainly treated me nice. Maybe she's about forty, but what of that? I took off my hat and sat down on the sofa, and we began talking. That's all there was to it."

He waved his hands vaguely. Harmony groaned aloud.

"You've just about nicked us for ten thousand dollars," he said bitterly. "Do you understand that? You've been dominating the wrong woman entirely, you little addle-headed idiot. However, it may not be too late, even now."

"It certainly is too late," Omar said confidently.

"It may not be. At any rate you've got to drop this Abby Ness immediately and start in tomorrow on Beda Halstead. You'll go out the first thing after breakfast, see Beda, and explain it to her in your own way. Heaven knows, no sane person could, but you can."

"No," said Omar firmly. "You make me tired. I did what you planned, and I'm not going to do it all over again, because it's a tough job. Anyhow, it's too late. Mrs. Halstead is clean out of this."

"Why is she?" we asked hotly. "She's got ten thousand dollars that we need, and which we will get if she decides to marry you."

"Yes, but she can't marry me," he argued; "and besides, I like Abby. I'm not going to marry any other woman."

"You'll do exactly what we order, from now on," Harmony declared; "and we'll watch you. If you suit Beda you'll marry her and we'll get our money."

"I can't marry her," Omar said triumphantly, getting off the sofa, "for the very good reason that I'm already married to Abby Ness. Talk that off if you can. We went and did it Tuesday."

Harmony was in the act of lighting a cigarette when this stunning blow fell. He threw both match and cigarette out of the window. I opened my mouth and left it slightly ajar.

"What did you say?" the boss asked.

"I say me and Abby are married, that's all. I intended to show you and George what a quick worker I am, which I thought would please you. Huh! You wanted me to marry the woman, so I did. I hustled it along, and if I married the wrong lady, blame yourselves. You gave me the wrong directions. I went right where you said to go, and rung the bell."

"Sulphur and corruption!" Harmony said, and sat down.

I began thinking fast, but not clearly.

"And not only that," Omar went on defiantly, "but this. I'm going to quit you two crooks, and be an honest man. I'll settle down right here in Sterling City, respectably married, and grow lettuce."

I looked at Harmony, who was momentarily stunned into silence. Here was Omar, if he was telling the truth, married to Sam Ness' ex-partner, and there was Sam, temporarily in the town jail, but likely to come out any time and make dog meat of us all.

"Do you realize," I said, addressing our plump little friend, "that you are practically a dead man right now?"

"Why am I?" he asked.

"Because Sam Ness is the village murderer, and has been paying his ex-wife alimony, and intends to get her, and it, back. Now you've married her. He already has guaranteed to kill me and Harmony on another deal the minute he gets loose, and when he hears you have stolen his Abby, and that you are part of us—well, figure it out. All you need from now on is six candles and a coffin."

Omar began to turn green with a faint tinge of yellow.

"Why didn't you tell me this?" he inquired shakily.

"Why didn't you go to the right place? We told you her name was Beda Halstead, and it went through that thing you call your head."

"And," roared Harmony, "through your silly blundering we lose Beda's ten thousand, which we could have earned easily. Likewise, how are we to get out of Sterling City before Sam Ness gets out of jail?"

Omar gulped.

"When does he?" he asked.

"Any minute. He's a homicidal maniac when he's normal, but when he hears you've wedded his widow and the alimony he's been paying her, he'll work about five strokes faster, and he'll get you first."

"No," said Omar. "He may get somebody, but not me. I'm leaving. I didn't like this town, anyhow."

"We'll all leave," our leader sneered, "and we'll sneak out without paying Leech. We'll go worse broke than when we got here. We'll ride under a coal car and ask hobos for soup, and all due to your wooden-headed stupidity. Nice, isn't it?"

"Better than being shot," returned our third member. "Abby's a darned nice woman; and kind, too. Never knew a woman who seemed so grateful for a few friendly words."

He seemed about to grow sentimental.

"Pack," ordered our commander. "If we can dodge Martin Leech, who's been a good friend, and if Sam Ness is still in a strait-jacket, we begin our humble journey elsewhere."

Omar hurriedly filled his bag.

"We don't dodge anybody," he remarked. "The hotel bill will be paid, and when we get to Denver we'll get some new clothes."

"With what?" I asked harshly, busy with my own simple preparations.

"This," said Omar.

He extracted from his jeans a roll of Uncle Sam's well-known trading stamps. It was a wad of greenbacks large enough to discourage a jumping greyhound, and I heard Harmony gasp.

"What's that?" he asked.

"This," said Omar modestly, "is part of the murdering gentleman's alimony, which you've been howling about. I could have got it all, but I'm no hog."

We walked over, examined the fiscal display to be sure he wasn't joking, and then shook hands with him for the first time in a week. He was automatically restored to the union. It was real money and smelled of the farm.

"You're not such a bad little partner, at that," I said, patting him on the back.

He snapped his suitcase shut.

"I sort of hate to sneak away like this," he mourned. "Elderly, to be sure, but she's got nice kind eyes and she sure can cook hot cakes."

"Come on," urged Harmony. "Denver is a healthy spot, and while we remain in Sterling City our health is none too good."

We paid Martin Leech in full, to his subdued surprise, and shook hands. The noon train bore us north, and Omar went promptly to sleep on a Pullman pillow. Somewhere in the town jail Sam Ness clanked his chains, wotting not.

"A little old," I heard Omar murmuring, as Morpheus closed in, "but nice eyes and a kind voice."

As far as I know, Beda Halstead is still living with her parrot and the chain armor, cave manless and alone.

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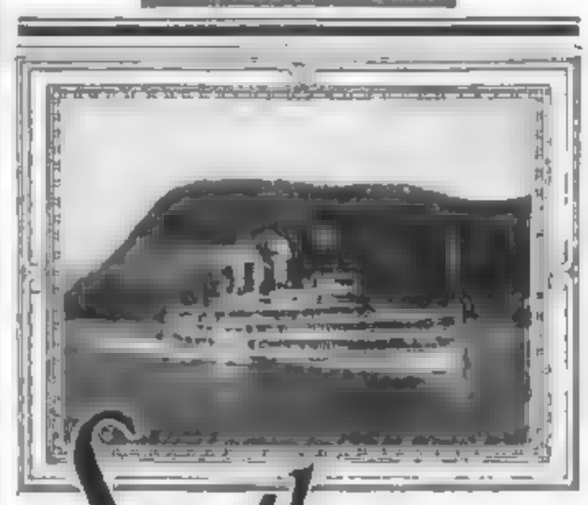

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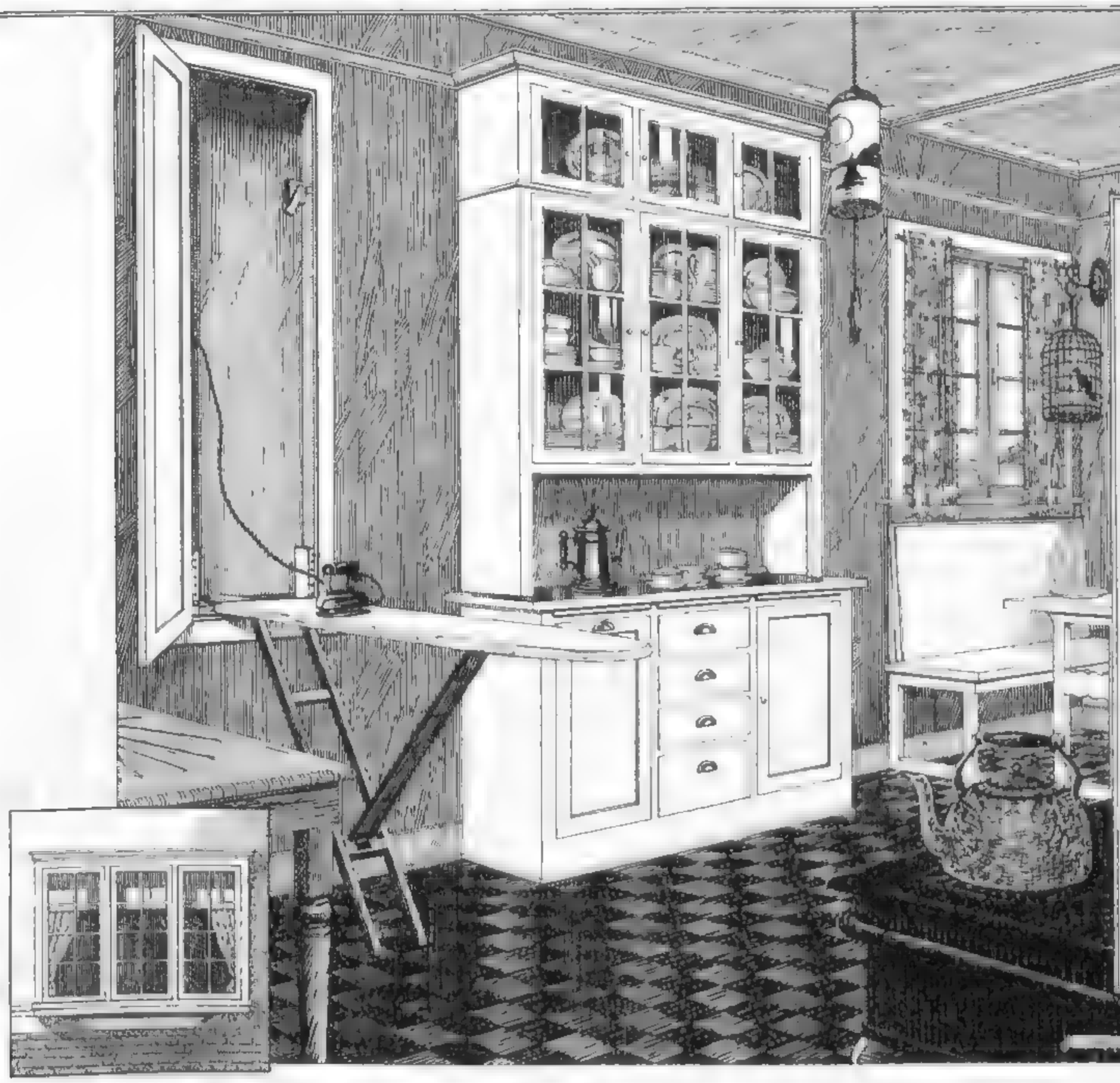

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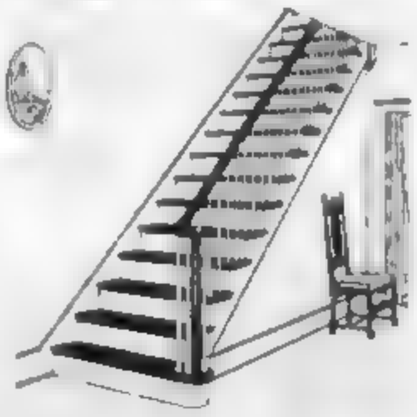
If you are planning a new home or improving an old one you will find it a great help to talk to the Curtis dealer in your vicinity. Write us for any information you may want.



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Your grocer or druggist will supply you

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FLY-TOX was developed at Mellon Institute of Industrial Research by Rex Fellowship

OUR NEWSPAPERS NOW—AND THEN

(Continued from Page 19)

Big business began to realize it was in wrong, but did not know its way out. Then a farseeing reporter on the New York Herald approached an executive of the New York Central Railroad and convinced him that his corporation especially needed an official dispenser of information to the newspapers. Up until this time, big business rarely gave out statements as to its affairs, and in the case of railroad wrecks with attendant loss of lives, all railroad employes were commanded to give no information whatsoever, and reporters had to reach the scenes of disaster as best they might and procure the news of them under every handicap that could be imposed by harassed and reticent railroad employes.

The reporter got his job as the first railroad press agent, and then came the wreck of a New York Central flyer at Garrison-on-the-Hudson. The tracks had slid into the river, taking the fast train with them. Many passengers and trainmen were killed.

The first railroad press agent aided the newspaper reporters to obtain all details promptly and fully; and when the papers reported the wreck without undue criticism as to neglect on the part of the New York Central, that method of full and speedy information was followed by the other railroads. In this manner the railroad press agent was established, and he soon was promulgating propaganda also; and this is now his specific purpose.

Other corporations saw the light, and in the past twenty years the publicity bureau has become almost as important to many big business concerns as their accounting department.

In Washington, public and legislative lobby propaganda and super press agents have become matters of menace as well as national nuisances. Labor, farmer and big business organizations and foreign nations all have fully financed press bureaus at the national capital.

The minimum wage of a press agent of no great consequence is $100 a week. For special exploitation occasions many press agents receive $100 a day. Small wonder that the press agent is envied and the smartest of our newspaper men leave the newspapers to take up the much more highly paid publicity job.

Super Press Agents

Of the many general publicity agencies, one with fine offices in New York is said to do a business that amounts to $500,000 a year.

In New York alone there are 200 such general-publicity bureaus, great and small. The great ones have expensively equipped suites of offices, scores of employes—expert newspaper writers, artists, poets, paragraphers, stenographers, card-index clerks and messengers. The walls of these general press bureaus are shelved high up to the ceiling with files of data. Every newspaper and periodical, fiction magazine, professional and trade publication is recorded here, with memoranda stating what sort of press matter each will welcome and to what length, together with the names of their owners, editors and department heads.

Besides these flourishing specialists, local and national, there is everywhere an active army of individuals whose offices are in their hats, who will be remunerated only for what gratis newspaper space they can procure for their clients; and from all these sources a mighty mass of press matter pours endlessly out and avalanches upon the newspapers day in and day out the whole year round.

The prize fighter's press agent, the college-sports publicity department, the publicity purveyors for wrestlers, baseball players, tennis players and golfers, mainly address their efforts to the sporting editor, although they are happiest if they can break into the front page with the more-important news.

To the dramatic editor and the news editor comes all the theater news, real and imagined, for shows, managers, stars and chorus girls; and not only do all theatrical enterprises have their publicity departments but individual actors and actresses roll their own through personal press agents, outside the newspapers and sometimes in.

It is not surprising then that as high as 1000 press-agent and propaganda-publicity items are sent into big city newspaper offices daily; and because a part of all this matter may be honest news of general interest, the press of the country has, through inertia and economy, become partly dependent on tendered material of more or less selfish exploitation.

When News Was Trumps

Here is a true story of the era when news was trumps in the newspaper game: A beautiful young woman was found dead from poison in her luxurious apartments. She had a name and identity in the gay life of New York. And, dead, she was called The Girl with the Diamond Necklace. But what was her right name? Where did she come from? Was it murder or had she killed herself?

She lay in state in an undertaking parlor and the morbid crowd passed through and none identified her.

The reporters hung around. One of them had made friends with the undertaker and had donned the black cravat, the black frock coat, the skullcap of the undertaker, and he busied himself in the death chamber.

Then among the morbid throng came a well-dressed, middle-aged woman. She gave no sign of recognition of the dead girl while the reporters stood by, but when they had passed from the room, all save the pseudo undertaker, the visitor gave a sudden sob and moaned, "My God, Louise!" and hurried out.

The disguised reporter followed her, reached her apartments when she did, and, asking, as the undertaker, who the dead girl was, got her name, her photograph and her story. She was a Western girl of good family, a younger sister, who had made an unfortunate marriage, had gone to the bad and then to her self-inflicted death.

It is not done that way now. The newspaper detective-reporters are all gone where the woodbine twineth. No American newspaper knights-errant now rescue beautiful maidens from dungeon cells as Karl Decker freed the fair Cuban patriot Señorita Evangelina Cisneros from her Havana prison, cutting the bars, getting her over roofs by ropes and past the armed guards by the shadows of the prison walls at midnight.

Ah, the brave days when we were twenty-one!

Now the press agent sends out such stories about doll-faced movie stars and their lovely leading men. But it is all synthetic stuff, admittedly apple sauce.

Last September the New York newspaper pressmen went out on strike, and for a dozen days all the great morning dailies came out, merged together in a six-sheet pallid paper, hydraheaded thus:

THE COMBINED NEW YORK MORNING NEWSPAPERS

The New York Herald
The Journal of Commerce
Daily News
New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung
Il Progresso Italo-Americano
The Morning Telegraph
The New York Times
The New York Tribune
The World
New York American

There was no editorial page whatever, and no advertisements.

Then it was that Edna Richmond, sunkissed seraph of the silver screen, confused at the combined titles and the heading Newspaper Publishers' Statement on Pressmen's Walk-Out, called me up on the telephone and voiced what was in the minds of most Manhattanites.

"Say," asked Edna, "what's the matter with the newspapers? Is it true that all the press agents have gone on strike?"

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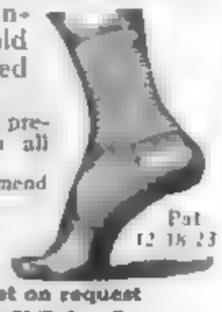

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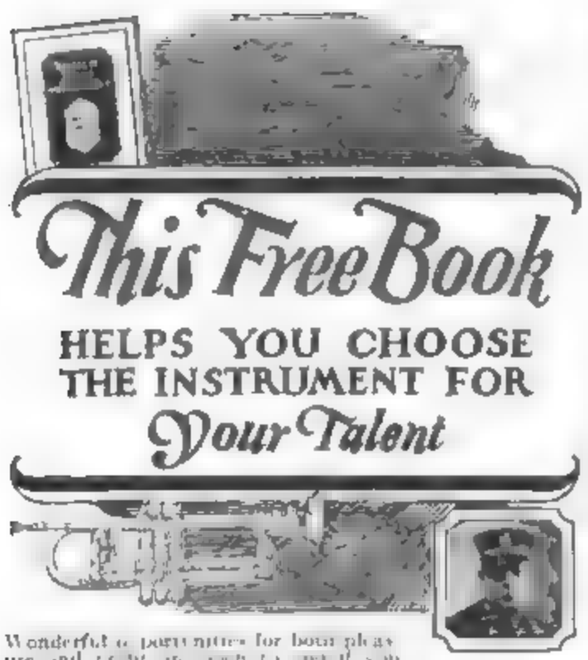

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Little Stories of Great Men—By H. H. KOHLSAAT

How Mr. Mellon Came to be Secretary of the Treasury

ON ONE of my visits to President Harding in 1921, he told me the story of Mr. Mellon's appointment as Secretary of the Treasury.

We were in the old cabinet room, which Mr. Harding called his den. The President lighted his pipe, crossed his legs, and settled down for a talk which lasted until midnight. He told how he came to appoint members of his cabinet. He smiled as he told of Mr. Mellon's appointment.

He said, "A few weeks after the election Phil Knox [Senator Knox] came to Marion. In the course of conversation he said, 'Mister President, whom are you going to appoint as Secretary of the Treasury?' I answered, 'I have not fully decided, except on one thing—he will not come from east of the Alleghanies.'

"Senator Knox said, 'We have a good man in Pittsburgh; Andrew W. Mellon, of Mellon's Bank.'"

The President remarked to me, "I had heard of Mellon's Bank, but never had heard of Andrew Mellon. I always thought the name of the bank was a tradition, or named after a fruit, or something of that sort."

The President continued: "I said, 'Tell me about him'; which Phil proceeded to do. The longer he talked the more enthusiastic he became. Finally I said, 'How does Penrose feel about Mellon?' Knox answered, 'He wants him as bad as I do.'"

Placing the back of his hand to his mouth the President said, "I said to myself, 'Warren, here's where you get Hoover.'"

Mr. Harding continued his talk with Mr. Knox by saying, "Have Penrose write me about Mellon; I presume he is too ill to come to Marion.

"In a few days a letter came from Senator Penrose warmly backing Knox in his recommendation of Mellon. I then wrote Knox, asking him to have Mr. Mellon come to Marion. In a few days he arrived, a quiet, mouselike little man, and very much of a gentleman. I took to him at once. When he left I wired Knox to come to Marion. When he came I said, 'Phil, my choice for Secretary of the Treasury is Charles G. Dawes, of Chicago; I have asked him, if I should decide to appoint him, could he accept. He has told me he was free to do so. Now if I appoint your friend Mellon, you fellows have got to take your hands off of Hoover. The women want Hoover, and there are more women than senators. I also want him in my cabinet.' Knox agreed to see the senators hostile to Hoover and get them to agree to confirm him without opposition."

The President continued: "That night I rang up Herbert Hoover on the long-distance phone in New York, and finally reached him at the opera in a box with Colonel House; told him I had removed all objections to his confirmation as a member of my cabinet, and would he accept a place in the cabinet which I could not at that moment specify. Hoover replied, 'If you have gone to all that trouble for me, Mister President, I will stand by you, although I do not care for any office.'"

Mr. Harding continued: "I did not trust those fellows entirely, and delayed announcing Mr. Mellon's appointment until I got on the train, March first, to go to Marion to say good-by to the home folks. I went to Washington for the inauguration, sent in the names of my cabinet, the fellows kept faith and confirmed Hoover as Secretary of Commerce. I originally wanted him in the Interior Department."

President Coolidge's Character as Shown by His Handwriting

ON SEPTEMBER 21, 1923, I received an autograph letter from President Coolidge. The new President was an enigma to me, as he was to most Americans. I had met him only once, on September ninth. He talked freely, but I did not know what he intended to do, and awaited his message to Congress in December with great interest.

A few days after receiving his letter I met in the Century Club, New York, Thomas F. Woodlock, one-time editor of the Wall Street Journal. Mr. Woodlock is a graphologist, or character reader of handwriting. I showed him the first page of Mr. Coolidge's letter, reproduced in this article, without letting him see the signature or knowing who was the writer. After studying it for half an hour he gave me a remarkable analysis of the President's character. Mr. Woodlock did not know the President and had never seen his writing. I asked him if he would write out his analysis, and received the letter printed herewith.

I showed Mr. Woodlock's letter to Mr. Frank W. Stearns, of Boston, the President's closest friend. He at once pronounced it a wonderfully correct analysis of Mr. Coolidge's character and asked for a copy, which I gave him.

Mr. Stearns showed the analysis to the person who knows Mr. Coolidge better than anyone else in the world. She said it was remarkably true and accurate.

October 5, 1923.

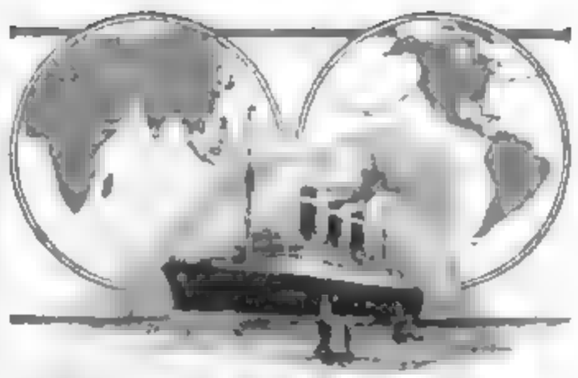
Dear Mr. Kohlsaat: The handwriting you have shown me is regular for the most part, the fluctuations in size of small letters being unimportant. There is marked regularity in the slope of the letters and in the direction of the lines. The words are symmetrically spaced and the rhythm is, on the whole, free, although sufficiently broken here and there to warrant attention. The writing is fairly large and fast, but with light pressure. The bases of the small letters are neither wide nor narrow by comparison with down strokes. The writing is uniformly slanted at a considerable angle and is "thin" in character. Connections and loops are angular and loops are larger below than above the line. Words are generally written solid with, however, occasional breaks. Beginnings are slightly emphasized. The writing is simple, that is, not flourished. It is rather "lean" in the sense of not giving the impression of enclosing a space. The difference between large and small letters is slight, finals are occasionally extended moderately and there are hooks on them and sometimes on *t* crossings. The latter are uniformly high, long, rather wavy and sometimes are above the stem. *O*'s and *a*'s are frequently wide open. The lines run straight and regularly across the page and punctuation is careful.

From these indications, I get the picture of a man who is by nature affectionate, sociable and sympathetic with others. The emotional nature exists in full development. It is, however, completely controlled by a will of unusual strength. There is great firmness, resistance and self-control, which at times produces internal strains and tensions, the existence of which, however, would not be suspected from the outside. There is a marked degree of sensibility, coupled with natural self-esteem and dignity, and I would say definitely that the writer was a distinctly sensitive person. Mentality is unusually keen. There is great reasoning power coupled with observation and a habit of systematic thought which makes the writer's brains an instrument of great efficiency. He is both theoretic and practical, capable of abstract thinking, without his feet leaving the ground. Order is very marked and intentness on purpose is present in high degree so that the goal is always kept in view. The writer is frank and outspoken, subject, however, at all times to control of will. He is definitely ambitious and by nature inclined to take the lead and dominate those around him. He will be impossible to move when he has made up his mind, but he will never jump to a conclusion, and once started, he cannot be stopped. With a brain less clear, his self-esteem might overstep healthy limits and so might his ambition and his natural disposition to dominate, but, as it is, these qualities are a source of strength with him rather than weakness. On the whole, I think he is a most human person by nature, so far as temperament, affections and sympathies are concerned, but reason and will rule the combination. It is quite clear his reserve and silence grow out of his self-control and not out of his nature; furthermore, there is a very keen sense of humor in the background at all times.

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

Mrs. Harding's Tact

IN THE middle of May, 1923, I visited President and Mrs. Harding to say good-by before they left for Alaska in June. The President apologized for Mrs. Harding's



World Cruise
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not appearing; said she had overdone, the day before, and was confined to her bed. He said Mrs. Harding asked him to invite me to a moving-picture show of The Covered Wagon in the East Room of the White House next evening. I thanked the President and told him my trips to Washington were generally hurried ones. I did not expect to attend any social affairs and carried only a dinner coat. I would feel out of place in a gathering of one hundred and twenty-five ladies and gentlemen, as I knew that a dinner coat was not a proper dress, as I had been going to the White House for some forty-six years. The President assured me it would be perfectly proper, but I declined politely.

Next morning Mr. I. H. Hoover, who has been chief of the White House staff for over thirty years, telephoned an invitation from Mrs. Harding to come to lunch at quarter past one.

We talked of Mrs. Harding's illness and prospective Alaska trip, until the President came in at two o'clock, preceded by Laddie Boy.

On our way downstairs to the dining room Mrs. Harding said, "Warren said he invited you to the moving-picture show tonight in the East Room, but you declined."

I explained to her about the evening clothes. She said, "Now you come; I promise you you will be properly dressed." I said, "If you say so I'll come in my nightgown."

That evening I dined with the Robert Woods Blisses. When Mr. Bliss came into the room he had on a dinner coat. I said, "Robert, aren't you going to the White House tonight?"

He replied, "Yes, we are going to take you." I said, "How about that dinner coat?" He said, "We all received orders this morning from the White House to wear dinner coats tonight."

There were sixty-odd gentlemen at the movie show. With the exception of ex-Ambassador Henry White, who had probably been to a dinner party, and one or two others, all wore dinner coats, including President Harding.

What They Talked About

AFTER telling me of his cabinet choosing President Harding told me of an experience he had with ex-President Wilson on his ride to the Capitol for his inauguration.

He said he called at the White House for Mr. Wilson, who was carried out of the front door and seated in an automobile for the first time since his stroke, in October, 1919. Previous to that time he had gone down in the elevator and out by the rear door of the White House.

"As the machine proceeded down Pennsylvania Avenue," Mr. Harding said, "I tried to start a conversation but made no headway. After several unsuccessful attempts I finally said, 'Mr. Wilson, I am very fond of pets and I want to get a White House pet.' 'What kind of pet?' asked Mr. Wilson. 'Well, if I had my choice I would have a baby elephant.' 'I hope it won't be a white one,' said Mr. Wilson, smiling.

"I then told a story of my sister who was a missionary in India. She had a little pet elephant that followed her around like a Newfoundland dog. He would walk into the house, pull out the drawers with his trunk, extract lumps of sugar, and help himself to the contents of candy boxes and cookie cans.

"The little fellow fell ill, and they applied all the remedies they could think of, but he grew worse. One day when my sister was sitting on the lawn the little fellow laid himself down at her feet, moaned and groaned, showing that he was in great pain. My sister got down on the grass, took his trunk on her lap and stroked his head. This seemed to soothe the little animal, but in a few minutes his limbs and trunk shivered and became rigid, and the spirit of the little elephant had gone where all good elephants go."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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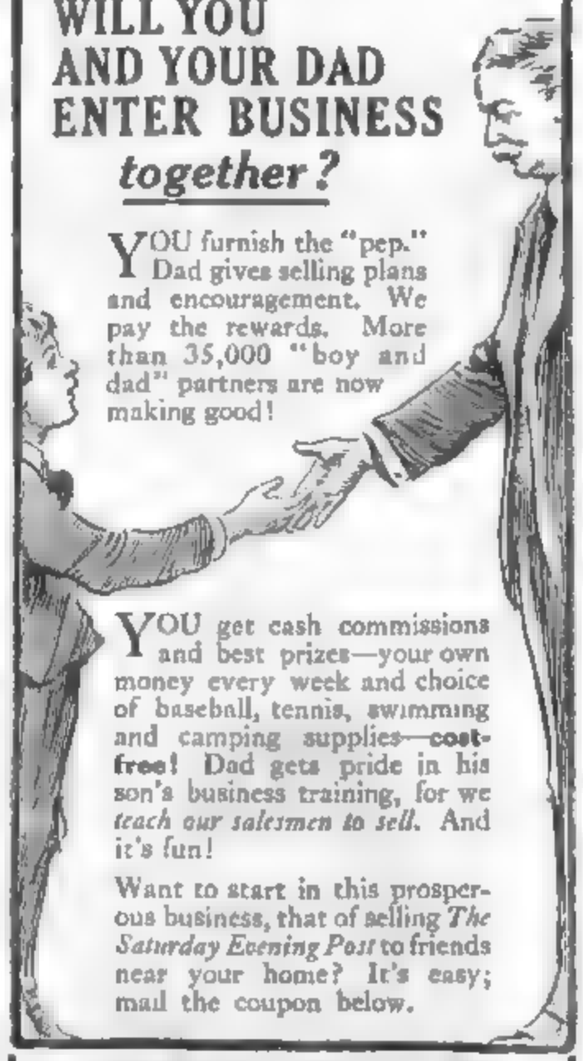

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Dine in the Open, on *home-prepared* food and drink—*kept hot or cold* in big gallon Aladdin Jars!

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